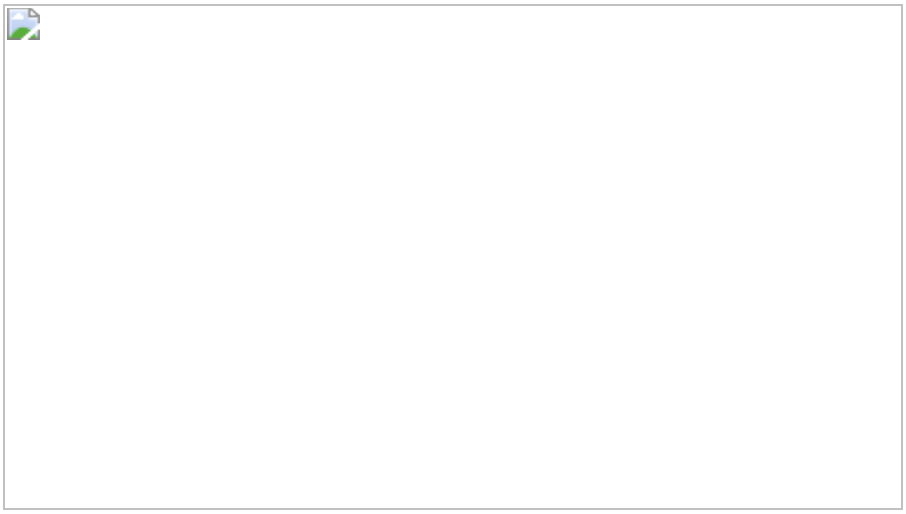
Enemies Too Close

1. 0 months
2. 2 months
3. A month and 29 days
4. A month and 28 days
5. A month and 25 days
6. A month and 24 days
7. A month and 21 days
8. A month and 19 days
9. A month and 18 days
10. A month and 15 days [M]
11. A month and 11 days
12. A month and 10 days
13. A month and 7 days [M]
14. A month and 3 days [M]
15. A month and 2 days
16. A month and 1 day [M]
17. A month [M]
18. 27 days
19. 19 days
20. 24 days
21. 22 days [M]
22. 18 days
23. 15 days
24. 14 days [M]
25. 11 days
26. 8 days
27. 7 days [M]
28. 4 days
29. 3 days [M]
30. 1 day
31. Epilogue
32. Authors note
33. [First Date]
34. [Bloody Mary]
35. [Apartment Hunting]
36. [Morning Shift] [M]

0 months



Don't take the gif seriously, I thought it was funny

Also guys I am not a girl I'm completely a man 😭 Thank you. Please enjoy the story I can't believe all the reads and votes and comments, thank you so much!

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It was stupid.

Immature.

Reckless.

But it was something they did regularly.

Roman watched with clenched fists as the blond effortlessly rose from the floor. The blond's eyebrows were pulled together with that concentrated look, his tongue swiping his bleeding lip. He looked ready to beat the shit out of Roman... which he kinda already was.

Roman's movements, however, weren't as slick or filled with precision, instead he moved purely on gusts of rage. Maybe that was why he always found himself in these situations, trying to prove something. But his hunched and painful stance and the bleeding cut above his eyebrow seemed to prove the opposite.

A second wasn't wasted as Will struck Roman's cheek. On cue, and reacting solely on impulse, Roman lunged at the blond's stomach, plunging the two of them onto the unforgiving concrete floor. Roman relentlessly tried to punch the blond's thick skull, only for them to be blocked by his forearms.

Amidst the deafening noise and iron taste in his mouth, Roman managed to land a punch on Will's stomach. Will didn't like the idea of that as he elicited a groan and pushed the boy over to straddle him.

It was a *simple glance* . Like their many dumb fights, it always started with a look. Just one look had the boys all riled up.

Roman felt Will's hand grab his jaw before his taunting voice filled his ear, "Already tired?"

"Shut the fuck up." Roman gritted through his teeth. He managed to connect a fist to Will's lower side again and grabbed his shirt to force him off.

You'd never expect a nerd to fight as well as he does , Roman mused quietly through his mind.

You'd never expect someone as stupid as Roman to fight this well, Will noted.

They reluctantly got back up, cautiously staring at each other with their fists up. They tried to find a moment to strike, but through Roman's drenched face and a torrent of blood from his upper eyebrow and Will's stomach feeling that his organs could tumble out of him any second— it seemed impossible.

A crowd had formed around the two. *What else did they expect from a public school in a shitty area?* It seemed like a rogue wrestling match with

a few cheering and watching the two boys go at it.

They never fought like this. It was only simple insults and comments spat at each other in class or the halls. But fuck, this felt way more satisfying than a stupid insult. It's been going on relentlessly for five minutes, with no proof of ending anytime soon.

It was a few minutes before first period, Will was waiting against his car with a few other people while Roman passed by. Will supposedly glanced too "insultingly" at Roman which ignited Roman (not a difficult difficult thing to do) and the next thing he knew, the two were exchanging insults, and then Roman's fist was thrown. Things seemed to escalate after that.

After continuing their side-to-side motions, Roman jabbed forward, but Will slipped to the side, dodging the blow, which prompted a frustrated groan from Roman. Just as he was about to throw another nasty punch at Will that he swore would make a bruise, he suddenly felt his arms being held back. He turned around to see an annoying brunet gripping his arms tightly, with that familiar expression on his face.

"What the fuck, Reid? Let me get that asshole!" Roman seethed.

"Come on," Reid struggled to hold Roman's arms, trying to prevent him from getting any more beaten up than he was. "Stop being stubborn." He added.

Will laughed in amusement at the dynamic of the two, provoking Roman to yell, "Stop giving me that look, Adler!"

Will let another dry chuckle out, watching as Reid attempted to pacify Roman. It wasn't long until Roman softly pushed Reid away with little effort and the crowd began to groan and disperse. With one final scowl toward Will, the defeated boy walked away with clenched fists as he tried not to turn back.

"That's what I thought." Will taunted, and Roman surprisingly managed to ignore it as he walked away with Reid next to him.

Reid finally spoke as they got far enough from the parking lot, "If you had gotten more beaten up, your aunt would've strangled me."

Roman ignored him and turned to the cocky looking blond. Fuck him. And his stupid friends with their big words and conceited looks. And his stupid face. Just everything about him. Maybe he did start the fight, *but how could he not with Will's big mouth?* Fuck, if he could just super glue his mouth shut, maybe his life would-

Reid's voice snapped him out of his thoughts, "Are you okay?"

"Do I look okay?" He gritted out, swiping his thumb above his eyebrow. He groaned, wiping the iron-smelling blood on his tattered jeans.

"Well... Are you okay enough to smoke?" Reid wiggled his eyebrows with a small grin. Roman sighed, shaking his head as he nodded toward the bathroom with Reid's help.

Reid was always there to clean up his messes. For once he'd wish their roles would switch, but that seemed really unlikely. They've been through it all from selling lemonade in front of their shitty apartments when they were eight to skipping class. To coughing as they passed adults smoking on the street to make them feel bad to smoking themselves when they got older. From playing with their action figures on Reid's bed to sneaking off to parties and drinking.

Will, on the other hand, had limped lightly towards his class. He was still fuming, a bit pissed Roman had made him late, that arrogant, hot headed, stubborn boy.

"Looked like you were struggling there, Adler." His friend teased as he caught up beside him and walked to their first period. Yes, they had the energy to fight at seven in the morning.

"Please, the guy's a lightweight," Will scoffed, never turning his head back as he entered class.

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" *Roman Fortes and William Adler, please come to the office* ." A woman spoke on the intercom with a high prissy tone.

Roman audibly groaned before he aggressively got up from his chair. Whispers circled the room as the boy walked out, his eyes set forward with a glare.Will was a little less dramatic in his class, silently getting up from his chair and excusing himself.

Maybe it was stupid to fight on the last day of school. The boys had managed to suspend and get themselves in detention far too many times. On their last day, it just seemed the right thing to do, since they'd never see each other after this. It was a tribute.

The two boys walked to the principal. Roman stomped the ground tiredly, the back of his head still stinging in pain. Will walked tall and proud, trying to ignore the pain in his stomach. Soon, they saw each other on different sides of the hallway. One angry and the other smirking.

Roman didn't understand Will with the constant smirking.

Will didn't understand why that grumpy boy always had a frown on.

Will was first to instigate, wiggling his fingers toward Roman until the second they were close enough to hear each other and spoke with a teasing grin, "What are you doing here? Get into another fight?"

"You should know." He glared, both of them stopping in front of each other with tilted stares.

"Yeah I saw it, seemed like that guy with dark hair was struggling."

"Oh shut up. I would've won." Roman scowled.

Roman took notice of the blond, who didn't have one single bruise on his face. That's what he hated about him, never in their fights would the blond look injured. Will was good at defense, Roman would give him that, but it wasn't his fault his sole focus was to beat the shit out of Will, which caused his lack of defense and gave him a nasty bruise.

The blond shook his head with a smirk, "Oh, you love me. What would you do without me?"

Roman didn't have to think as he quickly replied, "Fight some other hopeless asshole."

Will chuckled, "So stereotypical."

"Well, you've got that nerd thing going on, eh?" Roman replied.

"If you're calling me smart, yes." He glared.

"You're just so misunderstood. The nerd who gets into fights with... well, me." Roman was so full of himself that sometimes Will had to pause to just stare.

"Yeah, maybe I am misunderstood." Will sarcastically replied.

"Go to art school then." He huffed, wondering what the hell they were talking about.

Will glared, "I mean, I do paint lots of black and blue on you," He pointed to the bulging black eye that would be a constant reminder to Roman for the next few days.

Roman snarled, "Yeah, a crappy piece of art."

"You're too hard on yourself."

Roman's eyes darkened, "Keep your snarky comments to yourself." Will was too quick for Roman sometimes.

"I can do whatever the fuck I want," Will added. Roman stood closer, but the blond got closer to the dark-haired boy.

"Well, I'm telling you to shut the fuck up." Roman spat out.

"What are you going to do, dumbass? Are you going to attempt to hit me with those slaps you call punches?" Will looked so calm and collected it

annoyed Roman to the fullest.

Roman forcefully pressed Will against the wall, grasping his shirt firmly, "I'm gonna f-."

"Boys," A clear voice yelled behind them. They turned to see the tall, prissy woman they called their principal. "Get inside now." She fixated disapprovingly.

Will apologized, gently pushing Roman off, and flashed a courteous smile. Roman glared as usual for interrupting a fight he would surely win. She spun on her heels with a roll of her eyes, leaving the door ajar for the bickering boys. They exchanged scowls before making their way into the office.

After the many times going to the principal's office, they knew what to expect. They would get yelled at about how fighting and arguing isn't the way to go and "next time" they are getting suspended. Then she would let them go with detention or a day or two of suspension if they laid their hands on each other. Roman would be moody and probably insult her somehow, while Will would have a respectful smile and listen intently.

However, as they stepped in, both boys were taken aback when they found their family and swimming coach waiting for them. Their expressions shifted to confusion. Will had planned to trip Roman but turned against it when he noticed the frown on his father's face a pang of guilt struck his stomach. Roman looked at his aunt, a thin woman whose glare intimidated him more than anything, and a wave of shame washed over him.

"Sit down." The principal sternly said. The boys hesitantly listened, awkwardly looking around as they sat, "This fighting is getting ridiculous. On your last day too? Getting all bloody and bruised?"

"Roman ending up blood and bruised," Will corrected lowly but not low enough for Roman to hear, who snapped his head to the side and opened his mouth to remark, but his aunt beat him to it.

"Stop being immature and listen," She yelled toward Roman who promptly turned back to the principal.

She continued with a glare, "Well, it doesn't matter anymore. Coach Brown has a decision for you guys." She looked over to the boy's Coach, a lofty, rugged guy with jet-black hair.

"Listen, guys, this fighting has ruined the swim team and the school's reputation." He looked nervously at the boys. "So either you can say bye to your swimming scholarships..." The boy's heart dropped, "... or you fix your relationship."

"What?" Will asked, looking questionably at his parents.

Roman was completely clueless about what was going to happen. But, Will had a sinking feeling something he would hate was going to happen. "To fix your relationship, you have to stay in a beach house for two months." The boys definitely didn't expect this.

"What?" Roman was the first to say, looking around confused.

"No way I'm doing that," Will chuckled bitterly, sitting back in his chair.

"Will." Will's mother's voice pressed, and he mumbled a sorry, sitting back straight in his chair.

Coach continued, "You're fighting affected us winning our state championship. So the swim team decided you guys are going to spend two months in a beach house to fix your relationship... Or else the swimming scholarships you both have won't be happening."

Will remembered their last CIF game, where Roman and he were late because the blond accidentally bumped the rear of his car and Roman exploded on him. They couldn't compete and the team didn't advance to the next round.

Coach continued, "It'll be only two months in my beach house. I know you guys might not like this, but the swim team is competing in a summer

tournament and I need you two to get along so we can win. You owe it to the guys who missed their chance to win CIF."

The two stared intensely at Coach as he continued, both sharing confused and irritated frowns. "You can say no, but your swimming scholarships from the colleges you both decided will be jeopardized. At the beach house, you'll be doing bonding exercises so you guys can learn how to be adults.

Roman tipped his head up, "Bonding exercises?" Will and he doing bonding exercises sounded comical to him. Like truth or dare or some shit. No way was he doing that.

Coach continued, "You boys need to give this one more win to your team. Both of your families agreed this is for the best for you both."

Will and Roman remained silent.

"You guys are adults now." The principal dumbly noted, "You're supposed to be mature by now and getting ready for college, not getting into fights like eight-year-olds."

Will stayed silent. Undoubtedly, their fights were better than eight-year-olds. He thought about the idea of staying with Roman in a house, all alone for two months... The idea just seemed near damn impossible. Sure he liked annoying and irritating the boy *but to be friends after this? To have to live with each other for two months?* That was impossible with Roman's explosive personality clashing with Will's constant need to prove him wrong. Some people clicked instantly, they laughed and joked around together, they cared and listened to each other, they genuinely enjoyed each other's presence. Will and Roman, on the other hand, were never going to "click."

"We'll go to the beach house." Roman suddenly blurted out, turning everyone's attention to him, including Will.

What? A free vacation.

"No, there has to be another way. We can merely stop fighting. We don't have to go to the beach house." Will complained.

"I've heard that excuse before." He narrowed his eyes as he crossed his arms, "This is for the team. Think of it as an apology for them putting up with you boys. If we guys do this, we can compete in another state challenge and win for the school." Coach smiled.

Will threw his hands up, "At that point take my scholarship away." He saw his father glare at him in the corner of his eye, and he sank lower.

Roman turned to the boy, aggravated. "Will you stop being so dumb?" *2 months in a free beach house to do whatever he wanted? Sounded fucking amazing.*

"Fuck you." Will impulsively spat out.

"Will!" His mother yelled, and he hushed another apology.

Will stayed silent. *Having his scholarship revoked ?* Now that was knocking some sense into him. *But two months in a beach house?* Roman stood up, leaving Will to grimace at the back of the boy's neck. "We'll do it. When does it start?"

Everyone nodded their heads, impressed that Roman was being rational for once. "This Monday. Coach Brown will drive you boys."

Roman nodded, seemingly calmer than Will expected him to be. Will turned to his parents, already staring at him with disappointed gazes. He sank into his chair, looking down at his shoes.

Roman glanced at Will with a sour look. Will looked back with an irritated look. *It's going to be literal hell* , both boys thought. They sent matching glares at each other, fire in their eyes with bloody and dangerous desires for each other flooding their heads.

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Vote if you liked the first chapter cause I need a shitload of motivation to finish this story. Thanks for reading :)

2 months

"Can we go back?" Roman whined for the 10th time.

Roman was feeling the regret of his decisions. After staying up all night smoking with Reid, he realized how insane his decision-making was. It was ironic how he finally made the right decision for his future, and now he was stuck in a beach house with none other than Will Adler, out of all the people in the world.

He was fucking free now. No more tests, homework, or listening to teachers. He could do anything and deserved some fun. That fun didn't involve anything related to Will.

"Complain one more time," Will ran a hand through his blond hair frustratedly, "I didn't hear you the first time." Roman forced a smile, only to turn it into a glare.

"Of course you can't hear me. Your heads buried in that book."

"Surprised you knew what it was." Will snickered.

Roman reached over and smacked the book down. The sound of the book hitting the floor faltered Will's laughter into a disapproving frown.

"Bitch." Will spat.

"Fairy."

"Cunt."

"Mommy and daddy issues," Will's face immediately turned a dark crimson color as he brought his fist up, about to punch Roman, but Coach's loud protest interrupted him.

"Can you guys just shut up?" His voice seeping with desperation, "You guys can hash it out and insult each other all you want at the house." He was glowering at the two boys through the view mirror before he turned back to the road, making sure to turn up the radio.

Roman and Will exchange scowls, frustration strong in the air along with the fresh strawberry air freshener. They reluctantly went back to their own business. Will picked up his book and began reading while Roman

stubbornly stared out the window. The silence prevailed for Coach's sake, but their minds argued back and forth, hurling insults and retorts, each winning in their silent battle.

They honestly had no idea how they could get through two months without a fight. Let alone be friends by the end of it.

The car ride went smoothly with Coach's shitty car noises, the nostalgic '90s music, and Roman's soft snoring. Will couldn't help but steal a glance at his nemesis-turned-new roomie, the view a little abnormal. His usual tense and brooding expression was peaceful, with his eyes gently shut, his long eyelashes casting soft shadows underneath his eyes, and his deep pink lips weren't turned down into a scowl. The sunrays filtered through the window, glowing on Roman's brown sun-kissed skin and sharpening his jaw. His legs were awkwardly cramped in the limited space of the truck. But what charmed Will's attention the most was the bruise adorning his face perfectly and a bandaged cut above his eyebrow. He loved how those bruises looked on Roman's face.

After driving two hours from their bustling city in San Francisco to the windy Santa Cruz, they finally made it to the beach house.

The house left Will a little struck in awe. It was a simple, almost cottage-like house, adorned with tall windows at every wall. The balcony wrapped around the house which connected to a long walkway that led directly to the beach. The waves crashed dramatically and the birds calling out. Maybe he'd enjoy this more than he thought. He followed Coach's pursuit in getting out the car as he opened the trunk to get their bags.

Will swung his around his shoulders, "You better behave." Coach reminded him.

"What?" He questioned as he left Roman's duffle bag, "I'm behaved, it's Roman you have to worry about." He pointed out.

Coach tilted his head down with a knowing grin before shaking his head and grabbing Roman's bag. "Ah, I know you and you better behave."

Will shrugged and closed the trunk before he tried trampling into the house he would be living in for two months.

Coach stopped him and turned, "Aren't you going to wake up your new roommate?" He laughed as he walked away leaving Will to glare at him. He ended up turning back to the car, opening the door before grabbing Roman's shoulders and shaking them aggressively.

Roman jumped and looked around in confusion, getting blinded by Will's face right up at his. *Is this how he's going to wake up every day?* "Wakey wakey princess." He smirked before turning and running out of the car.

Will caught up with Coach in the living room, Roman's presence eventually behind them stretching his neck and sighing softly. The living room looked... well like a beach house with a huge couch and sheer curtains at every window with a grand piano in the corner. The living room led into the kitchen and a long table was in front of a sliding door. The kitchen was cozy, with a small island and ample cupboards.

"Everything is free to use," Coach explained as the boys observed the place. "Over here is-"

"Who even plays the piano anymore?" Will interrupted, his fingers purposefully playing the keys out of tune, a playful smirk on.

"Normal people. You know what normal people are?" Coach mocked, "They have real hobbies instead of just beating people up. Anyway, this is where you'll be doing the exercises." Coach continued as the two walked down the hallway. Roman let his fingers graze the smooth keys before he joined Coach and Will.

They strolled through the tiny hallway, entering another room, mirroring the same windows and the inviting couch. The walls were covered in shelves with small boxes on them. Coach explained that each box contained instructions on the top and the necessary materials (conveniently stored in the drawers). They were to do the exercise every morning, then Will could have to report to Coach, and once he was given a code, he would input it into

the boxes. Will's gaze swept over the numerous boxes before realizing that this plan had been meticulously prepared for quite some time.

"The boxes will give you access to the kitchen fridge and cabinets. They might include some video games, the TV remote, or something special."

"Special?" Roman smirked, and Coach shook his head, ruffling Roman's head of hair. "So, how do we get food?" Roman asked as they walked towards the hallway.

"The fridge and pantries need a key card to open that will reset every day, so old ones won't work on new ones, and you'll get a new one in every box. I'll come every Saturday to restock food and check up on you guys."

Roman and Will gave a knowing look to each other, raking the amount of planning and time it took to get this house ready for them. Everyone must seriously want the boys to stop fighting.

"Here are the rooms," Coach finally said, gesturing toward the rooms next to each other. *Thank god I have my own room* , both boys thought.

Roman was taken aback by the size of the rooms, a far cry from the cramped two-bedroom apartment he shared with his aunt. It had a breathtaking ocean view, offering a glimpse of the expansive blue sky that meets an endless sea. The king-sized beds and grand closets added a luxury feeling that Roman had never felt before. There was also a bathroom they had to share at the end of the hallway.

"Well, boys," Coach said, standing in the hallway. He felt wrong to leave his boys here, but the constant fighting was getting tiresome for him and the entire team. He was doing everyone a favor and he needed to give his team a win. Either they'll fight to the death, and only one will be coming home, or they'll leave as best friends. "I'll see you free in two months."

All Will could do was stare with such hopelessness, "I should have just quit swimming."

Coach shook his head with a smirk before he realized something, "Oh, I almost forgot." He grabbed a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to

Will.

Rules

1. No fighting- Signs of bruises or blood will extend the time.

2. Do the bonding exercises every day- You won't eat or get privileges without the exercises.

3. Become friends- Learn to be in the same room without fighting or arguing.

"So that you don't forget. You follow these rules, and we won't extend those two months." Coach gave them a small smile before giving them a side hug. He turned and left, shutting the door and leaving a loud silence between the boys.

As they turned to face each other, they couldn't hide the annoyance, regret, and hatred that flickered in their eyes. They would probably kill each other here. Maybe not even last a few days. They were well aware of the pattern that had plagued them for the past three years. They would start a vulgar argument, insulting and yelling at each other. They didn't know why or how it happened. They just felt pulled to do it. Then maybe it would end in a fight, one of the best days.

"So, best friend, what do you want to do first?" Will mocked.

Roman frowned since it was the only thing he could do, "I'm going to break the first rule if you don't get the fuck out of my face."

"Moody today. We'll have all sorts of fun tomorrow."

"Maybe never. Is never good for you?" Roman pleaded with a scowl.

"I'm trying to be your friend." Will smugly said. He didn't even believe what came out of his mouth.

"You mean trying to get on my fucking nerves?"

"Typical. Always thinking everything is about you." Will glared. If he could name one thing he hated about Roman, it was that.

"I'm the one who thinks that? You're so fucking full of yourself, it hurts my brain sometimes." Roman replied.

Will scoffed, "Your brain hurts because it's not normal sized."

They had gotten relatively close to each other. It always happened like that. They argued like children (according to everyone around them) and got close enough until Roman threw a punch. But Roman didn't want to stay longer than he had to here. He hesitantly backed up, his glare still evident as he walked towards his room. Will stood dumbly, staring at Roman, who never walked away. Never. He watched the raven-headed boy slam his door before he hesitantly walked to his room, half expecting Roman to come out with a gun. He shut his door lightly and stopped, conflicted. To solve his indecisiveness, he instantly started to unpack everything.

Will was a bit of a neat freak. He just liked everything in order, and any mess made him cringe. Plus it made him calm down and Will was furious. At Roman for agreeing to do this, his bothersome parents, and Coach. *How could he force them into this beach house with Roman?* Will wasn't one to be mad. He always smirks and remarks. He was the logical one, never the one to lose his temper (at times). Sure, he was immature for riling up Roman, but he was the golden kid with perfect grades and a respectful manner to teachers and faculty. But maybe he was just immature.

Roman walked into his enormous room, throwing his bag in the corner that wouldn't get unpacked for two months, and threw himself on the comfy bed. He was mad. Though, it wasn't an uncommon feeling. He was always angry at something or someone. Ever since he was small, when someone was even a bit annoying (which was everyone since they were young), he would spit insults until they shut up. They, without fail, shut up instantly. But Will wasn't like that. He played, taunted, mocked, and teased Roman until they were bloody. Will seemed like the world revolved around it, another reason why he hated Will. Roman just wanted these two months to end. Just the thought of Will being in the room right next to him had him clutching his

fists. He threw himself on the bed, thinking of ways to kill the blond and get away with it.

Will put all the books he brought on a shelf, and luckily there were more. He glanced upon them, making a mental note to read them. He put his folded clothes nicely in the drawers and hung some in the small closet. When he finished, he threw himself on the bed and began planning ways to get rid of Roman.

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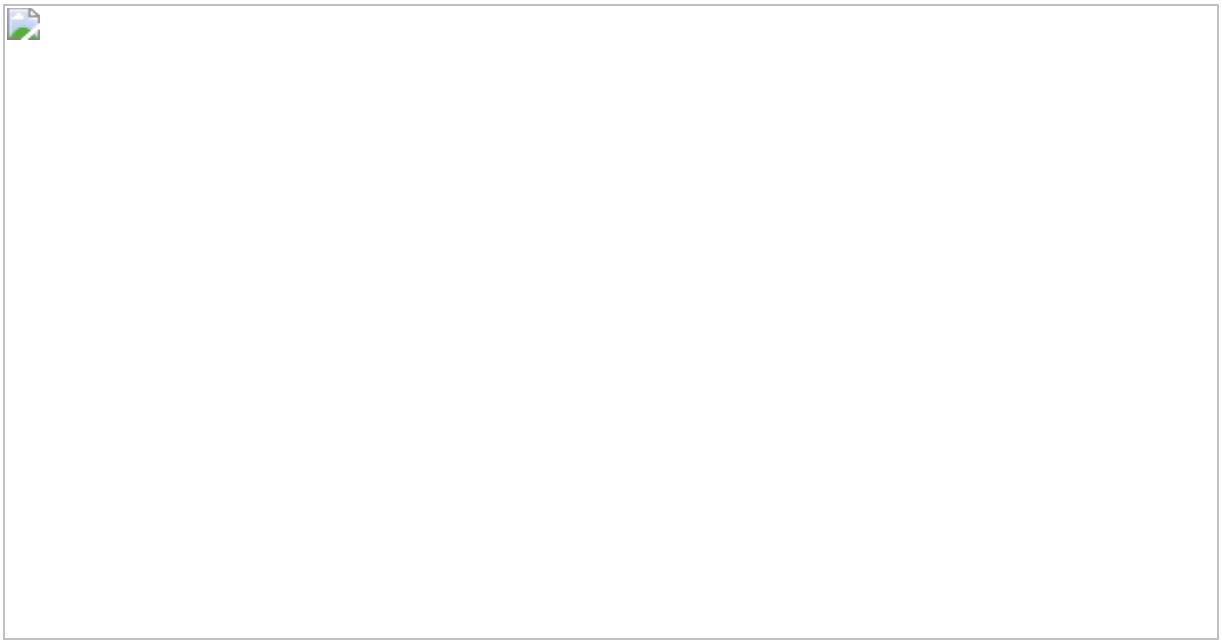
Vote if you enjoyed :)

A month and 29 days



"I'm fucking hungry!" Startled by the voice and the aggressive shaking of his shoulders, Roman abruptly sat up. His locks were tousled in all directions and his scratchy throat begged for water. He looked around with bleary eyes, his gaze landing on Will, glaring intensely at him. His hair was styled back with a loose white long sleeve, and his arms crossed.

"What?" Roman asked, his head pounding from a morning migraine, or maybe it was seeing Will first thing in the morning.

"I'm hungry."

Roman furrowed his eyebrows, "I'm not your fucking housemaid! Go make food yourself!"

Will rolled his eyes, "We have to do a bonding exercise to get food."

Roman stared at the Egyptian before him that he wanted to punch so bad at the moment, "It's early," He pouted, snuggling further into the warm covers

around him, adoring into the warmth.

Roman suddenly felt the warmth be ripped away from him as Will threw his blanket off. Roman sat up disgruntled, his bare chest exposed and shivering from the sudden cold, "Are you serious, Adler?" He exclaimed as he squinted his eyes from the brightness streaming from the window.

"Be in the room in ten, or I'm going to fucking beat the living shit out of you." He heard the blond yell before the door was slammed. *Guess Will wasn't a morning person either,* Roman thought as he got up. He thought about being a good person and helping Will with his obsession with eating so early before he grabbed the blanket, and lay back in bed, nestling himself in the familiar heat.

Eventually, Will dragged Roman out of his bed, resulting in a small wrestling battle, but now they sat in the bonding room on opposite sides of each other with a box between them on the floor.

"You're a really irritating person," Roman grumbled, cowering into his hoodie to get warmth.

"Stop complaining, and let's get this over with."

"Me? I should stop complaining. You were the one bitching this morning about how hungry you were."

"Shut up," Will gritted out.

Roman found it somehow satisfying that Will was in a bad mood because of him, so he had to further that bad mood. "It's child abuse if they withdraw food from us. What if we don't do the exercises? They'll either let us die of starvation or let us-"

Frustration took over Will as he groaned loudly, Roman responding with a chuckle. Haistly, Will grabbed the box, eager to get this over with. He scanned over the instructions on the box, noticing the code box on the top, and with a shake of the box, a card moved around. "2 Truths and a Lie," He read aloud, glancing over at Roman, who seemed he couldn't care less but

he continued, "Basically, we have to write 2 truths and one 1 about us, and try to guess each others." Will stood up to grab the pencils and notecards from the drawers while Roman began to bitch.

"Sounds pretty fucking boring." Roman moaned, "You made me wake up at seven to do this so you can get your precious oatmeal?"

"Yes." He gritted his teeth, returning to his spot as he began jotting down his answers, his focus unwavering while Roman stared with a glare.

Will looked up to see that dumb look on his face, "Are you going to write something or what?" Will threw Roman a piece of paper and a pencil on his lap.

They quickly wrote their answers up, Will waisting no time, "Here's mine." He looked at Roman, "I'm a vegetarian, I know how to juggle, and I'm a genius."

Roman grimaced, "Seriously?" He looked down wearily at what he wrote. He definitely didn't understand the game.

"Just, what's the lie?" Will gritted out.

Roman thought for a long minute, angering Will as time passed. "I know you're not a vegetarian."

Will gave a tight-lipped frown, "I am."

"You are?" Judgment leaked off his words as he gave a disgusted look.

"Yeah, so what?"

"Oh." Roman replied as gave a questioning look at Will, "Aren't you going to preach to me to convert?"

Will smiled slightly, "As long as you don't start throwing steaks at me."

Roman thought silently before he ruined the mood to ask a question he couldn't seem to live without knowing, "So, do you only eat vegetables?"

Will gaped at him. Will knew he was dumb.... but not this dumb. "Some babies get dropped on their heads..."

Roman cut him off, annoyed by the blond. "It's a genuine question."

"... but you were fucking thrown to the wall or something."

"You're an asshole." Roman grumbled, "Just gives me another reason to hate you." He said, erasing something from his note before he wrote something new, "Here's mine. I'm gay, I've had a threesome, and I've gotten arrested."

Will sneered, "You know you can't have three truths?"

Roman hit him with daggers. "I was making it easy for you because you're so dense!"

"I'm the dense one?" Will found it comical that the boy who asked if vegetarians only eat vegetables at fucking 18 years old wasn't the dumb one.

"Maybe you fucking are." Maybe Roman's a fucking genius and Will's been gaslighting him the whole time.

Will began to get mad, "That's so rich coming from you, half the shit I say, you don't understand!"

"Oh yeah?" He began to tense in anger, "You're so dense you never found out it was me who planted that crap in your locker Sophomore year."

Will's face dropped, "What?"

Roman paused as he realized the thing he swore he was going to take to his grave and he was obviously not in his fucking grave.

"Are you serious?!" The blond gaped at him, "Sophomore year? The cops took me in! My parents were about to disown me!" He shrieked.

In Sophomore year, Will was innocently in class when police officers demanded that his locker be checked. Smug overrode him as he thought they got the wrong guy and should probably be searching Roman's locker. However, his confidence quickly faded when they opened the locker, to find it filled to the brim with suspicious 10-ounce bags and green substances in them. He was put into cuffs and walked out, everyone whispering with shocked gazes. But that didn't worry him. What terrified him was what his parents would do to him, but more importantly how no college would accept him after this scandal.

After hours in the police station, biting his nails and tugging his hair in nervousness, he was freed from custody. With a mere apology! After scaring the shit out of him, it was just basil and rosemary in small bags. In the following weeks, he tirelessly tried to find out who did it, but despite his efforts, he never managed to find the asshole.

And now he was sitting right in front of him.

He initially guessed it was Roman, but he had been gone the week of because he was sad about his girlfriend breaking up with him or something that Will didn't even suspect him.

"It wasn't my fault!" He shrugged before falling into a fit of chuckles. "It was so fucking funny seeing you in those cuffs, that terrified look on your face! OH! And everyone making fun of you when you came back!" He fell back, holding himself as the room was filled with his laughter.

"You're an ass," Will yelled, kicking Roman's side harshly. He couldn't believe he was stuck in jail just because of Roman. He shook his head, still in disbelief.

"On god-" Roman let a sigh. He hasn't laughed at that in a long time. But every time he remembered, he fell into a state of laughter. "Okay, do yours."

"No, fuck you! Do you know how scared I was!"

"I-"

"No. I'm thinking of a way to get you back." Will bit his nails, thinking hard.

"It's been two years."

"The cops-" Will bursted out.

"I thought you were hungry." Roman pressed, annoyed by Will's dramatic antics. Roman planned it so Will wouldn't be in trouble, and it wouldn't trace back to him. He was high with Reid when he thought of the idea, and it was surprisingly planned out perfectly, even with how doped up he was.

"Fine," Will grumbled. He hesitantly wrote down his answers, revenge plots rummaging in his head. When Roman put his pencil down, Will spoke, "I'm terrified of spiders, you suck at swimming, and I've had a threesome." Will grinned as Roman's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"You've never had a threesome," Roman replied, knowing he was 101% right by the way Will seemed like a prude.

"Wrong." Will softly chuckled while Roman gaped at him.

"You're lying. Did you fuck some teachers? Is that why you've got some 7.0 gpa?" He thought Will was a priss, too smart or whatever to waste time having sex.

"No, I'm just a genius." He glared, ignoring Roman's idiocy, "Plus, you've had a threesome."

"But you don't see me sleeping for a higher grade. 'Oh please, Mr. Hayes, go faster. Ah- I'm such a bad boy for getting a B." Roman mocked, and all Will did was glare with a sick look. He would never do that to a teacher.

"It wasn't a teacher. You're just jealous." He commented lowly.

"Of what? That big brain of yours? I assure you I am not."

"No, what's in my fucking pants." He sarcastically said.

Their gazes locked as they stared in aggravation and irritation. Their presence just seemed to amplify their frustration as it brought out the annoyance out of each other.

Roman put on a charming smile, "That's something I don't have to worry about."

Will was going to say, 'Show, don't tell,' but he would like to go home without seeing Roman's dick. "Just go."

Roman gleamed at the thought that he might've stumped Will. "I hate scary movies, I brought weed, and I fucked your sister."

Will ignored his last response considering he didn't even have a sister, "Roman if you brought weed..."

Roman smirked while wiggling his eyes, "Wrong."

The boys continued bickering about their answers until the tension between them was at its maximum capacity. By the end, they had to hold back from literally tearing each other apart. Roman, in particular, struggled to understand how this game was considered bonding. All he knows now is Will's not the person he thought he was.

***

Roman laid back in a living chair, positioning himself in front of the window. The ocean view was nice which brought him a sense of peacefulness, especially with what he was doing. He expertly flicked his wrist for every stroke, years of doing it.

Roman was painting. It was the only thing that could genuinely calm his restless mind. Roman was invariably stressed. Angry. Pissed. But painting sorta calmed him down. He attempted to translate his feelings into the artwork, dabbing random big splotches and flicking the brush at random parts. He was infuriated that he was stuck here with Will. Maybe he was being dramatic. A little too self-centered. But he couldn't stand Will, the sanctuary he calls painting consuming the anger for him.

He painted everything from the angry beauty of the crashing waves, the deep blues fusing with the frothy white of the water, and the sun's hues surging across the canvas. It wasn't soon until darkness gradually consumed the room as the sun finally set. Roman was proud of his painting, but embarrassment seemed to squeeze itself through the cracks. He wasn't as proud of admitting he liked painting. It felt too girly. It was too sensitive. It was too touchy-feely. It just wasn't him and he was going to make sure no one knew.

Except Will had other plans. He felt like he was on vacation right now. He was curled up in the white sheets, a book between his hands, occasionally taking sips of orange juice. It was perfect. Frankly, he could live like this forever and be completely content. Well, without Roman, and then he would be satisfied.

The thin walls allowed Will's imagination run. He could hear every groan Roman did, every rustle, every time something fell. He was curious, and like a cat, he hoped it wouldn't kill him. So, he put his book down, the house practically all dark as he sneaked out his door and toward Romans. He crouched beneath the door, slowly turning the knob until it opened without any sound. He peeked in and looked around until he saw Roman sitting on a living chair, facing the window, his head tipped down, staring at something on his lap.

To Will, it looked skeptical, with his hand jerking up and down near his lap. He opened the door fully and stood up. He only had to stand to see Roman sitting with his legs apart, a white paper on his lap as he painted a brush on it. He was water-coloring the view outside his window into a painting notebook. Looking closer, he was amazed by the intricate colors blended on the paper.

He watched as Roman delicately painted. It looked odd for a big, tough guy like Roman to hold a small brush and dip it into the water before he skillfully painted. He didn't know Roman was this competent in something so attention to detail. For once, he had a skill other than being an arrogant asshole. He watched his black mess fall into his face, his face looking concentrated yet thoroughly calm. He didn't have that typical scowl,

looking relaxed. Will was almost impressed, but he couldn't give away this opportunity to tease Roman.

"That looks good." Roman jumped at the intrusion, his heart racing as he turned around. Will had on that signature smirk, leaning against the door like he owned the place. "I never knew you could paint." His voice carried an air of arrogance poisoned with mockery in Roman's ears. Roman hated it, and his cheeks flushed with embarrassment as he tried to cover up his painting, his actions fueled with shame and anger.

"Can you fuck off!" Will didn't expect that, "Tell anyone, and you'll see what's going to happen."

"I was j-"

"I'm not that fucking dumb. Leave." He yelled, his face trembling in anger. He felt a need to make him go away before judgment or ridicule followed Will's mouth.

"Why?"

"I-I don't want you here." He breathed heavily. This ticked something in Will. Anything Roman said remotely conceited made Will ready to put him in his place.

Now Will was pissed, "Who made you in charge?"

"I said leave."

"You're the one who forced me here. So don't act so chafed because of it."

Roman threw his hands up, "No idea what the fuck you said. Just leave."

Will stared dumbstruck as Roman got up from his chest, neatly placing his paints on the chair as he got in front of Will's face.

"I forget how stupid you are sometimes, but you seem to remind me every second I'm with you."

"And every second I'm with you, you make me wanna rip your throat out." Roman's flashed with anger, a familiar sight that Will had witnessed countless times. "Leave."

"Fucking make me." Will thrived off these arguments. It wasn't books. It wasn't a special girl. It wasn't freedom. It was making Roman mad. He completely forgot their agreement with the Coach. Will unexpectedly leaned forward, making Roman flinch. Will chuckled at that and leaned further toward Roman's ear, "Or are you too scared?"

Something in Roman's eyes ignited. He quickly grabbed Will by the wrist, pushing him to the wall, and he hit it with a groan. He grabbed his neck and held him on the wall. "Stop fucking doing that!"

"Or what?" Will's voice was laced with excitement yet anger.

They breathed heavily, staring at each other. "You're such a fucking ass. Do you find joy in bothering me?"

"100%. It's the best part of my day." Will chuckled, and before he could react, Roman pushed him into the wall roughly again as his breath heaved unevenly in Will's ear.

Just two months. Just two months. Just two months.

Will watched as Roman took a deep breath. He almost burst out laughing at this. Roman, the boy who seemed to punch Will for every little thing. The boy who got pissed at him because he looked at him too *insultingly* . The boy who complained the whole way to the beach house. That boy was taking a deep breath, trying to calm down. It was comical to Will.

He snorted, and Roman snapped open his eyes. "The fuck you laughing at?"

"Are you trying to find your brain back there with your eyes closed?" It was a genuine question from Will.

"Shut up," Roman growled.

"How about you snap like you always do and attempt to hit me?" Will glared, leaning on the wall because this argument wasn't going anywhere.

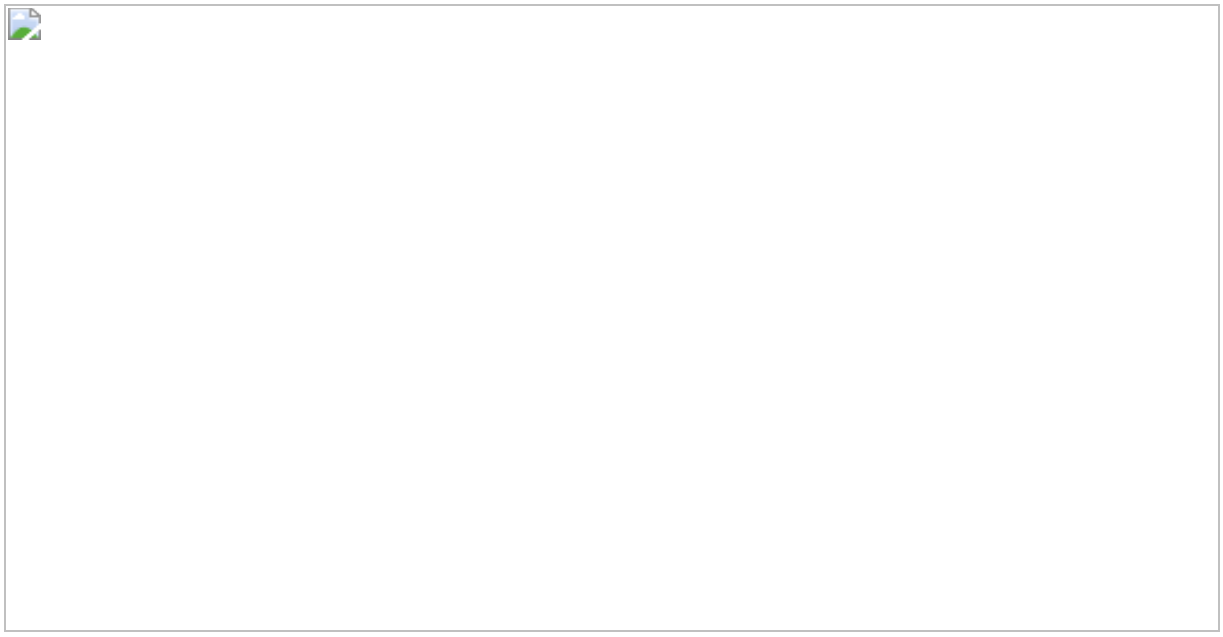
"You're insufferable." Roman groaned, deciding to leave his room if Will wasn't.

He walked towards the living room, and when Will heard the front door slam. He thought he would never see the day when Roman leaves during an argument. But here he was. Unsatisfied.

***

I've rewritten this like six different times. Smh. Vote if you enjoyed :))))

A month and 28 days



"Fucking finally." Roman let out a contented groan of happiness as they finally reached the end of their "bonding" exercise. It was mainly an excuse to insult each other while learning what the other's favorite color was.

"Is bonding with me really that hard?" Will questioned. The blond input the code into the box and opened it, revealing a simple keycard. It was almost mocking them that they had to go through all that just for a card. *Just 58 days left of this* , he thought while shaking his head.

"Yes, you get on my nerves."

"Oh, was talking about your past pets a trigger for you?" The boy's exercise for today was to talk about past pets. Will spoke about his beloved cat he loved to death. Then Roman began spitting out nonsense about the snails he'd adopted in his years. Of course, every single one of them ended up dead from him stepping on them or forgetting them in his backpack. Will berated him about being so careless, insinuating another argument. Roman began ranting about how horrible cats are and their needy yet dismissive

behavior. Will insulted Roman that he acted like a cat, which he took much offense to.

Nonetheless, it was finally done, and both were glad. "Fuck off," Roman snarled.

"I would if you didn't fucking force me into this house." Will was still bitter, especially when Roman made fun of his cat.

Roman rolled his eyes before he stopped in the middle of the hallway, turning slowly at Will. "What makes you think I want to be here with you?"

Will tried to get past him, but he didn't budge, and he huffed, "You practically begged the principal too."

"She's definitely begging for something," Roman smirked, tapping his crotch, and Will scrunched his nose in disgust.

"You're fucking disgusting. Do you have any respect?"

"You're not in charge of me," Roman growled, enticing a glare from Will and his hand on his chest. He applied enough pressure on the raven-headed boy's chest to push him to the wall.

"Not everything's about you, asshole."

He gritted out, "Not everything's about *you* ." Out of everyone Roman knew, himself included, Will was solely self-centered. He acted as if he revolved around the whole world, and if anyone else did, he would fucking make sure they weren't or even thought so.

"It just might be." He crossed his arms, the two stuck in the hallway, too busy glaring.

"Oh, how the golden boy thinks, ladies and gentlemen." He mocked.

"I don't know why you think being a fuck up is better." He smirked.

They withered at each other before their hands grabbed each other's shirts, ready to punch the shit out of each other as they put their fists up. They would do absolutely anything in this world just for a fight. Will tensed his jaw as Roman clenched his fist harder.

"You're entitled." Will felt a pang of frustration with the word. Will hated that word, but he wasn't far from it. Sure, his parents had the wealth, the connections, and the beatings, but that didn't make him entitled. *Did it?*

The blond pushed Roman hard into the hall, only causing him to smirk almost hauntingly like he was daring Will to punch him. "You're so hard-headed." The blond retorted, pushing his fist higher, but then he stopped. Will merely let his grip fall from Roman's chest and stepped back. He gave one more glare before he turned around and left around the corner into the kitchen. Roman stared at the back of the blond's head, wondering what happened. The two would never quit a fight like that, and it left an uncomfortable and weird feeling in the air.

Straightening his shirt, Roman followed Will's lead, entering the kitchen without acknowledging each other. Will used the keycard to open the fridge, peering inside, only to find that nothing was conveniently pre-made. The idea of making something from scratch didn't really bother him. He used to enjoy making meals with his mother, they used to all the time for breakfast and have a fun time. He still remembered a lot.

But Roman had a tremendous problem with this. He relied on his aunt too much for many things like waking up for school, what time swimming practice was, his dirty laundry, and especially food. He couldn't cook for shit. His aunt tried making pancakes with Roman when he was 15. Let's just say he wasn't invited into the kitchen again, and the memory of his culinary failure lingered as he looked to Will for guidance, hoping it would spare him from the embarrassment of another cooking catastrophe.

But Will grabbed some eggs and butter, leaving Roman to stare endlessly into the fridge. He turned around to watch the boy confusingly put a pot on the stove with just water before placing the eggs in there carefully. He would never understand cooking.

Roman ended up grabbing some bread and peanut butter. He tried opening the plastic wrap around it but he eventually grew frustrated and began ripping the plastic open. He looked at Roman giving him raised eyebrows and he gave a sharp glare.

Will eggs finished boiling, and after peeling them he began frying them with butter, pepper, and paprika. It filled the house with a heavenly smell that Roman had to stare at while his mouth watered, cursing Will out for his delicious-smelling food. When Will finished, he placed them on a plate, sat on the stool, and began eating, pulling out a book to read with his free hand.

As he ate he could feel Romans eyes on him, well more specifically what he was eating. He slowly looked up at Roman before he asked, "Do you like burnt toast?" Will asked out of the blue.

Roman furrowed his eyebrows, "What type of question is that?"

Will shrugged and averted his eyes to the toaster, taking another bite of his eggs with a sloppy grin. It clicked in Roman as he turned around to see the toaster emitting smoke. He quickly took the toast out, staring at the burnt toast that didn't look appetizing at all. He slumped as he threw the bread away, searching the fridge again before he came empty-handed.

"Asshole," Will spoke behind him, and Roman turned around. Will extended his plate out, holding his fork out for Roman, which had a perfectly cooked egg.

That's how Roman found himself sharing breakfast together, quietly savoring the delicious eggs as he tried not to show his enjoyment.

***

Roman woke up peacefully this time, without an annoying boy yelling and shaking his shoulders. He rubbed his eye, stretching his arms out as he got up and began stumbling to the bathroom.

There was a huge glass shower, a shiny toilet, and a small bag with Will's name that Roman raided. Meanwhile, he relieved himself in the toilet,

making sure to wash his hands before walking past the treacherous room.

He ventured to the living room and sprawled out on the spacious couch. He wanted to listen to music, but they "haven't earned that privilege yet." He attempted to entertain himself by looking out the window and staring at the birds as some old retiree did, but that got boring quickly. He shifted his gaze to the ocean, and an idea popped into his mind. He sprinted toward his room, changed into his swimming trunks, and ran out of the house. He descended the immense pathway that led to the beach, his excitement growing with each step until his feet were on the sand. Then he felt all the excitement absolutely die when a familiar figure was spread out on a beach chair.

He observed the boy sprawled out on his stomach on a beach chair, the sun hitting him perfectly. His head was over the edge as he had a book between his fingers. Except Roman didn't recognize this Will. He looked so peaceful and calm as he stretched out without a shirt and skimpy shorts riding up his thighs. He had seen Will countless of times shirtless during swimming practice. But now all he could do was admire Will's well-defined back muscles, muscular arms, slender hips, and that plump ass... and he was looking away now, surprised by his own thoughts. Just as quick as he looked away, he found himself drawn back to the blond figure. Will was deeply engrossed in the book, his blond hair tousled from the breeze, and his lip caught between his teeth. His skin shone from the sun, but his waist seemed unusually captivating. It was narrow and his skin pulled in tightly, looking too mesmerizing. Roman had never seen Will look like *this* . He cautiously walked to the boy, his cheeks now tinged with a faint blush.

Roman blocked the sun from Will, and he looked up, "Shouldn't you be building a temple with all this sand?" Roman smirked, throwing his towel down next to Will on the floor.

Will looked up and groaned. He sat up from his lying position, and Roman heated up. His chest was perfectly sculpted, with big pecs, transparent bulging abs, and a sharp v-line disappearing into his skimpy shorts. *God, his waist looked even narrower like this* , and Roman couldn't get his eyes off this different-looking Will.

"I'm only half Egyptian." Roman heard him say, but he was captivated by his body. Then he smirked, "Shouldn't you be playing soccer?"

Roman shook his head, "Whatever, nerd." Roman immaturely said as he pushed the book down and ran to the ocean.

Will flipped him off, and when Roman turned, Will watched the Brazilian throw his head back and chuckle. He ran into the water and dived into the strong waves. He got up and splashed around. Will glared before he lifted his book and continued to read with the crashing waves and Roman's loud kicking.

***

Vote if you enjoyed :)

A month and 25 days

(since everyone's confused the story is based in 2018, don't ask why idk either)

***

"2015." He flipped the coin on his finger, deep in thought, "I went to Hawaii."

Roman groaned, falling back dramatically on the carpet. "This is boring."

"We've only done 1 round."

"Yeah, and hearing about your dead grandma killed the mood."

"Fuck you, man." Will glared.

"Ask me to dinner first." Roman uninterestedly said as he sat back up, picking a coin from the bowl, "2000... I was born?"

"Now that's very interesting."

He frowned, "No one likes sarcasm."

"Really?" Will sarcastically said, picking up another coin. "2014... I meet an annoying asshole." Roman grimaced.

They were playing Penny for Your Thoughts. This (according to Roman) stupid game is where you pick a coin from a pile and share something significant that happened that year. Will was enjoying it until Roman became annoying, which was quick.

Roman picked a coin and read, "2011. Uh, I turned 11?"

"Yeah, my answers are boring," Will rolled his eyes, attempting to grab his coin, but Roman stopped him.

"Fine, let me think." The raven-headed boy stared at the coin, twirling the old thing before he chuckled at himself, "I smoked for the first time." He smirked at the memory before looking back up at Will.

Will rolled his eyes, "I'm trying to imagine you with a personality except for just weed."

"Oh, you have an imagination?"

"Oh, you can think?" Will retorted.

Roman grumbled and threw the coin back inside the bin. Will took one out, "2017." He smirked, "I got the middle lane for our championships."

Swimming was a big thing for both boys. Obviously, since they were willing to live together just so they didn't lose their scholarships to their respective colleges. They loved the adrenaline of swimming the fastest they could, not the feeling like they were drowning every practice. They loved the cheers as they beat their time, not the uncomfortably tight speedos. They were in love with swimming, and the two were both incredible. Well, at least Roman was. He would never admit Will was even remotely good.

"Coach felt bad because you fractured your leg the last time." Roman loathes that sneering look on his face.

"I still would have gotten the middle lane," Will smirked arrogantly.

Will always managed to dampen his mood. No matter what, Will was there to make him feel annoyed. And he was already feeling sore, from sleeping and falling off his overly comfortable bed. On top of that, his stomach ached in pain from swallowing all that salty ocean water. He probably drinks more ocean water than clean water.

Roman sighed in annoyance, his brain coming up short except for spitting out a "fuck you" as he picked up another coin.

Roman's eyes fixated on the coin in his hand, the number engraved on it - 2010. His body froze as he stared at the date, his finger tingling as the coldness of the coin crept up his fingers and body. He twirled the rusted coin, devoided of any shine, in his fingers, wondering what to say. That's when he abruptly tossed it away, "I'm not playing this fucking game." He quickly got up.

"Wha- Hey!" Will grabbed Roman's wrist and turned him to face him. "Just because you're too stubborn to play, it doesn't mean you can quit whenever you want."

"Oh fuck off," Roman shouted, throwing Will's wrist away and storming out of the room. Will quickly followed.

"Say things like you smoked weed, or you fought me? We've fought throughout all of High School," Roman shook his head and continued walking through the house until they entered the living room. Will watched his curly hair bounce as he stomped. *What was wrong with him?*

"I'm not fucking playing anymore." He gritted out again.

"What's so bad about 2010?"

Roman stopped and turned to Will, glaring as he gazed upon the blonds confused state with his wide brown eyes. "God, you're so annoying. Just shut the fuck up and leave me alone!" Roman always hated that mouth of his. It never shut up. No matter what, he had to say everything about what he was thinking. He had no filter.

"Oh, calm down," Will yelled back, getting closer to his face with that same fiery look he had when they would fight. "Why are you being so dramatic?"

"Why are you so infuriating?"

"Not as much as you with your baby outburst? Does the baby need a fucking diaper change? Is that why you can't play a simple game and answer the damn questions?"

Then Will felt a punch. Much like the others he's gotten, he never threw the first punch. He would always get that thrill of excitement through his body as Roman's fist collided with his cheek, though a rush of excitement didn't go through his body. Instead, a painful and harsh sensation took over his body. His face moved to the side, almost knocking him down, but he didn't. He touched his cheek, which was already burning in pain, and he turned to glare at the boy.

"Are you ready for a nap?" Will spat out as he held his cheek while Roman furrowed his eyebrows. He expected a punch... a fight. He anticipated a smirk or a smug grin, but not this annoyed expression.

Roman stared at the boy, his eyes searching for a response. He glanced down at his knuckles forming into a deep pink. Without uttering a word, he pushed Will into the wall and made his way towards the front door. The gusty winds engulfed him, and with as much force he could give, he slammed the door shut, leaving a thick air of tension.

***

Roman dug his feet deeper into the soft sand, his gaze settled on the disappearing sunset. He wasn't one to gape at the sunset with the dramatic colors swirling together. He thought it would defeat this "bad boy" look he's built for himself. Though with the scenic orange and red combination near the sun, disappearing from the ocean horizon... Roman still didn't enjoy it. He didn't understand how people could stare until it was completely dark. But despite his indifference at the sunset, there was one thing he did enjoy - the joint held between his fingers.

Roman knew he couldn't go through this beach house without it. Especially if he was going to put up with Will every day. So he felt himself becoming looser as he smoked graciously.

After their argument, Roman decided to walk around the beach to "calm" himself down. He tried to calm down, but it didn't work. Then he angrily ran laps in the water. This only furthered his anger. Now, he felt calmer than ever. Sure, a little giggly but absolutely relaxed. However, when the joint ran out in his fingers, he was reminded of his rumbling stomach. With some hesitant effort, he rose from the sandy ground, the grains clinging to his body and his hair tousled as it dried in unruly patterns. He walked up the boardwalk and stopped at the door.

He sighed.

Will would be waiting for him and pester him for quitting the game before finishing and complaining that he was starving. He opened the door as he held himself tighter with the towel like it would protect him before he glanced at the couch, and there was Satan's child.

Except he was blond and sleeping. He noticed his bare chest on display, an opened book on his chest. His eyes involuntarily lingered on Will's chest before he shook his head, wishing to clear his thoughts. He muttered a string of curses at him before stomping to the bathroom. He lathered himself in pleasant-smelling shampoo that would eventually be flushed into the ocean the next day. He dried himself with a new towel and got on a change of clothes. He walked down the hallway and back to Will, still sleeping peacefully.

He peered upon the blond. He really got on his nerves. That smug attitude, those condescending looks he gave, the fact that he thinks he's better than everyone, how annoyingly good he can be at fighting. Roman didn't know why, but he just found that he could never get a bruise on his face. He would hit his nose, and no blood came out. He would punch him bloody, but no bruises appeared. He would try to get a hit on his face, but Will blocked them all. He even bashed him today on his jaw, and there was no trace of bruising. He found that irritating.

He remembered the first time they met at the beginning of High School. They had only one class, but one was enough to start a never-ending hatred. It was during health class when they were learning about their bodies and safe sex. They had just received their test back, and that's when Will felt a presence behind him.

"What's up," He turned around to a tan boy with an unruly mess of curly locks and acne, "You got a A+, how'd you cheat?" His condescending tone dripped out his words.

Will smirked, "Jealous much? I guess not everyone can be as smart as me, right?"

Will was for the first time smacked with that arrogant smirk from Roman, "You think you're so perfect? Just wait until I beat the shit out of you, then you won't be smirking."

Ever since then, the two have been mesmerized to prove each other wrong. To get the other to stop smirking. To "teach" the other a lesson. Whatever

excuse they could come up with. But to pinpoint that specific spot, to find why the hell they hate each other? It didn't seem possible to find.

Before Roman knew it, he found himself shaking Will aggressively in a sudden rush of frustration. Will instantly jumped, dropping his book, as he opened his eyes groggily. Confusion washed over his face as he scanned his surroundings, his eyes settling on Roman with glassy eyes and a frown. He reluctantly released his grip on Will, his hands remaining balled up.

"Let's finish the exercise." He gritted out.

"Seriously?" He said, rubbing his face in tiredness.

"Well, I'm hungry, so yeah." Will nodded and got up, leaving his book as he followed the ebony-haired boy.

The boys stayed silent, unaware of how to even communicate with each other. The only form of communication they had was yelling or fighting each other, but now they have to find other methods to ease their irritation here, and the two didn't know how *yet* .

They sat on the floor opposite each other with the box of coins before them. Roman's eyes trailed to the blond's naked chest. He swallowed hard and didn't seem as irritated as before.

"Could you put on a shirt?" Roman mumbled, forcing his eyes away.

"Why?"

"It's kinda cold in here." He scratched the back of his ear.

Will quirked his head to the side, confused but nonetheless, and grabbed a hoodie he found from the couch and slipped it on.

Will picked a coin out of the bin and cleared his throat. "2010," He glanced at Roman hesitantly, "I won some spelling B at school, I think." He put the coin back and looked at Roman, whose eyes softened.

2010... He hadn't just left because he didn't want to do it. Or because he was stubborn. Or because he was hot-headed. 2010 just wasn't a good year for him. Maybe it was because he had lost his first fight with a 13-year-old. Or how he almost flunked out of 5th grade. Or how he now had to live with his aunt as this whole life he knew was uplifted and stomped on.

Who knew?

Will had noticed a few little things about Roman. Throughout high school, they only interacted during fights or when they saw bickered. They never got to know each other, other than their fighting patterns. These bonding exercises were probably the most successful conversation they've had that didn't end with a fight.

What he learned so far about Roman was that he always seemed to have a joke. Even if Roman was mad, he seemed to forget and tell his arrogant remark with a smirk. That is until he remembers he was angry and continued like he was. He also learned he tended to scratch the back of his ear when he lied. Like today, Roman was up early, around 6, and Will was confused. He asked why, and Roman scratched his ear, obviously lying and stating that the ocean woke him up. *How does that even happen?*

Another time, Will asked why Roman had a massive healed gash on his arm because of how prominent it was, but Roman merely scratched his ear and made up this conspicuous lie about how he fell off a balcony at a party. Will didn't know why Roman lied to him. Will already hated Roman, and nothing else would make that worse.

Roman picked up a coin, "2017. I got arrested." Will raised his eyebrows at him with a questioning look. Roman glared back. Didn't he already tell the boy he was arrested? "What?"

"Since this game is about bonding, can I ask why?"

Roman glared, "Can you fuck off and keep doing the game?"

"Aren't we supposed to bond?"

"I don't want to fucking bond with you."

"Maybe i'll just have to tell Coach we're having a bad time right now." Will attempted to sit up but Roman's hand slipped onto his shoulder to his forearm.

Will looked down at the boy, his eyebrows mused together but his lips in a small pout. "Wait. Fine, I'll tell you."

Will silently sat back down as the heat of Roman's hands slipped away from him.

The dark-haired boy let out a big sigh before he opened his mouth, "I was at a party you weren't invited to, you hermit, and I drank way too much. So while I was fucking this girl, the cops came in... And they arrested me."

Will stayed silent, and Roman smirked, "I don't know why I asked."

"What do you think I got arrested for?" Roman's cheeks grew.

"Underage drinking?"

"Almost killing her. I blow her mind out." And that arrogant smirk was back that Will couldn't help but admit he liked. But he wasn't going to show that.

Will groaned in disgust, "God, you're disgusting."

Roman quickly regained his composure, suddenly remembering he was supposed to be mad, and forced a frown on his face, "Can you hurry up? We only have a few left."

Roman, momentarily caught off guard, quickly regained his composure. He forced a frown onto his face, determined not to let this curly-haired boy see how much his words had affected him.

"What's the rush? Your soap opera turns on at 7?"

"Do you ever shut up?" Roman questioned.

"No." Will shrugged, accustomed to hearing that response from Roman. He's heard it a lot, but hearing Roman hear it was kinda nice. Will's gaze lingered

on the boy sitting before him, a soft smile finding his lips that some things wouldn't change. He grabbed the next coin.

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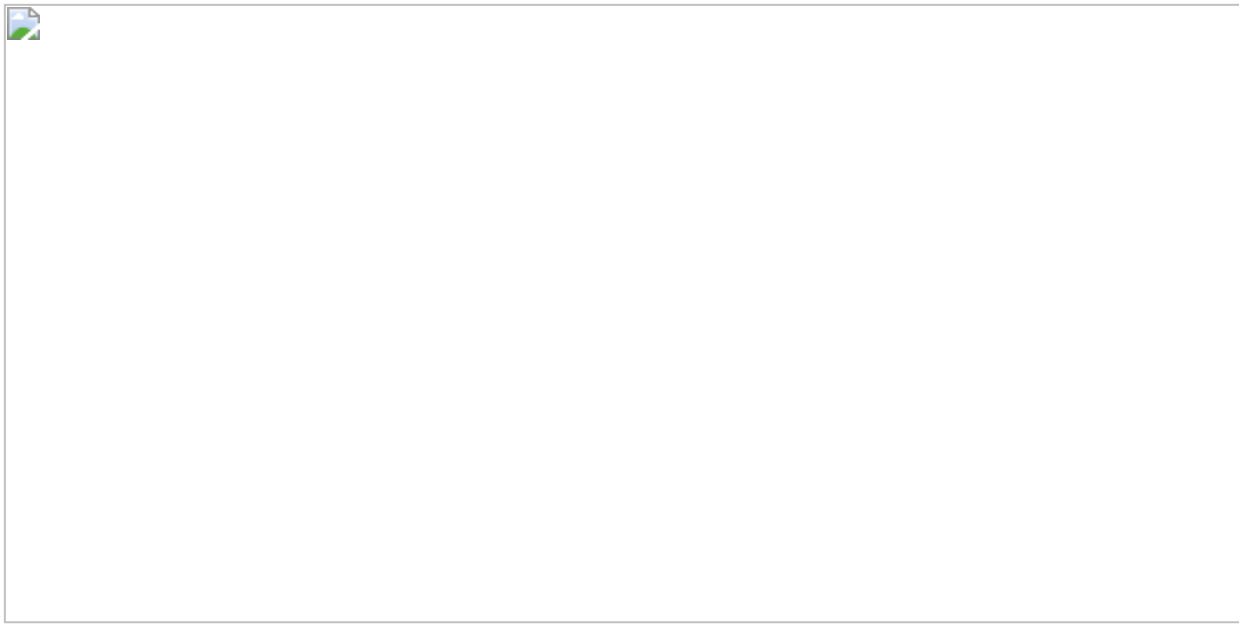
Vote if you enjoyed

1/3 of overnight series.

A month and 24 days



Roman stared in utter despair and confusion at the sea of information spread out before him. His hands were lost in his ruffles, tugging in anger with a coffee cup that was supposed to help him but did nothing except make him even more tired. He stared, wondering what the hell he was doing with his time, his mind completely empty.

Roman was the type to do everything last minute. Sometimes he would pull it off, and other times he wouldn't. It was Saturday when he would typically party with his friends, smoke, or do some illegal shit. But now, he was stuck trying to figure out stupid scholarship forms. He was already hating college.

While Roman "diligently" worked, Will lounged on the couch in the bonding room, waiting for the raven-headed boy to finish so they could go "bond." Surprisingly, Roman was already up when Will entered the bonding room, which surprised him until he saw him typing away at the computer.

The boys have been here about a week, and it has been everything above an absolute horror. They were either glaring and trying to ignore each other's presence before failing horribly and spending all their time arguing, spitting

insults, or threatening to beat each other up. It was like the house was teasing them by putting them alone together, mocking them to fight. But they knew they couldn't.

They still started a good schedule between them. They would do the exercise no later than 11. Though sometimes Will would find Roman already up around six. But he didn't ask as they would finish the activity and receive the keycard. It became a ritual for Will to make breakfast for the two. Will made some easy dish as Roman watched in awe, his mouth watering even though Will barely mixed some spices. After that, they went their separate ways, deciding to swim, listen to music, paint for Roman, or read for Will. They tried to keep to themselves, sometimes overlapping their activities and insulting each other.

Roman had gotten less shy about his painting and had moved to the dining table to paint, the area now littered with watercolors and half-filled used water cups. Roman wouldn't let Will see anything and would move to his room whenever Will came to the living room, but sometimes Will would catch a glimpse of the surprisingly good paintings.

"Can you hurry up?" Will complained, hanging upside down on the couch as his stomach begged for food.

"I'm sorry I didn't sleep with teachers so they can do this shit for me," Roman barked, continuing to click through random registration information on the computer, "I'll make sure to do that next time."

Will rolled his eyes and sat up from his upside-down position, walking over to Roman. The boys never talked about that one punch from yesterday, which luckily didn't leave a bruise or blood. They just gave these longing glares and remarks, wishing they could fight, but if it meant less time stuck together, it was for the better. He leaned behind Roman's chair, staring at the screen with the same confused glint as Roman.

"Leave," Roman growled, not even glancing at Will as his sole focus was to finish.

"So you don't want my help then?" Will inquired, and Roman hurled his head up, looking hopefully at Will.

"Really?" He questioned, sporting a desperate look.

"If you convince me," Will smirked arrogantly.

"Can't you just help me?" Will stared as he waited, "You always insist you're a genius, right? Don't you wanna prove it to me?"

Will almost burst out in laughter. "I don't have anything to prove to you." His voice was venomously laced with a judging tone. Roman couldn't believe Will right now.

"Then fuck off!" He cried out, but Will put his hands up.

"Fine, I'll help you... If you do something for me." Will innocently smirked. Will would probably do it for fun, considering how bored he was. But he just wanted to mess with Roman.

"You're fucking crazy if you-" Roman tried to say, and Will shrugged, casually attempting to go back on the coach, "Wait! Okay, I'll do it."

"Excellent," Will smirked, pulling himself up to sit on the table.

"What do you want then?" He glared.

Will thought carefully. He ran a successful homework business back at home. For return of doing some kids homework or helping them study, they paid him some good money. He has been doing this since Freshman year and bought his car in his Junior year because of it. Of course, Roman had refused to even ask Will, but it seemed pretty funny now.

"I want a painting."

"What? Fuck no. Can't I pay in another *way* ?" Roman questioned, his bottom lip in a pout, his inner eyebrows raised, and his head tipped to Will. The blond stopped all movement, staring intently at the boy. *How could he look so good like that?* Will tried to push the thought away.

"Uh... Yea- Um, y...." Will shook his head, wondering why his words were fumbling, "You can stop leaving your clothes all over the bathroom." He finally said, even though it didn't bother him that much.

"Fine, whatever, just please help me." He said, attempting to smile at Will.

Roman moved aside for Will to lean in and take a look at the computer, taking a deep breath to recollect himself.

Will tried helping Roman. He really did try by explaining what he was signing up for and what the questions were asking, although an hour later, and trying to explain to the dense boy Roman, Will ended up taking the work and doing it himself except for the few questions he asked Roman. When Will finished, Roman grinned like a little kid getting candy.

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Roman pushed his damp hair back, droplets of water scattered off his body, brown sand lightly slid by his feet, and water filled his lungs as he coughed violently. He spat out the salty water, glaring at the ocean that had been throwing and pushing him. He swears he's drinking more saltwater every day. The intense water continued its violent waves that Roman couldn't help but flip it off.

With determination to not let the ocean push him around, he dived into the water until his feet barely touched the ocean floor. The shore was tumultuous and harsh, but as he swam farther away, it grew calmer. He began practicing his drills, kicking his feet rhythmically as his arms propelled him through the water and diligently turned his head to get air. After a while, he swam back to the shore and took a deep breath. He resurfaced, finally getting air into his lungs. He swam back enough to reach the floor. He took a deep breath, savoring the rush of fresh air filling his lungs.

Roman didn't think he could make the two months. Already a week here, even if it's felt like years, and he feels the urge to strangle Will whenever he's asleep. He can't handle the boy anymore, him being so smug and witty. He just wanted to punch his face every time he opened his mouth. Again, again,

and again. He knew he couldn't, or he would be here until he was old and wrinkly and to pile it on, stuck with Will.

But Coach had come earlier today, and luckily he brought burgers and fries for Roman and some stupid sandwich for Will. Coach looked around the relatively clean house and asked them about the bonding games, which they begged him to stop making them do, but he merely chuckled. He restocked the fridge with more premade food instead, which Roman was slightly sad about because Will's food was absolutely delicious. Not that he would tell him.

He deemed the boys a congratulation for not fighting and then left on his merry way. After that, Roman went to the beach, sulking and praying the waters would take him far away from Will.

"Hey!" He audibly groaned and dramatically turned toward the annoying blond calling him.

"What?"

"Can I join?" He asked, slipping his shirt off and throwing his shoes off. Roman's eyes involuntarily went to the boy's chest. He didn't think he could get used to the boy's intricate and toned chest. How had he not noticed these past four years? His waist was perfectly sculpted and narrowed, with his abs bulging and smooth. Roman stared as Will gracefully walked towards the water, his hips swaying in a way that made Roman's eyes go wide. He moaned in protest before he turned back towards the ocean.

"Well, you're already coming, aren't you," Roman mumbled quietly.

"What?" Will asked as he approached him, "Already tired?" Will smugly smirked, and Roman returned the smirk. He put his big hands on Will before pushing him into the water, Roman watching as he tumbled. Roman quickly dived away before Will could do anything to him. Will scowled at him with a playful smirk before diving toward Roman.

They made it to the calm waters and started their typical laps. Roman stayed quiet as they swam laps, the only sound of crashing waves and the annoying

seagulls above them begging for food. He resurfaced and looked at Will, who was ahead of him. He went back down and swam faster.

As they were swimming, Roman felt his leg being pulled. He quickly arose from the water to see Will laughing.

"Seriously?" He questioned agitatedly. Out of anger, Roman splashed water at Will.

"It's not like I'm already wet, you child," Will glared. He nonetheless splashed water back at Roman.

"I'm the child? I saw you reading a picture book earlier." Roman remarked, throwing water at Will again. Will splashed more, and Roman threw a piece of seaweed passing by. Will squirmed and threw the seaweed down.

"It wasn't a picture book." Will blushed. It was a picture book.

He narrowed his eyes before running towards Roman, and before the raven-headed boy could respond, his hands were around his waist and he was bringing him down. His back hit the soft sand, and he grabbed a handful, rubbing it all over Will's head.

Will gasped, grabbing a handful of sand and stuffing it into Roman's hair. They wrestled in the water, throwing sand and trying to hold each other down before a wave hit them. Their bodies were dragged down before coming up to cough out the salty water, though the two swimmers were used to swallowing so much water.

"You fucking dumbass!" Will exclaimed, pushing Roman on the shoulder. He chuckled, already used to the salty taste in his mouth. A wave came, and he dived into it, swimming farther from the aggressive boy.

The boys spent the rest of the time plunging into the water, doing swimming contests, and messing with each other. Some would say they were bonding or that they were becoming friends. The boys would protest at that heavily.

The sun got lower and lower the further they went. When Roman's teeth began to chatter so much like a raccoon, he swam back and Will followed in

pursuit. They walked back, towels and their clothes in their arms with sand stuck to their wet feet.

"You couldn't have been softer when you threw all that sand at me?" Will complained, rubbing a raw and red rash on his chest.

"That would've ruined the fun," Roman explained with a little smirk.

"Ugh, you're annoying."

"I'm always delightful, I don't know what you mean."

Roman glared at the boy and stopped walking. It was entirely dark now. The only light came from the outside lights around the houses, which were still far away. The waves were louder and crashing loudly with the dark sand flying from the winds. Will's blond hair was pushed back as Roman stared at him with his brown eyes.

Roman had something to say. Well, it was more of a question. *Why didn't Will punch him back?* That one punch yesterday left him craving more. He would be fine with just another punch, even a slap. If he knew it was their last "fight" before this whirl beach house thing happened, he would've given his whole strength. Will was also making his craving worse with his smug attitude.

"Why didn't you punch me back?" This was the golden ticket question. Will stayed silent, looking into Roman's eyes.

"Did you want me to?" He narrowed his eyes, observing Roman closely.

Roman stayed silent, thinking with furrowed eyebrows. "That doesn't matter. Why didn't you?"

"I'm not a violent pers-"

"Adler," Roman glared, "Why?"

Will didn't want to answer. He didn't need to. Hell, he himself didn't even know why he didn't hit him back. He should have beaten the pulp out of him

for getting an easy hit on him.

Instead, Will did something he always did to shut up Roman. He punched him in the face. A quick one on his jaw that had Roman stumble back a little.

"Happy?" Wills said with raised eyebrows as he massaged his knuckle. Roman grabbed his jaw with his hand, giving Will a conflicted look.

"No." He simply snarled before lunging toward Will.

Will fell back on the sand, his body hitting the soft sand as Roman straddled him. Roman tried to get him square in the face, but Will blocked them with his forearms. He ended up punching him twice in the stomach. Will groaned heavily as they wrestled to get on top of each other. Roman snarled like a predator as he finally got out of Will's hold and got up. Will let himself go, not bothering to protect himself as his sole focus was to beat the shit out of Roman. He punched him in the face, grabbing his shoulders to hit his stomach. Because of this, Roman got a quick hit on Wills, hitting him straight in his nose. He got another on his stomach as Will pushed him away, Roman stumbling but not falling.

Will scowled but didn't miss a second as he hit Roman back on his cheekbone. They came crashing down the sand as Will straddled his waist, not stopping his powerful punches.

They wanted to kill each other. This hatred started with nothing, but now it has fermented. It's grown. It's overflowing. It's at its max, and now it's leaking. *How the fuck are they going to solve this?*

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2/3 of overnight series

A month and 21 days

Will's finger slid against the soft page, flipping it slowly as his eyes caught up with every word. Will always enjoyed reading. It didn't matter how old he was or how many books he had read, he never stopped. He solely remembered the sleepless nights with him under the covers, a book in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

It was only 9 in the morning, so with Roman still asleep, he was contentedly wearing his *glasses* to read. Yes, glasses.

What Roman doesn't know won't hurt him. If the boy knew Will wore glasses, he wouldn't hear the end of it. Roman already made fun of Will for being a so-called "nerd", and adding this would be like adding matches to a fire, and if anyone knew Roman, the fire would spread quickly. The blond began wearing contacts before High School instead of his bothersome glasses. Except now, with his black-framed glasses and the heavy feeling of them on his nose, it felt nostalgic.

In Middle School, Will seemed like such a different reality. His blond locks were once a brown mess. His face rocked his blue bendable glasses that he loved. He had a lot of acne and pimples adorning his face. He wasn't as confident or spoke up much. He was just another skinny awkward tween who seemed to be towered over by everybody. But he was happy with his cat, mom, and books.

So yeah, it wasn't rocket science to figure out he was bullied. Every other guy was hitting puberty, getting taller and bigger. He tried not to mind it much, and it was undoubtedly not the root of his problems.

His dad wanted a son. And Will wasn't the most masculine. He liked cooking breakfast and baking with his mom. He liked spending his allowance on new toys for his cat or books. He hated playing sports, he'd much rather be at the library. And his father wanted him to play with kids his own age. To play sports. To be confident. To be a son— or whatever that meant. So his dad made sure that would happen.

That summer. That goddamn summer. His cat was *gone* , his mom became non-existence, and all he had was his dad. His remarks, his comparisons, his yelling, his hidden bruises. So Will began working out so he could try out for

the swim team, to make his dad proud. He dyed his hair blond, like his father. He got contacts and threw away his blue glasses, like his father wanted. He also hid away his books underneath his bed, leaving them to feel ashamed and forgotten like a married man's mistress.

That's how he lived throughout all of high school, living in the shoes his father wanted. Continuously dyed his hair, going through the pain of digging into his eyes for his contacts, spending early mornings in swimming practice, and acing every assignment to be wanted. It seemed to work a little.

Then he heard a gasp. A loud, dramatic one. He looked up to see Roman's mouth gaped open, with excitement in his eyes.

"What?" He asked, relatively annoyed, but before he knew it the raven-headed boy erupted in laughter.

"Oh god! I knew you wore glasses." Will turned a dark shade of pink when he realized he had them on and tried taking them off, but Roman beat him to it and took them off himself. He observed the simple black-framed glasses in his hand with a mild prescription. "The number of times I could've broken these."

Will stayed silent, glaring at Roman. The thick-headed boy had done his fair share of knocking out his eye contacts during their fights. He remembered one time, Roman's stupid fist knocked them out and all he could see was Roman's figure stumbling around. This ended up in Will walking away or just admitting defeat. Roman didn't notice, which Will found pleasant yet irritating.

"Can you just give me those," Will attempted to get them back. He wanted to get rid of them. He didn't want to see them anymore. But Roman was fast and moved them to the side, taunting them around Will.

"Oh, can't get them?" Roman cheekily smirked.

"You're so immature."

"I've missed four years of teasing. Relax." Will shook his head.

Roman smiled immensely as he put the glasses on his face, his smile so wide and genuine it scared Will a bit. He moved to the mirror next to the TV and observed himself. "I look hotter." He voiced out, running a hand through his hair.

The glasses looked out of place on Roman's muscular nose and jaw. The glasses also made his eyes look huge, which made Will chuckle. But honestly, Roman looked *okay* with those glasses bringing out his cheekbones, framing his face perfectly, and making his blue eyes much brighter. His curly mess Roman calls hair pulled back as he pulled the glasses up into his hair. "You look like a dork." Will ended up saying, irritated with the boy.

"Shut up, four eyes." Will shut his mouth, allowing the boy to have his fun.

He put them back on and began doing... weird shit. He stuck three fingers in front of him and was baffled when he counted how many there were. He tried walking in a straight line with them, and no shocker, he could. He guessed correctly what the painting above the kitchen table was. He seemed disappointed, probably because there was nothing truly remarkable about them.

"Do you wear contacts?" Roman handed Will back his glasses.

"Yeah," Will mumbled, deciding he wasn't wearing them again under any circumstance.

"So how does it feel to wake up and everything is blurry?"

"Fuck off," Will said, tired of Roman shit. Though he did find it slightly cute how sad he looked that he would see his three fingers. But nothing about Roman was appealing. He got up, leaving his book and glasses on the table. "Let's go bond."

Roman followed with a loud sigh as they entered the dreaded room. Roman hated doing these exercises. Every morning, he stayed in his room, seeing how long he could go without doing them without Will bothering him. Eventually, his stomach growled, or Will dragged him out, and they had to

do the exercise. They were simple bonding games created to irritate Roman more than to bond.

But this day? Roman had gotten up particularly early (well early, for Roman) just for Will. He smiled ear to ear when he saw Will with a nasty purple bruise. Roman has never been able to bruise Will's perfect touchless face, and no matter how much effort or strength he put into their fight, Will had impressive defense. But this time? It didn't seem like Will was trying that hard to protect his face. So, to Roman, the bruises looked incredible. They rocked matching purple bruises on their cheekbones, Roman having a bruised nose and Will having a nasty one on his upper jaw.

In their previous fights, he's never given Will a bruise or cut on his face, the only thing bleeding was his knuckles. This left Roman always covered in obnoxious and prominent bruises. Although their bruises had wilted in the past two days, Roman still smiled ear to ear when he caught a glance at Will.

When Will woke up, he could see the light bruises on his face. He knew it made Roman so proud. Will used to pride himself that Roman would have bruises after their fights, and his face would look untouched. But with no one here, Will let him hit him, not bothering to block as his primary focus was to release his anger on Roman. The fight had done nothing but fuel their hatred for each other. They still glared every time the other was near, spitting insults and threatening each other every second. But it gave them satisfaction only a fight could, so they were less on edge.

Roman sat on the couch, fumbling with his chain necklace. Will grabbed the box and sat in front of an irritated Roman. He looked at the note taped on the box with nothing else. Except this box had no keypad and was already opened with a key card. Will quirked his eyebrows as he grabbed the note from inside the box.

He read the note, "You have to cook a meal together, your choosing. You have to use teamwork, problem-solving, and communication. Send a picture of the meal when you guys are done."

Will audibly sighed when he read this, scratching his head in annoyance, and Roman tipped his head to the side like a confused puppy with his big eyes

and a frown. Yet he looked so irritated, but that could just the fact that he's always mad about something.

Will threw the box at him, which Roman caught, and when he read it, he pouted, "Seriously?"

"I'm not the one who wrote it," Will shrugged before he grasped the key card and strode out of the room. He heard the scramble of Roman getting up before he felt a presence behind him.

"Well, what are we making?" Will opened the fridge, examining around. "A salad," Will declared as he saw all the vegetables in the drawer, grabbing them before Roman stopped him.

"I know you're a vegetarian and shit, but I'll strangle you if you make a salad." Will scowled before he agreed and began looking through the pantries.

"Then what else?"

"Burgers?" Roman asked, holding out the burger buns he found in a cabinet. Will rolled his eyes. The boy knew he was a vegetarian, and he wanted to cook meat. "I miss burgers. Just make a meatless one for you."

"That doesn't sound appetizing at all."

"Like you," Roman commented, and Will rolled his eyes, looking back into the fridge. "I'm not the one who chose to be a vegetarian."

"How about pasta?" Will asked, holding up some tomatoes and herbs.

"Fine," Roman said, grabbing the uncooked pasta from the cabinet.

Both boys knew nothing about cooking pasta, but Will deemed it self-explanatory, except for Roman, who was still confused about how the hard pasta became soft. Then made a joke about a dick that Will tuned out.

Will bent down to get a pot but Roman slid right beneath him and tried grabbing it.

"The fuck are you doing?" Roman asked, trying to push him away with his big shoulders as they elbowed to open the cabinet below the sink, all the pots sitting peacefully.

"Praying? What do you think?" Will spoke, trying to push Roman. They forced and lurched their hands against each other, attempting to grab the pot. Roman suddenly pinched the blond's side, making the boy squirm, and Roman took his chance and grabbed him with his big hands. He got up and placed it on the stove.

"What's next?" Roman asked, holding the pot protectively.

Thus the boys began to cook. Well, mostly just Will cooking while Roman blindly listened. Roman didn't leave his pot and put the water inside, staring as he waited for it to boil. When that time didn't come, he put the stiff strands of pasta inside, ignoring Will's directions from earlier. Soon he got bored staring at the water not boiling, so he joined Will in making the sauce.

They began cutting the vegetables and combining all the spices and liquids discovered in the cabinet into the sauce. Of course, they argued about what to put inside. *Why would someone want cinnamon in their pasta?* Will thought as he shook his head at Roman.

"How's the pasta?" Will asked when Roman came back from stirring the pasta and grabbed a pile of cilantro to cut.

"Cold."

"Well, did you turn the heat on?" The blond asked.

"You think I'm that stupid-" He turned toward the pot where it stood alone, cold strings of pasta swimming around with no fire below it. He cursed to himself but then Will was already moving to turn it on.

Roman didn't want to feel useless so he continued chopping his cilantro, cursing Will for finding ways to prove him incompetent. He probably turned the heat off on purpose to make Roman look stupid.

"You're doing it wrong!" The blond practically shrieked behind him.

Roman turned around with a frown, "Oh, and you know better, right?" He chopped more aggressively until he felt Will behind him.

Will covered Roman's back completely, him being an inch higher, giving him the advantage. His chin sat lightly on Roman's shoulder. Roman's nerves suddenly started to tingle. "Look, you have to take only the leaves of the cilantro. The stems are disgusting." He said before Roman felt Will's arms around him. He tensed as he felt Will's pale hands grab the knife over his hand. He gathered the cilantro into a line and guided Roman's hands to cut with his.

Roman couldn't speak. He didn't know why. He wanted to make fun of the boy for being a perfectionist and too tedious, but his body tingled, and his mouth went dry. He could feel all of Will against his back and his ever-so-soft skin as he grabbed his hand. When Will was done, he moved off Roman's body and observed the cilantro.

Roman turned to look at him, questioning what the boy did to make his body shiver. His body felt all warm and shit.

Will looked at Roman giving him that dumb look, to which he shot a glare. *Of course, the boy couldn't take constructive criticism.* Will thought as he rolled his eyes and walked away.

Roman turned back, shaking that odd feeling. Maybe it was just hot here. He looked at the cilantro without its stems. He took the leaves and put them into the tomatoes and spices. Roman tried mixing it with a potato masher, but it wasn't working, so he dipped his hands in the sauce and started kneading it like bread. He mushed and squished it, the sauce becoming smooth before his fingers before Will was ogling at him.

"Why are you using your hands?" Will asked behind him.

"Please, vegetables grow in the fucking dirt. I think this is okay." Will shook his head at the boy's thought process.

"Do you think vegetarians just go outside, pluck some carrots out of the ground, and eat them straight like that?"

"How else?" Roman questioned with a confused look, and Will's eyes narrowed. Roman was truly and utterly so brainless.

Will went back to the pot, straining out the pasta with the water. He was going pretty good until he suddenly felt something cold land on his neck. He flinched and turned around to see Roman looking at him with a wide-eyed expression with his sauce-covered hands in front of him.

"Oops." Roman simply muttered with a little smile.

"The fuck did you do?" Will questioned, touching his neck before the red pasta sauce stained his finger. He looked back at Roman, who smirked and looked nothing close to being sorry. He quickly grabbed a soft pasta and threw it at Roman, where it flew inside his shirt, and Roman squirmed to get it out.

"Seriously?" Roman smirked, scooping his large hands into the pasta. He ran towards Will, who stood frozen in surprise as Roman smeared it all over his face.

"Oh, you fucking dumbass!" Will exclaimed, attempting to get Roman's hands off him. He felt the slimy sauce on his face and pushed Roman onto the counter. He grabbed some sauce in his hands from the big bowl and began getting some in Roman's hair.

They struggled to get anything near them to protect themselves or throw at each other. Roman used a frying pan to shield himself from Will's launching sauce. But it wasn't enough. Eventually, Will ended up on the ground, Roman straddling him while he smeared sauce near his stomach.

Will let a laugh slip when Roman grazed his hand against a specific spot, "No- *Ah* , stop it!" He yelled through fits of laughing, but Roman smirked and began tickling the spot, the sauce was long forgotten while Roman's only goal was to hear the boy laugh. "Fu-Fuck you, Stop!" Will tried to screech but was stopped by laughter.

Roman snorted as he watched the boy crumble underneath him, laughing so hard his face turned a bright red, and his cheeks reached his eyes. He laughed wholeheartedly, his face and body covered in the red paste with his

head thrashing back as he tried to push Roman off. His smile was breathtaking, the tremendous smile overtaking his face. Roman found himself getting immersed in his smile. The person he hated didn't seem so bad when he didn't have a smug smirk. Eventually, Roman stopped, realizing what they were doing, and hesitantly stood up. Will stayed on the ground, his face red, his chest heaving up and down, and an arm over his face to cover his embarrassed smile. "I hate you so much, Fortes."

"Likewise, Adler," Roman smirked as he went to grab the sauce pot, only to see it all gone. "Fuck."

They were now covered in food, pissed, and starving. After about another 45 minutes, they were finally done. After that little incident, they had to make another sauce while alternating showers. They took a long time doing that, arguing about what to put in again. When they finally added the sauce, they were relieved and happy that they were finally done. That was until they tried it. Well, until Will tasted it. It did not look appetizing at all. Will didn't think even a starving dog would eat it. The sauce was an odd brown color that seemed to barely hold a residue of red, but it tasted even worse. It seemed to taste spicy, yet it was also sweet. Will knew Roman snuck some cinnamon into it. The pasta was also mushy. Mushy to the point where it would collapse if you picked it up with a fork.

Roman took another bite of his pasta. He was smiling dumbly, stuffing his face as if the food were a 5-star meal. "I mean, it definitely tastes better without the cilantro stems." Roman sarcastically said while nodding. Will had thrown his plate in the trash, glaring daggers at Roman, who ate at the table contentedly.

Roman licked the clean plate, a smirk on his face as he grabbed seconds. Will has grown to see how disgusting Roman honestly was.

"This is honestly delicious," Roman smirked, and Will glared, his stomach growling.

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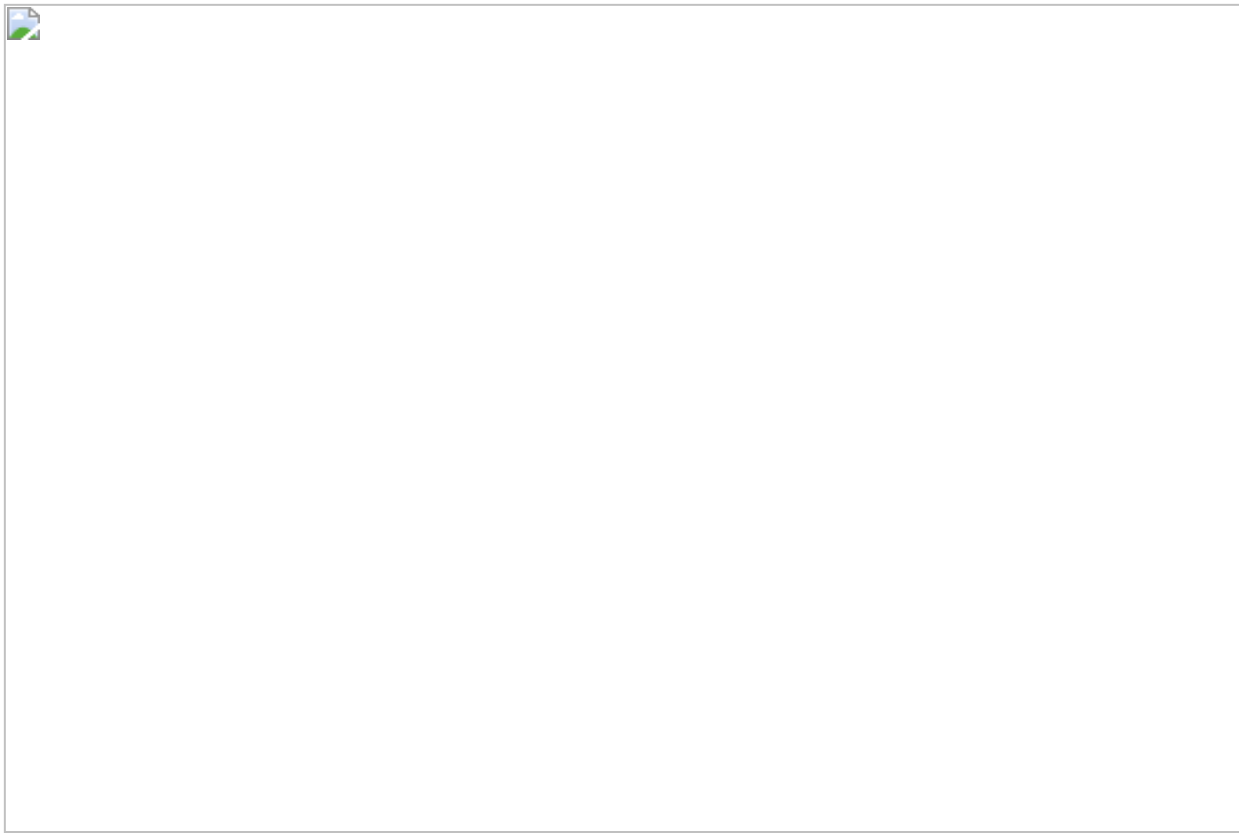
3/3 of the overnight series

Vote if you enjoyed :))

A month and 19 days



"God, stop doing that. It fucking hurts." Roman gritted.

"I don't have time for your whining. My time is too valuable." He took another heavy breath, "Now bend over."

Some people wonder what the hell they're doing with their lives. Just a few weeks ago, everything was normal. You were going through school or work, saw the same people, and slept in the familiar bed. It's all the same shit but it's familiar, you know? A cycle of comfortable repetitiveness. But everything can just change just like that, everything someone knows is just gone and changes. You get to wonder *what the hell you're doing?*

And this Twister game was one of those, *what the hell am I doing* moments.

It was the same spinner with the same twisting movements and the same fucking commands. They were in the most uncomfortable position someone could be in Twister. Roman had his hands on the top corners, his legs right below them, as if bending over to touch his toes. Will was below him in a plank, his legs near Roman's head and his arms on the opposite corners. Roman was almost sitting on him, and whenever the boy sank lower when his muscles strained, Will began complaining as he would be dragged down.

"Twist it."

"I can't! I'm fucking stuck!" Roman gritted, holding himself up with his arms that strained his abs.

Will sighed as he labored himself to flick the spinner, only pushing his ass further into Roman's, which was not a nice feeling. Roman let out a yelp as Will scooted his ass too high and his arms gave out and the raven-headed boy fell forward.

"Yes!" Will instantly yelled, but the happiness didn't survive as Roman tripped him and fell on top of him, forcing the two to the ground with Roman's weight on Will. He felt all the air leave his body as the raven-headed boy breathed heavily on him, "Get off me, you fatass." He tried pushing Roman off with his arms.

"People can never handle my size." He heard the boy mumble before he grunted and leaned off Will. He quickly stood up, his body still sore from what he had just endured. He would much rather do Coach's torturous drills for hours, and that was saying something.

"Shut up," Wills said in such a disgusted tone.

Will continued to lie on the floor, his breaths coming out heavy. Roman brushed him off as he went to the computer and typed a response Coach, impersonating Will, which he could've done this whole time. When he received the code, he put it into the box, anticipating another card so Will could make them breakfast. That's until he saw a little Nintendo DS in the box. His eyes lit up, and he picked up the gadget he hadn't seen in a long while. God, he missed his phone.

He jaunted toward the blond, still on the Twister mat, and Roman didn't hold back as he kicked the boy's side. "Ah!" The blonde yelped, turning up toward Roman, "What's your problem?"

"Look!" He smirked, shaking the DS in his hand above Will, and he instantly perked up.

"Give me that before you break it." He smiled, sitting up too quickly to grab it, but Roman pushed backward, holding it back.

"I found it first." He whined.

"Stop acting like a kid." Will pointed out, trying to grab it, but Roman spun around and ran out of the room.

Will trudged toward him to see him plopped on the couch, the DS opened, and the little pencil tapping at it impatiently. Will jumped over the couch and pushed himself against Roman to look at the screen.

The screen was black until it lit up that white color with the logo and that Nintendo sound played before it turned on. They both giggled at the sound in anticipation.

Roman grew up with a DS. He was sure his old one was still stored beneath his bed. With not much entertainment in his house, his aunt got him a DS and he was obsessed. Obsessed in the way he would play it every night until it was the next morning. Obsessed in the way he would brag to everyone he could about all the games he had. Obsessed in the way that he loved his DS.

Roman turned to Will smiling at the DS, "Do you even know what this is?" He honestly expected Will to have grown up in a room with a desk with books, away from human contact and any devices just forced to study and read.

Will grew up with a DS. Sure, his parents hated the idea of him rotting his brain away with a device. So in the middle of the night when he was 9, he sneaked out and ran to the nearest store where he bought a DS. He stayed up all night on it, hiding it in his closet so his parents wouldn't find it. He absolutely cherrished that thing. Too bad it was gone 4 weeks later.

"Of course I know." He glared, "I bet I'm way better at you in Mario Kart." He smirked, leaving the dark haired boy to gape at him.

"You're funny, really."

"I'm being serious." He smirked.

Roman laughed again, shrugging as he tapped on the game. Will watched contentedly over at Roman's play.

***

Roman jolted hard when his alarm blared near his ear. He blinked hard, and the first thing he did was glare at the clock and hit it off. He groaned into his pillow before looking up and opening his eyes, but it was pitch black instead of the room filling with light. He got off the bed all anxious, this tiredness flowing in his body but also this jittery feeling. He looked out the somber window as he sat on the bed edge, the trees rustling from the soft winds. He walked out of his room very somnolent as he slipped his hoodie on, passing a snoring Will.

He walked down the small hallway and into the living room where *it* sat in all its beauty.

He sat on the uncomfortable stool. He breathed in softly, treasuring the coldness his fingers felt when he placed them on the sheer keys. Then he began with the song, not harshly tapping the keys but handling them softly.

Roman had been playing the piano ever since he was 11. After another fight in school, his aunt bought a cheap keyboard from Goodwill and forced him to learn how to play. She said, "Learn you stupid boy so you can be good at something." He surprisingly ended up adoring the piano. Day by day, he was at the piano. He memorized songs and learned through years of practice.

Some would think he bragged about how good he was and flaunted it to everyone. But what type of kid who gets into fights and smokes, plays the piano? The kid everyone was scared of because of his gruesome and heartless quarrels. It was like his painting all over again. He didn't know why he had to like such girly things. Yet he did. He loved playing the piano. It

was so comforting to be able to make music with your fingers. He felt proud just being able to do it. The piano was in his hands. He could do whatever he wanted with the piano, making him completely free.

And painting. Oh, painting. He could make a beautiful piece of art with just his hands. He began during his Freshman year, probably after Will and he argued, and he painted. It wasn't good with a poorly made tree, an odd-looking panda, and a purple pond. Somehow, he got better and better.

Out of some miracle, he wasn't a "stupid boy" anymore (well, according to his aunt). He played every second he could. At first, he would be banging the keys, an average angry Roman playing. By the end, he was entirely calm and relaxed, ready not to be *that* impulsive.

He closed his eyes and began playing the notes. His heart jumped every time he played this song. It was his aunt's favorite song. When it came out, she listened to it 24/7. You'd think she would get bored with it, but despite it playing everywhere she was, she never did. She always listened to Sufjan Stevens. Roman had seen her cry over it. Laugh at it. Angrily yell at it. But she always went back to it. Roman knew how much it meant to her. So he learned to play it for her. She cried when he showed her and he plays it every time he touches a piano now.

He began the first chorus delicately, not missing a key. He began mumbling the lyrics silently to himself as he played.

It's been a long, long time since I've memorized your face.

He took a deep breath as he switched his fingers to match the chorus.

And when I sleep on your couch, I feel very safe.

He narrowed his eyebrows, switching between the keys.

"I do... love you."

He had already memorized the whole song.

"But you are the life I needed all along."

"And words are futile devices." He finally whispered to himself as he finished the song, the silence slowly filling the room. He let out a deep breath, missing his aunt badly. But he would never even admit that to himself. She took every chance to yell at him. Granted, he deserved to be yelled at. But he missed spending his nights painting while she sang or talked. He missed having breakfast with her. He missed her yelling. He missed her cooking. He missed going to the supermarket with her. The little things.

He adjusted himself in the chair and positioned himself to start another song before he heard clapping behind him. He turned to see the disorderly blond leaning against the hallway archway. He had a smile on his face, yet Roman could only see that vain look. "Amazing performance." He clapped, leaning off the doorway and strolling towards Roman.

Roman instantly widened his eyes. First he finds out about painting, now this? *Why does he have to ruin everything?* All his secrets he promised to take to the grave were now being told to his enemy. The last person he would tell. The person someone doesn't want their secrets in their hands.

When he felt a hand on his shoulder, he cursed Will out of his head. "You don't seem the type to play piano."

Roman snapped. He quickly stood up, getting in Will's face. "What about it?"

"Nothing." Will shrugged with a smile, acting all innocent as he stared at the fuming raven-headed boy, "It's refreshing to see you play the piano." He said it so venomously, in such a judging tone. Like it was something unacceptable. Roman had to question if it was wrong that he played piano. *Did it make him feminine? Did it degrade him? Did it make him sensitive?* He knew it didn't, but there was just this feeling that he had to keep it away. No one was supposed to know but him, so he was fine doing it in secret.

"Refreshing? You know what's refreshing, seeing my fist go into your fucking face!" Roman lashed out.

"Calm down." The blond chuckled, placing a hand softly on Roman's chest. "It's actually amazing seeing you play piano."

Roman didn't like that. "Fuck you! I'm capable of doing whatever the hell I want."

Will didn't know what was wrong with playing piano. He just found it comical that Roman, the guy who tries to get in a fight every day. The guy who can't take care of himself for shit. The arrogant son of a bitch is doing something so talented and great like the piano. But seeing Roman play the piano was refreshing, knowing he wasn't a complete mistake to society.

"Oh god, everyone's gonna hate you when they find out you play the piano." Will sarcastically said. "You're pretty good though," He smiled genuinely, sitting down in the chair Roman left.

Wills began playing some random notes all jumbled up. When he noticed Roman's scrunched eyebrows staring at him, he questioned, "What? It's pretty cool you play, I never knew you did."

Roman's eye twitched. "Don't tell anyone about this," Roman demanded.

"Fuck, if it means so much to you, I won't tell anyone...."

"Okay." Roman felt a rush of relief.

"....today. Who knows what I'll do when we get back?"

"Adler." Roman pressed, staring strong daggers at Will, seeming nonchalant.

"I mean the piano! Everybody wants to hear how in touch you are with your feminine side." He mocked, adding to Roman's foul mood.

"Adler! Can you shut the fuck up?"

"You're making such a big deal." Will groaned.

Roman simply just stared for a response, arms crossed and an irritated look splattered over his face.

"Fine." Will finally pouted. "I won't tell anyone." He sighed before looking at the piano again. He could never have fun. He suddenly pounded the keys confidently. Roman cringed as the notes disheveled together, sounding like one of their fights, but it was meant to be calming.

Will has officially ruined the piano for Roman.

"Well, are you leaving yet?" Roman glared.

Will looked back at Roman with a smirk. How much he knew about that smirk was overwhelming. "Can we do a duet?"

"I would rather dig my eyes out." Romans never played for anyone other than his aunt. It was why he woke up at 4 am to play the piano. He's been doing it almost every morning. He didn't think Will would notice because he seemed to snore the whole night. "Did... Did the piano wake you up?" Roman's curiosity asked.

Will stayed silent. He could curse him for waking him up and agree that the piano woke him up. In all honesty, Will began hearing the piano about three days ago. On the first morning, he found out Roman's alarm had awoken him at exactly 4:03. Will got up, ready to curse loudly at him for waking him, until soft piano playing stopped him.

Will stayed up and listened until Roman stopped at 7. He stared at the ceiling, the piano bouncing off the walls. Roman was impressive. It was absolutely calming and something else to hear him play. He played more carefully, playing softer and calmer songs than he expected Roman to play. They would start to slow and build up with so much emotion.

He never knew Roman was so talented. It truly shocked him. He genuinely didn't know anything about Roman and this beach house proved it. He could sometimes hear his voice too, singly along the melody. His voice was warm, barely audible but god he sounded good.

Will stayed silent, thinking before he finally spoke, "Yeah... Just stop waking me up." He ended up saying, leaving the stool and walking towards his room.

Roman stuck the middle finger at his back. When he shut his door, Roman looked back at the piano. It didn't look as great as it did before. It was *his* secret, but now it was someone else's. He hates sharing.

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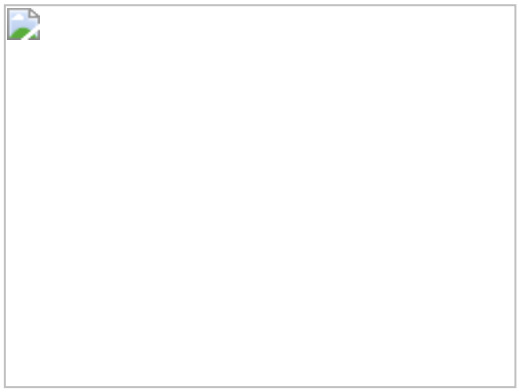

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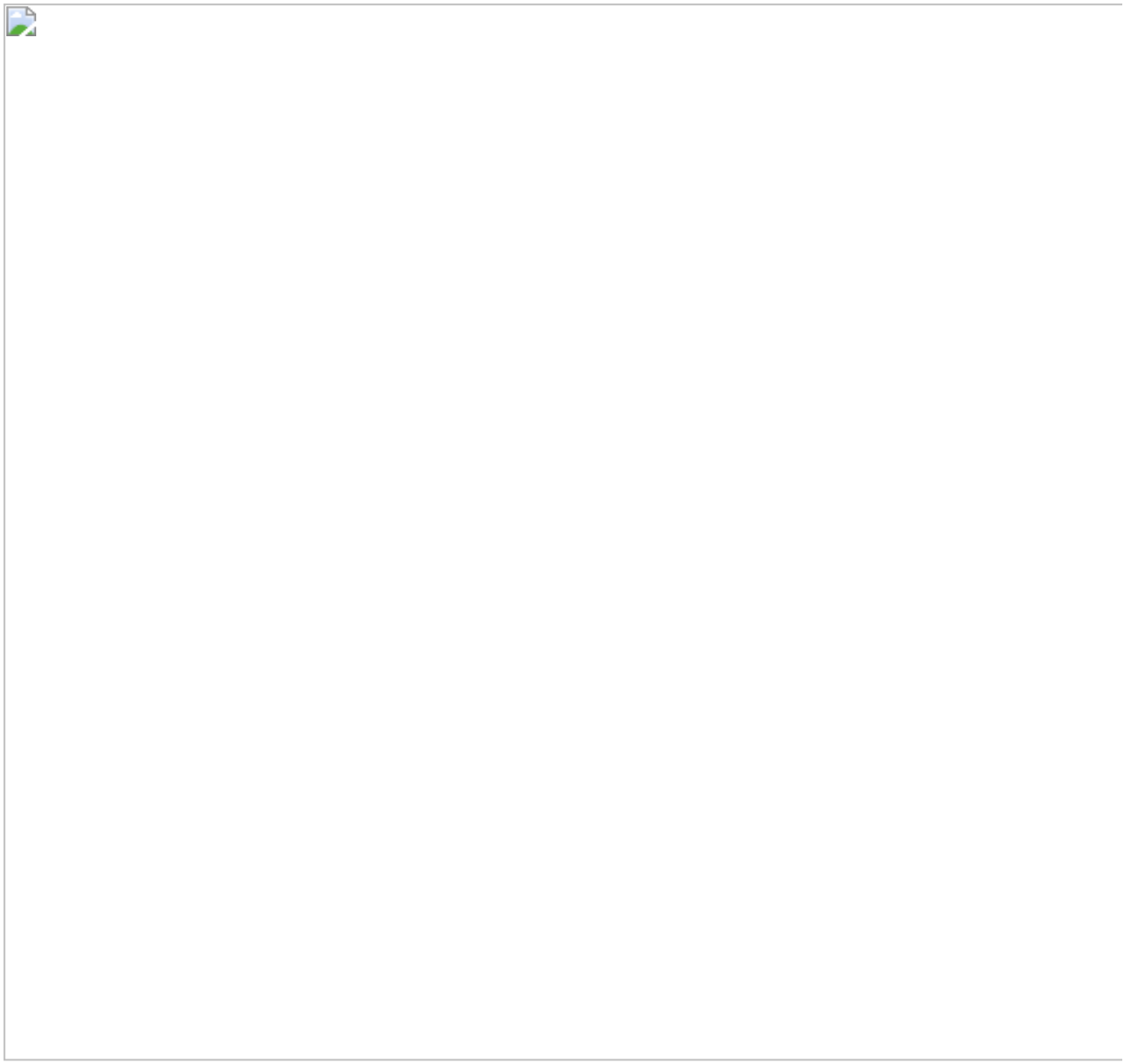
A month and 18 days



Roman never had a good day without weed. He can't remember a day when he didn't have a joint in his hand. He would wake up, probably get a good smoke in before school, then endure the day with remarks and maybe a fight with Will, sneakily sneak one before swimming practice, and get yelled at more by Will. Later at night was spent with Reid, more smoke, and a trip to the store or woods.

He didn't know when it all started. Sure he remembered the innocent days. But he started at such a young age, probably when he had to move to his aunt's house. He wasn't the happiest, his whole life had been uprooted. Everything he knew, his Spider-Man bed, his backyard, the marks on the kitchen wall showing how tall he's gotten, his parents. Everything was gone. At just ten years old, he felt like everything was against him.

He got into fights at school, starting an argument with anyone willing, and dangled around with the kids who didn't give a fuck. Because he truly didn't. He smoked for his first time in the bathrooms during history class.

But with everything, he never blamed his aunt. She was an incredible woman who tried everything she was capable of to keep Roman away from these instincts. The root of his supposed problems was never her because she was always there to get him out of trouble, trying to steer him in the right direction and forcing him to care about his life, which he found arduous as he grew older.

So to fix this shitty day, he has been smoking until he couldn't feel anything. It gave him nostalgia for all the times he'd puffed his stick in his aunt's apartment before scrambling as he tried to get the smoke out before his aunt arrived. He remembered the times with Reid, sneaking out in the dawn of night and going high through the forest or lakes, or streets. He remembered being so high once he tried robbing a McDonald's, which ended in his friends and him running from the yelling workers.

He was tangled on his bed with all the sheets thrown to the floor. He was shirtless, sprawled out on the bed merely covered in his loose boxers Smoke hovered and carelessly took off all over the room as it found refuge on his clothes thrown which would smell repulsive tomorrow. But the pungent and disgusting aroma almost soothed Roman. He was leaning against the headboard, not a care in the world. All the heat in his lungs left this tingling sensation all over his body. He tilted his head back and blew the haze, something mesmerizing about it coming from his lips.

It couldn't get better than this.

So with a contented sigh, a round of giggles, and a session of water coloring to see if he was better when high (he wasn't), his stomach began growling. He hesitantly finished his stick, a broad smile of the delirious feeling running through his veins. He felt like he was flying as he tottered out of his bed and avoided all the mess on the floor like it was lava.

He walked into the kitchen, imagining it was a heavily protected fortress he had to escape in, so he slipped behind the walls, looking around before he attempted to roll. He failed midway as his elbow his the cabinet and he muttered a fuck. He recovered steadily and looked to his sides before he made his move, hiding behind the island and allowing his arm to creep up slowly above him. His arm was slow, keeping it precise to swipe the key card. When he didn't find it, his eyebrows furrowed.

But people trying to escape in a fortress were always quick thinkers. So he slightly peeked his head up, looking around suspiciously. He looked on the counters for the card, but didn't see it anywhere. That's when his stomach growled again, and he couldn't take it. He angrily got up, grabbed the cabinet door, and tried forcing it open like a madman, pulling and pushing on it. It obviously didn't budge, but then a genius idea seeped into his brain. He remembered a specific blond and rounded the corner, deciding to make his worst decision that night.

It was a routine view of him shirtless with a book in hand. Except this time, he was on his stomach, his legs kicking in the air with headphones plugged in. What wasn't routine was Roman's thoughts creeping to how Will looked really good. His bright and luscious hair appeared mesmerizing that Roman could feel the soft locks in his hands. His lips were in a pout, which they always seemed to be when he was focused. And god, did they look good.

What bewitched Roman was his arched back, his arm holding up his jaw. His skin was silky smooth, freckles and moles littering over the accentuated and developed muscles. Lower was that narrow waist that hypnotized him to give in to the urge of encasing his arms around the skin. He was rooted in his place, stuck for the rest of his life to oggle, which didn't sound bad, especially with his ass all up and perky.

Weed made him really horny.

"What are you looking at weirdo?" Will asked once he noticed the boy staring darkly at him.

Roman's pants shockingly got tighter at the boy's smooth and deep voice. He finally had the time to appreciate the calm and clear voice that never had any shakiness or reluctance to it. Roman's eyes moved to his eyes, the delicate hazel colors seeming more alluring and attractive than before, like they were asking something of him, and he would dutifully give him it. He looked at his neck, his adam's apple prominent as he looked back at Roman. His chest looked perfect as ever, and this weed was so whack it felt like he was touching his soft chest. That's when he noticed he was remarkably close to Will, not touching, but he knew his eyes were doing all sorts of assault.

"What do you want?" Will asked once again, annoyance but confusion in his voice.

Roman continued staring at his body, opening his mouth to reply but couldn't. His mouth was noticeably dry, in contrast to his clammy hands. *Gosh, his pants felt tight.*

"Uh- I just... Y- well-" He reasoned, words not forming in his head. He felt weird. He looked at Will's lips, how pink they looked. "I just-"

Will raised an eyebrow, "Hm?"

"Can you make me food?"

"It's fucking eleven p.m..." He uttered slowly, the words passing through Roman's mind slowly.

"I'm starving." He muttered slowly, looking at the way Will's neck arched to look at him, his veins trailing down to his biceps that held him up.

"Well... What do you want?" The blond asked.

Roman looked over Will again, maybe just the passing thought of how Will looked so good right now passed again. "A burger."

"Asshole," Will muttered, deciding he was done with Roman's antics. He snatched the iPod and stormed out of the living room. Roman watched intensely as his back muscles flexed and his ass jerked with every stomp.

Roman realized what really went down. The enemy of his fortress used fucking seduction and his body to trick him. And Roman has fallen victim to the goddess.

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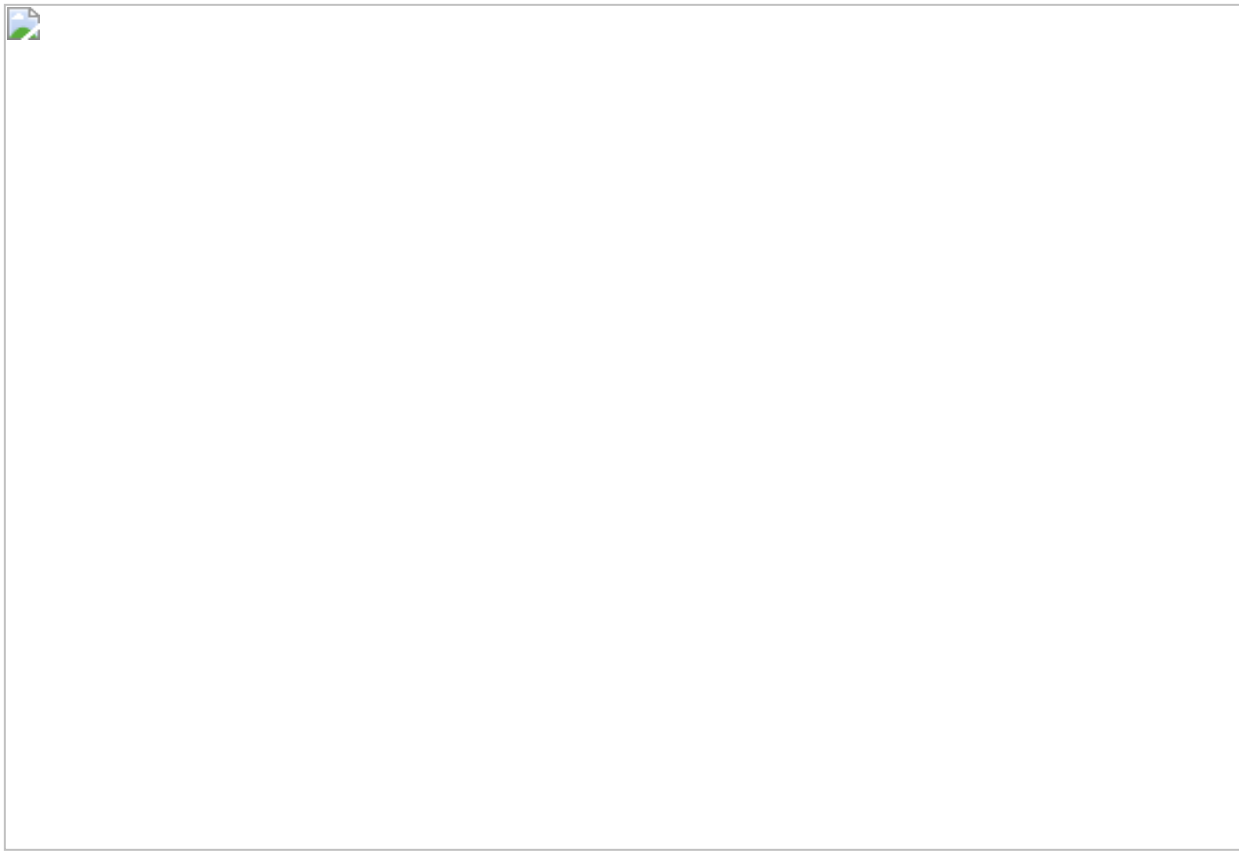
GAHH thank you for 600 reads!! Thank you everyone for supporting (I'm editing rn and at 60K WHAT THE FUCKKKK THANK YOU) (320K WTF 😭)

A month and 15 days [M]



muhaha

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"Great, as if my morning isn't bad enough I have to be with you," Roman groaned as he entered the bonding room.

Roman wasn't having a great morning. He woke up on the floor, his bad sleeping habits catching up to him with a sore back and a crooked neck. If that didn't put him in a sour mood, waking up to no coffee was worse. He began ranting to Will, who lay innocently on the couch, about how he needed coffee and how he would strangle him if he didn't get him some, which may or may not have begun a small wrestling match. That's when Will forced them to do the bonding exercise.

"I love I have that much of an influence on you." Will's smug voice spoke from the couch, and the raven headed boy couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"Shut up." He grumbled, grabbing the box from the shelf and sitting across from Will on the couch. He read the instructions before his face churned into a frown.

You have to give compliments, ones you mean, to one another. Keep adding them to the original ones three times. Record it and send them to Coach Brown.

Will glared at the box until Roman asked what it said, taking it when the blond didn't answer and reading it to himself. His face instantly turned sour.

"Is he being serious?" Roman questioned.

Will sighed as he ran a hand through his wavy locks.

"I can't give you compliment without being sarcastic," Roman reasoned.

Will allowed his eyes to flicker to the blue eyes in front of him, looking at him in conflict. It was either they have an awkward conversation now and go the day with food, or be stubborn and wait until tonight after they have suffered the whole day without food to do the exercise.

"Let's just get this over with," Will grunted out, his eyes tearing off Romans. He got up and positioned the computer towards them. He began the recording, sitting down in front of Roman on the couch and sitting up straight. Will tried to think of a redeeming quality of Roman, but for the first time in his life, his head was empty.

Maybe he wasn't trying hard enough, or there was just nothing. "You go first."

Roman gave him a tight-lipped look, awkwardly looking away so he didn't have to look at the blonds eyes. "I like... your shirt." He spoke in a monotone voice, his voice strained. He lightly scratched the back of his ear before resting his hands down.

Will narrowed his eyes. The boy painfully lying wasn't going to help them leave and he just knew they would be here for hours.

Will ignored his response, "I like..." He drawled out, examining Roman with a narrowed look, "Your annoying attitude." Maybe he secretly likes his annoying attitude. Maybe all this hatred was just a cover for his love. Who knew?

Roman groaned and lay back, "I like your shirt and annoying attitude." He mocked, and the blond scowled. How could they complement each other? They could barely even have a friendly conversation.

"I like your annoying attitude and necklace." Will pointed to the chain necklace.

"I like your shirt, annoying attitude, and... uh, nose." Will quirked his eyebrows up. *His nose?*

"I like your annoying attitude, necklace, and eyes." Will mocked.

Roman covered his face uncomfortably, his face all red as he cringed. That was the closest he was getting to complimenting Will, even if he didn't mean it. Will groaned at Roman's inability to be mature and turned the computer recording off, before sending it right to Coach Brown.

"My nose? Really." Will deadpanned after sending the video, leaning his arms back on the desk as he glared at Roman

"Everything else about you sucks! I don't know why you took so long. I'm fucking sexy!"

Will shook his head before the computer dinged. He expected a 4-number combination to unlock the box so they could leave, but all that was written was, *"Do it again."*

Will groaned and turned toward Roman dramatically, "We have to do it again."

"That was hard enough." Roman pouted like a child.

And the boys did try again. And again. And again. They couldn't seem to completely complement each other without at least sounding sarcastic. They didn't know how to. *Why would someone compliment their enemy?* It was absurd what Coach was asking of them.

"Please! Let's get this over with." Will's frustration yelled. "Or we're going to be here all day." They'd been here for about an hour already, and both were tired, starving, and uncomfortable.

Roman glared. Mean it. He looked at the boy in front of him. His personality was a no-go but his... He opened his mouth before closing it, looking embarrassed. Roman was never flustered, so Will was instantly intrigued as he sat up straighter on the couch, staring intensely at Roman."Um, you have..." He stopped himself looking away as if he couldn't believe what he was about to say. "You have a really nice body."

Will smirked, staring at the boy in wonder. "You *really* like m-?"

"I just... It looks good." Roman blurted before he got red, "I don't mean it like that! S-shut up and go." He yelled before Will could say anything. Will chuckled.

So he likes my body?

His face flushed in embarrassment, staring at the blond smirking, and could feel how vulernable he felt. He didn't even know why he said it... *What was this beach house doing to him?*

"Okay," He drawled out, glancing at a blushing Roman. He hadn't seen him like that, but he liked it. Seeing he meant it, he'd guess he should try harder. "You have pretty eyes." He uttered. He really did. He liked his deep ocean eyes that had different blues splashing around. They were fascinating but were held captive by an annoying asshole.

"You have a nice body..." He gritted through, "And a nice smile," Will smirked, and Roman looked away. "Fuck off." He mumbled with a sheepish smile.

"You have nice eyes and good abs." Roman cocked an eyebrow but didn't say anything. Will was surprisingly starting to enjoy this game.

"You have a nice body..." The raven headed boy shyly said again, "...a nice smile and you're decent fighting." And the boy with the amazing body, nice eyes and good fighting skills couldn't help but let a smile consume his face.

"Well, you have nice blue eyes, good abs, and you're decent at fighting too."

They both smirked, subconsciously enjoying this. It was new. It was different. The boys were used to fighting every day. But this... They didn't know this. Roman has been absently getting closer to Will, the bunch unaware of how their closeness brought them red cheeks and small smiles. Their faces were face to face, a box keeping them from getting closer. Their eyes goggling into each other, a light hazel with a deep blue.

"You have a nice body..." Roman not so discreetly looked Will up and down and kept his stare at his chest before averting his eyes to the blond, "... a nice smile, you're good at fighting, and you have really good cooking."

Will cocked his head, grinning as he sounded out every syllable slowly, "You have pretty eyes, attractive abs, you're good at fighting, and I like how easily your skin bruises." Will moved his hands to Romans, sliding his thick fingers up the raven-headed boy's muscular arm. They couldn't keep their eyes off each other. They were now ogling at each other, their faces so close they had to grip the couch beneath them so they didn't topple over each other.

They stayed silent. Pure silence. But this didn't stop all the narrowing and dangerous thoughts from drowning their heads. But it wasn't about beating each other up. It wasn't about making bruises on each other (*maybe different ones).* They were questioning. *What was this attraction? Why can't they look away? Why does it feel like they're being drawn in by some force?*

Roman suddenly cleared his throat, moving back from Will, his tan skin covered with blush. "Well, that about does it." He dryly said, getting up to send the video to Coach.

Will stayed on the couch, trying to remain stoic and trying to rattle his brain on what had just happened. Those looks. Those touches. Those red cheeks. Will ran a hand through his hair with raised eyebrows.

Will wasn't blind to the fact that Roman was anything but ugly. He was stunning. There he said it. With his effortless Brazilian looks, it was hard not to look, from his tanned skin, curved nose, and plump lips. He was strikingly handsome. Will would never say this. Not in a million years. But he was. And this beach house just seemed to keep reminding him. But looks weren't everything.

Roman stared at Will's neck as he grazed his own neck. What was that? Do real friends do that? Can they even call themselves friends? Roman didn't want that. He hated Will. He even hated him during... . that. But something else lingered. The computer dinged, and Roman snapped his head to the computer and received the code. He hesitantly grabbed the box, looking over at Will, who had an unfazed but slightly pinched look. Maybe he was worrying too much.

***

Roman threw his head back, biting his lip to stop the moans from effortlessly falling out of his mouth. Roman was just another hormonal teen. He was angry. Distant. Cold. And constantly *horny* .

So, he spread out on his bed shamelessly, lost in the white sheets, with his hand between his legs. He fell into a deep sleep after swimming around on the beach, waking up with a hard erection. He would typically wait it out or take a cold shower, but his lower half was aching hard, and he couldn't help himself.

He jacked his hand, pumping himself at a good pace. His breath labored and stalled itself as he shut his eyes. He really missed girls back at home, and even though he's never been a relationship guy, he regularly hooked up, and he was okay with that. What he wasn't okay with was being stuck here with no one.

After their interesting bonding exercise, Will made a salad and cooked some sausage for Roman. They ate in silence, other than a few remarks. Roman spent the rest of the day crashing into the ground of the ocean with the big waves, inhaling water like he was a fish. He was burying himself in the sand while Will spent the day in the house. Eventually, he came home and napped. Now though? He was making the bald man cry.

He groaned lowly, feeling himself come closer. He continued thinking about girls. He imagined them withering below him, begging for him, moaning their sweet voices in his ear. Their perfect bodies. Their perfect moans. Their blonde hair in his hands. As if the word "blonde" spiked something, a specific annoying blond popped into his head with his dumb grin, with those unique soft waves of his, that unbruised face, his perfectly built body.

"Fuck."

He tried getting him out of his head, but that only made his hand go faster and faster. Roman felt lost in pleasure, anything to get close to release. He tried getting his mind off of Will and onto something else— girls and their soft bodies, but fuck the blond had a good body. That's when he began thinking about that perfect yet imperfect blond.

"You have pretty eyes."

The pit of his stomach churned and heated up as his length felt harder and harder.

"I like how... easily your skin bruises," Will said, sliding his thick hands up Roman's arm.

"Shit." Roman breathed out. It was like something was consuming him and his mind was betraying everything he knew.

Roman couldn't believe what he was doing. He could only imagine how he looked. His face contorted in bliss with his furrowed eyebrows and bottom lip trapped beneath his teeth and eyes shut tightly, imagining nonsense. His shirt and pants would be seen on the floor, leaving him only in his boxers. He would be seen gliding his hand up and down his hard dick as his hips shot go and down, matching his jerks that left his legs shuffling in pleasure.

Roman's muscles would be bouncing and contracting with every movement, and he would look vulnerable, able to do anything to finish, with his face bright red.

Roman touched his tip delicately and let out a loud moan. He hasn't done this in a while. He tried not to think of that blond. It was weird. Even more, than it was him. Then he remembered his body. Fuck, Roman couldn't deny how good he looked shirtless

He just imagined how the blond would look naked and vulnerable, his face scrunched in pleasure, his muscles bouncing as his hand jacked too fast, his dick hard and twitching. That's when all hell broke loose, the boy's shirtless body still fresh in his mind as he threw his head back on his pillow, shooting his shot. It hit his lower stomach, some hit his chest. He breathed heavily, bucking his hips until his high went away.

When he finally realized what he had just done, regret and shame filled his body, and he smacked himself in the face.

***

Um, hope you enjoyed 😉

A month and 11 days

Roman concentratedly sat on one of the dinner table chairs, facing towards the living room with his sketchbook, half-used watercolors, and a toy gun. Yes, he was painting in front of Will, and yes, the gun was to shot Will if he got too close to looking.

It was pitch black outside, the day being filled with heartless insults and glares, being calmed with the low humming of the fridge and Wills fingers turning pages of his book.

Will lounged on the couch, boredom building up with every word he read. With horrible regret, Will takes back saying he could stay here for the rest of his life with books and food, because fuck, he's become bored out of his fucking mind. Everything sounded boring to him. Reading felt repetitive at times. Swimming got tiring. Relaxing got too bland for him. These bonding activities they're forced to do are the only source of entertainment he has, because then he could poke and prod at Roman all he wants. He can make fun of him without the immense danger of getting hit, and make him mad to his heart's content. He was itching for a fight as well.

Fighting continuously for years and suddenly stopping... it created a craving to do so. It was like an alcohol addiction. And he was *feeling* the withdrawal with head scratches and finger twisting. He just needed a distraction. Right as he looked up, the Brazilian's stubble and unruly mess of hair stood out. His eyebrows scrunched signaturely, staring intensely at the painting beneath his brush. Will stood up with a grin, almost hopping his way towards Roman before plopping into the chair in front of him.

The dark-haired boy's hand shot toward the toy guns and within a second, it was pointed right at Will's head with a finger hovering over the trigger.

"Baby," Will exasperated, putting his hands up, "How could you do this?"

"I'm not in the mood for your annoying attitude." He growled, glaring at Will with a tired look. He covered the painting with his free hand, preventing Will from looking who was getting closer and closer with his hands up.

"After all we've been through, the baby, the divorce, the long enormous nights with my dick u-" The Brazilian's eyes went wide as he interpreted the

smirking blond.

"Leave." He growled.

Will put his hands down with a glare, "Can't I just watch you paint?"

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Please."

"Say no if I can."

"No- Wait you ca-" His voice got higher, his annoyance visible with the brooding cease between his eyebrows.

Will chuckled lowly, but then he quickly sat up from his chair and grabbed Roman's painting. "Wa- Hey!"

Roman flew up from his chair, watching the blond childishly run away with the paper, giggling softly like a kid taking someone's candy... Or was it the other way? Roman was too annoyed to answer as he instantly followed and stomped toward the blond.

"Adler, you fucking child!" He grumbled, annoyed by Will's recent antics. He seemed to be more annoying this past week. He was always trying to talk to Roman now, taking his shit, bothering him, annoying him, smiling at him. Fucking breathing in his direction. And him being permanently fucking shirtless was not helping.

He checked the bonding room, slamming it shut when he found it empty, except for the memories of the endless hours and annoyance he felt. His

body clammed up as he stormed to Will's room. *Finally* . There he stood, near the window, grinning to himself as he stared down at the painting. His head tipped up, a smug smirk consuming his face as Roman lurched toward the annoying blond.

"Why are you like this, Adler? Give me my shit!" He growled, grabbing Will by his arm.

"Make me." Will taunted, one hand holding the piece of paper above his head.

Roman tried grabbing it, but Will leered onto his toes, preventing Roman from getting it. Then Roman made a split decision. He wasn't one to think. He just did. He acted on impulse and his feelings, which was great sometimes but so so reckless other times. With a huff, he put his hands on Will's chest and pushed him harshly.

He expected Will to stumble back slightly, get mad and maybe push Roman back if he felt like it. Neither of the two expected the loud shattering sound of the window and Will falling right through it, his body falling onto the shards of glass and the ground.

"Well shit," Roman whispered, watching the blond groan on the floor.

***

"I fucking hate you."

"I feel the s-"

"I honestly wish I could beat the shit out of you right now."

"You don't have the fucking ba-"

"Like, how can one person be so stupid? You're an ass."

Roman stayed silent, deciding not the extend the boy's sour mood. They were in the bathroom, both of them in front of the mirror with Will sitting on a chair and Roman behind him cleaning his back. Roman bandaged his back

— covered in short scrapes and cuts from the glass with bandaids and rubbing alcohol. Some didn't completely cover them, so he put multiple on one. He defiantly wasn't going into medicine.

After Will somehow managed to fall through the window, he instantly began whining and yelling at Roman. Even while Roman helped the blond off the glass and into the bathroom, he yelled and yelled at how incompetent and stupid Roman was. They argued about whose fault it was, Roman knowing damn well whose fault it was.

When Roman wiped more blood off the blond's shoulder, he watched him adjust his back and sit straighter. Roman knew he shouldn't be thinking about this now, but he would always notice when the boy was shirtless. And images of what he did a few nights ago to his body was still fresh in his mind. Roman still managed to catch glances at his perfected chest from the mirror, but Will was always there, glaring right at him. So he stared at his defined back with moles and freckles scattered and the dripping blood he was cleaning.

"You have pretty blue eyes."

He can't get it out of his mind. He tried convincing himself it was the heat of the moment. He was just horny. People do a lot of weird shit when they're horny and who else would fall victim to that except Roman?

So he focused on cleaning and fixing up Will, desperately trying to convince him not to make a huge ordeal out of this and calm down. Even saying the words calm down to Will apparently got him even more pissed. Roman wasn't entirely at fault. *Roman didn't know why Will was blaming him if he took his painting!? If he was being too annoying? If he was the one who put them in this hellhole in the first place!?*

"I personally would love to strangle you." The blond gritted out again, the beginning of one of his fits.

"Shut up before I shove you through another window." Roman gritted.

He heard Will grunt and turn to glare, "Way too fucking soon." He shook his head. Roman spread more rubbing alcohol on the burns but Will didn't flinch

one bit.

"God, my back's gonna look so fucked." Will's whiny voice complained once again.

"Looks like a girl scratched the shit out of your back," Roman smirked knowingly.

"Can't go a second without saying something sexual? I swear the second we're out of her-"

"Just calm down." Roman tried to ease again but Will turned his neck to glare at Will. Roman simply grabbed his neck and turned him face forward to continue cleaning him.

After more bickering and comments from Will about hurting Roman and eye rolls, they were finally finished. He watched the blond give him an indifferent look, standing up before looking at his back through the mirror, adjusting his shoulders and moving some of the bandaids before he attempted to leave.

Then Roman's voice stopped him. "I don't get a thank you?" Roman questioned teasingly, ceasing all movement from the blond.

Will turned back toward Roman and cocked his head to the side before slowly walking toward Roman, who admittedly got slightly pink. He smirked at the boy creepily, and Roman backed up into the sink. " *How do you want me to thank you?"* He drawled out, placing his hands on Roman's hips with an odd look.

"What?" Roman asked half-chuckling. Will leaned in closer towards the raven-headed boy.

"Any particular way I can repay you?" He whispered, fanning the boy's neck, enticing shivers.

What the fuck was happening? Roman asked himself as he stared at the close blond with something in his eyes that he didn't want to admit. "I don't... W-what?" Roman asked, his heart pounding fast.

Will's smirk firmly turned into a glare as he pushed Roman forcefully into the wall. "You're fucking hilarious if you think I'm thanking you," He shook his head before staring at Roman with such hate in his narrowed eyes, "Don't fucking do something like this again, or I promise you, I will beat your ass." He bellowed.

Roman had never seen Will... so pissed. His face, which was generally calm and collected, seemed intense, with his eyebrows creased together like Roman typically does and his lips in a frown. It was actually kind of hot. Wait... No, it was fucking weird.

Roman stayed silent, Will's hand stuck on his jaw as he kept it firm. Will continued to stare with such a blank stare and furrowed eyebrows, Roman began to get hot. Before Roman could say anything, he was silenced when Will shoved him into the wall once more and slammed the door shut when he left the room.

Roman stared at the door, wondering what the hell just happened. He looked at the messy bathroom, bloody tissues and bandaids remains scattered everywhere. He left without a care and slammed himself shut into his bedroom.

When they first came here, he thought he wouldn't be able to go through a few hours without landing one punch to Adler. But the beach house only proved how easy it was to replace fighting with insults. But today he slipped up, he put his hands on Will and gave them today's catastrophe. He needed to hurt Will. Every damn second. It seemed pushing the blond into the window gave him such relief. But they needed something to take their anger out on each other without fights. But *what* exactly? That's what Roman thought as he fell asleep in the comfort of his warm room.

On the other hand, the blond was shivering.

Will had only managed to tape down a sheet on the window, but it didn't stay long as the wind blew it away. To add to his troubles, his back was hurting like a bitch. Roman had "wrapped" it horribly as he could feel the band-aids peeling off and blood seeping onto his sheets. He had gone to the bathroom again to bandage them up properly. But that was the least of his problems.

He frustratedly got up, grabbing his blanket as he left his room. His journey was to the living room, where there weren't any broken windows or sheets to seep his blood into, but then he heard Romans snoring. Roman got him into this mess. Roman was the reason he couldn't sleep, s *o why couldn't he suffer too?*

That's how the blond found himself stumbling toward Roman's room. Will cringed as he opened the door and looked at the big mess Roman had, but an oh-so-warm room. Paintings were scattered everywhere, and clothes were thrown on the floor and dresser. His suitcase was opened on the ground with some shorts and underwear. There were also glasses of water piled up next to Roman's bed and joint-looking tubes "hidden" in a shirt on his nightstand. He tiptoed around the clothes and suspicious lone white socks before lying down on the soft bed. Roman's back was in view, his lower half hung with the blanket as he defensively hugged his pillow. He adjusted himself slowly, before grabbing some of Roman's blanket and also snuggling into the warmth.

It should've bothered him that Roman was sleeping so loudly right next to him, but he didn't mind and chased the warmth, stuffing his face into the pillow as he finally fell into a deep slumber.

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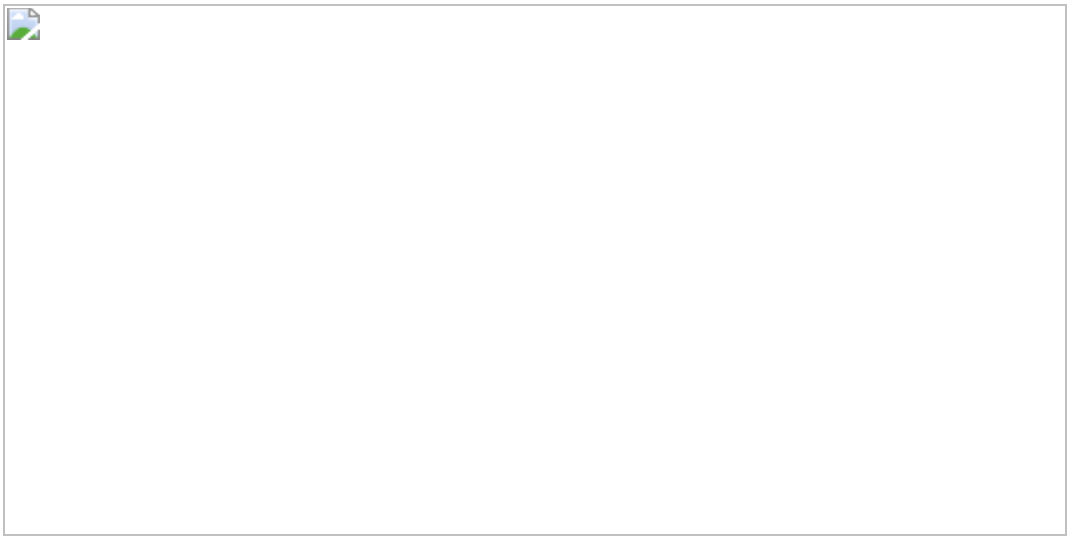
vote if you enjoyed (my motivation is seeping into the gutters so disclaimer that this story might not be completed)

It was finished dw 😭

A month and 10 days



Will never woke up peacefully. He would jolt up every morning to that taunting alarm, with his heart racing and goosebumps across his arms. He would be terrified he woke up late and be reprimanded by his parents. He would sometimes wake up at his desk after studying all night, sick that he didn't do enough. He always woke up stressed even when the day had barely started. *But here?* He found that it wasn't like that here. Sure, Roman gave him enough stress, but he didn't wake up in a cold sweat, he didn't wake up from his parent's shrill voices, he didn't wake up in a cold empty room.

He's always dreamed of living like this. To wake up one day and have no responsibilities for once. The craving for freedom and the ability to do anything. It's why he tried so hard in school, tried so hard in those extracurriculars, tried so hard in everything. He guessed it paid off. He had a full-ride scholarship. He was getting out there... Sure maybe it wasn't what he dreamed, far away from his parents and independent, but it was something.

So as his eyes slowly lifted themselves, no alarm or voices waking him up, he was calm. Right next to the ocean with the light beams shining through

the closed curtains and the soft blankets he was wrapped in. And a brunet's arms around him...

He looked at the boy's hairy arms around his shirtless chest. His other arm was firmly beneath his neck as the Brazilian was pressed against him. It felt oddly comforting. The man who hated him and swore left and right at him was enjoying *his* company right now, even though he was asleep, Will counted it.

The blond subconsciously began running his fingers down the boy's veiny tan arms that seemed so innocent now, even if they'd punched him with no regret before. He began making circles on the boy's arm, looking at the wall before him that held a few paintings. There were so many around them, Will didn't see it before, but Roman had hung his artwork on the wall. There are about six lined up on the wall, disorderly with tape. He looked around again to see the living chair littered with paintbrushes and sets of paint. In the corner were piles of crumbled-up papers. Roman always had a big personality that even in this monotone and empty room, he managed to scream everything he was inside of it.

He looked back at Roman, who held an unfamiliar look of calmness on him as the light exposed his soft features. Everything about Roman just stood out with his bright blue eyes, rugged body, bright pink lips, and frown. But his nose was curved a bit in the middle, poking up at the bottom. His eyelashes peered out in the light. His lips curved slightly up, twitching every second or so.

He wasn't proud in finding comfort in his enemy's arms. He admits he would jump Roman's pants if he weren't such a dense asshole. He's definitely thought of it before. But this was something else. He knew he valued personality over looks, and Roman was not an exception.

That's when he pushed Roman's arm off him, feeling disgusted. When he felt the boy shuffling, he tried to get off that bed, but that only resulted in the raven-headed arms wrapping around him and bringing him closer. Will froze in shock, the boy nuzzling closer, an odd sensation in his stomach of Roman's body against his.

Will froze as he felt Roman's leg go around him. He squirmed at the feeling before he roughly pushed the boy's shoulder. Roman stirred before shooting up on the bed with his eyes widened, "What the fuck." Roman sounded out, "What the fuck?"

Roman was holding Will. His arms were wrapped around him. Tightly. *Why the fuck was he doing that?*

"My window's broken all thanks to an asshole," Will grumbled, standing up from the bed, his bottom half only covered by briefs, and Roman's eyes popped out of its socket. He quickly covered his eyes out of instinct, and Will smirked.

Wait... Did they? Roman had to question. He looked down at his naked body only confined by some tight briefs. He just had to question if they... He didn't know why that was his first thought. But it was, and it lingered in his head. He didn't know how he felt about it.

"But- What did we... Why was I?" He stopped himself and uncovered his eyes to see Will with his pair of shorts on and an 'are you serious' look.

"Try sleeping in a room that's in the negatives." He exaggerated, running a hand through his hair. Roman still sat uncomfortably on the bed, covering his chest with the sheet like Will hadn't seen it before.

Roman was speechless. He didn't know what to say as his mouth opened and closed like a fish begging for water.

Then the blond chuckled, "Wait... What did you think we did?"

"Uh."

Roman looked away awkwardly, and Will erupted into an obnoxiously loud laugh that consumed his whole face, "You fucking horny asshole."

"I-"

"You'd be the last person I sleep with." He snorted.

Roman's ego felt targeted, and his anger seized control of him, "Fuck you! I w-wasn't even..."

"Hm, sure." Will nodded slowly.

"I only ask, because *you know* ." Roman audibly sighed.

Will's face fell serious, "I know what?"

Roman looked away awkwardly, "You know..." He trailed off, "I just hear stuff around school."

Will stared in disbelief before looking away. *Were there really rumors about that? How did people know?* Sure, he wasn't entirely hiding it but he wasn't telling everyone he was gay. *Did they think he was a whore? Did they talk behind his back? Did he find him disgusting?* He glared at Roman, covering this anxious look with an arrogant shrug, "I would never even think about doing something with you." He effortlessly lied as he turned to Roman with a smirk.

Roman glared, almost hurt that Will hadn't thought of it. He's... Well, he's not reliving what he did that evening in bed when he felt vulnerable and horny. He would find himself staring at Wil, his mind slipping to unbelievable thoughts he's never had before. But when he catches himself in the act, he would rebuke himself for even thinking that.

"Why not? I'm fucking sexy." Hearing a gay guy or someone who likes guys say he doesn't find you sex-appealing hurt him for some reason.

"Aw." Will cooed, slowly striding toward Roman. "Are you disappointed I don't want to fuck you?" He teased, grabbing Roman's jaw and forcing him to look up, "Will it help your ego if I say it?" He cocked his head tauntingly.

Roman threw his hand off his chin, "Fuck yourself."

"Are you just jealous? Is that it?" Roman's face heated up intensely, but he turned around before Will could see. "Scratch what I said earlier because I would absolutely fuck you w-."

"Shut up." He stomped out of the room, embarrassment leaking with every step. Will sighed at the dramatic boy, a small smile from messing with him. He followed shortly, finding the boy in the bonding room with his arms crossed as he grumbled to himself with that permanent scowl and his messy bed hair. He smirked and followed in.

Will thinks he's found something new to cure his boredom here because teasing Roman is so *damn fun* .

"Are we going to start, or are you too busy thinking how it is to fuck me?" It slipped right out of Roman's mouth, and he instantly regretted it, forgetting how crazy and weird he sounded. He looked down at his lap with reddened cheeks.

Will snickered loudly, as if he didn't expect Roman's words, "Always in my mind, baby." He taunted again, sitting down and putting the box between the two.

That's when Will read the box. The instructions plainly wrote, " *Play the game Monopoly, found in the cabinet near the desk."*

Will got up, searching through the cabinet, opening it to find Monopoly and a few other board games. He grabbed it from the bottom and brought it towards Romans with a smirk.

"Why are you bringing that out?" Roman questioned, and Will had to ask himself if the boy would always be this dumb. He felt bad for the boy's aunt. His future wife. His future kids. Everyone who interacted with Roman.

Will sat on the floor, patting beside him, and Roman obliged. "Let's use some context clues today. Does that seem hard?" Will teased.

"You know what's hard?" It slipped right out of Roman's mouth.

Will raised his eyebrows, "Your head?"

Roman shook his head, dismissing the whole thing. He opened the game box, taking out all the pieces. It was amusing to Will that this rugged big man like Roman was tinkering with all the little figures like dogs, trains, and hats, and struggling to make them stand straight with his big fingers. He huffed like the hot head he was and eventually stood all the characters up.

"I'm the dinosaur, and you be the cat." He decided, giving the two money as Will watched in amusement.

"I feel like I'm more of a train," Will said with a flirty look in his eyes, "I love rails." He smirked, and Roman glared.

"There's no train, idiot. You're the cat because you think everything about you, and I'm the dinosaur because I'm strong."

Will rolled his eyes but played along. Roman rolled the dice, sporting a four. He moved four spaces, giving Will an uninterested look.

"Pay up, pretty boy," Will smirked as Roman looked at the income tax square he had just landed on.

"Fuck off," Roman mumbled, throwing the money in the middle.

Thus the game of Monopoly began. Roman had grown up with board games with his aunt, and she was a competitive woman, so Roman never won. But he was surely winning against this blond. They played with more remarks and teasing from Will. After some dicey buying impulses from Roman and Will buying houses and hotels on his properties, Roman remained with little money to his name. Then Roman landed on one of Wills.

Will immediately grinned, "Four fifty dollars, please."

Roman groaned, handing the money, leaving him with fifty bucks to his name. Will went his turn, and Roman rolled the dice again more aggressively, getting a two and once again landing on Will's fucking pink property.

He gleamed again, "Five hundred." He held out his palm in the most condescending way Romans have seen someone hold their hand out.

He gritted his teeth, "I don't have any."

Will put on that fake shocked look, "Oh, you barely have any properties either, which definitely won't be enough to cover it."

"Yup." He popped the 'p' and continued to glare.

Will put a calm look and shrugged, "Guess you have to forfeit."

Roman furrowed his eyebrows, a frown developing on his face. "I'm not."

"What are you going to do then, smartass?" Will crossed his arms.

Roman examined the board. He always sucked at board games.

"And no, offering yourself won't work." He teased and Roman was quick to fling himself toward the blond, strangling him.

***

Will basked in the sun, sitting on a lounge chair, staring at the ocean. Life was good here. That is until Roman let another grunt out. Will turned his sunglasses down and glared at the dark-haired boy.

Roman continued to grumble to himself, the castle he was attempting to build falling apart for the tenth time today. "This fucking thing won't listen." He mumbled to himself.

Will watched the boy struggle. Sure, he could be looking at the ocean, the sky, or even the segals circling. But no, he had to stare at the grumpy boy, mad about dry sand not forming correctly. His hair was dried with sand from going in the water. Will was sure his eyebrows were permanently scrunched from how much he pinched them. His arm flexed every time he went to grab more sand to add to his pile.

"Probably because it's not a dog." Will pointed out.

"Well, why don't you come here and show me? Since you know everything." He mumbled the last part.

Will thought for a second. "I do know everything." He smirked, getting up from his lounge chair.

Roman stared as he got up, sunglasses on the bridge of his nose, his shirtless body glistening from the sun's rays. Roman's face turned a soft red before turning towards his fucked up sand castle.

He saw the shadow of Will crouch down to him and observe before he snickered, "My ancestors would call this shit."

Roman glared. It wasn't that bad. Sure, it looked like a pile of shit. But the flag Roman made with a stick and some seaweed made it better.

"I couldn't care less about them." Roman gathered more sand, trying to create some tower, but when that fell, it angered Roman even more.

"Right." Will snorted, "How about you make pyramids?"

"Oh, of course, you would wanna build that," Roman grumbled. He wanted a castle. Sandcastle. Not sand pyramids. *Who the fuck makes that?*

"Fine! Go get some water." Will threw the bucket at Roman, who glared but complied and tramped toward the ocean.

Then they started building. This was like something out of their bonding games but they didn't care. Roman collected water and poured it as Will began creating them into small structures, adding more and more until they had a... Well, they didn't know what to call it. But it was something. It also had a few more flags and a moat around. Roman smiled proudly, staring at it for a long while as Will began packing his stuff to go back inside. It was almost already dark.

He began walking toward the beach house, leaving a stunned Roman staring at the castle. That's when he heard the patters of feet on the sand running towards him.

"Thank you," Roman smirked, grabbing Will's shoulder. But he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned toward Roman.

"What?" Roman never thanked him, not even when he got them out of detention by flirting with a girl to distract the instructor. Not when he helped the boy wrap his finger when he broke it during their fight. Not when he made food for him. Never.

Roman wouldn't hurt his pride like that for Will. Things were changing, and Will didn't like it.

"Thanks for helping me," Roman repeated. He felt the need to thank him, after basically shoving him through a window.

"Fuck you." Will spit out, a confused and pissed look on his face.

"Well fuck you too," He had a confused look but now was pissed, "Sorry for trying to be nice."

Sorry? Roman never said sorry. Will didn't want him to. He absolutely hates change. And everything seemed to be changing today. First with the weird cuddling, the bizarre flirting, and now being *friendly* ? Will was confident their arguments and fights wouldn't change. And now he's making sure of that. It's been the same for years, and he's not letting that go, "Hit me."

"What?"

"Hit me, pussy."

"Why-" Roman stopped himself. If Will wanted to get beaten up, that's his problem. Right then and there, Roman hit Will straight in the cheek, not holding back his fist. They exchanged scowls, a tense rise in Will boiling up through his gut. Their lips twisted into a smirk as a glint surged through their irises.

"Fuck, I missed this." Will chuckled, grabbing Roman by the shirt and punching him hard.

Roman hit Will in the stomach twice before Will pushed him off and tripped him with his foot. Roman came crashing on the soft sand, and Will straddled his waist, punching him repeatedly as Roman tried to block.

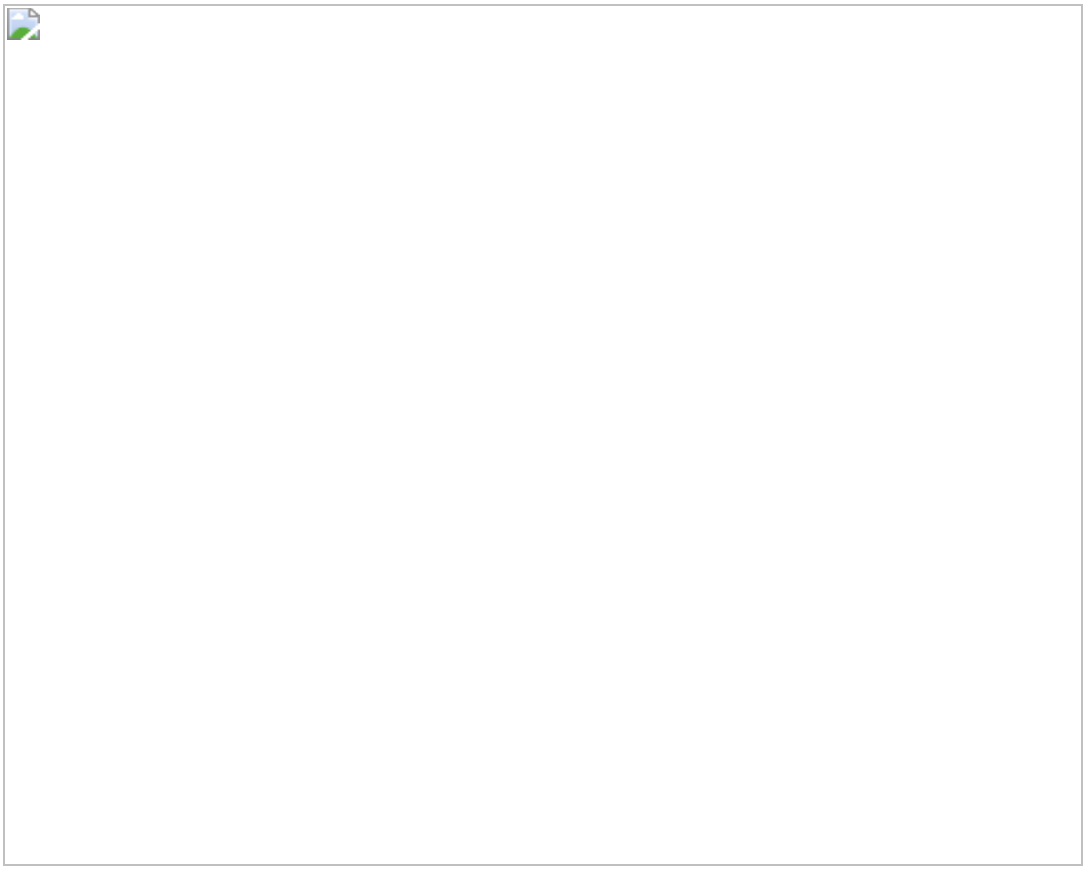
Roman aggressively elbowed Will off, and before he could straddle him, Will was already standing. Roman stood up, and they began wrestling, grabbing each other's shoulders while trying to push each other down.

Roman and Will were smiling like maniacs. They looked like maniacs if people could see them. But they didn't care about what people would think. They were just them.

***

Should I make a bad ending?

A month and 7 days [M]



Will was tired of Roman's bullshit. His constant frown over something. His habit of picking at his food when he didn't like it until he gave in and ate it. The way he always managed to make the biggest mess when he painted. His ability to just get sand everywhere in the house when he came from the beach. His sexual jokes that never failed to make Will glare.

Will could add one every day, like today's was how he makes the loudest ruckus when doing anything humanly possible. With another loud crash, Will huffed and got up. Will had watched Roman tiptoe into the house with his sandy feet. He assumed he went to shower or take a nap, but a few minutes later and he was heard crashing all over the place. He ignored it at first, but he couldn't anymore as he stomped toward the bothersome boy.

He walked into the boy's room, instantly the broken closet door and the boy's body on the floor catching his eye.

Will sighed, debating if he should just leave so he wouldn't have to deal with this. "What are you doing?" His voice sounded close to a disappointed parent, which he felt like right now.

Roman jumped and scrambled off the floor, straightening his hair before smiling, "I found surfboards." His white pearls exposed his wide smile. His smile at times was charming enough to pull the ends of Will's lips up.

"Is that why you broke the closet?" He smirked.

"Well, taking down the window sounded a bit extreme." He smirked and Will grumbled in frustration, the memory of the stupid boy creating a headache on his current headache.

"But mine you have no trouble with." He grumbled, "Where are they?" Roman smirked and pushed open the other closet door, where three surfboards sat aimlessly in the corner. It was a pretty huge closet.

"Let's go use them!" Roman smiled excitedly and Will hesitantly smiled.

The two fixed the door, a bit of yelling and complaining but they made it work. They had to break the news to Coach that they had broken the window when he questioned why Will was sleeping on the couch. He began yelling at the boys, ending up pulling their ears before they ate the food he brought. It was a bittersweet moment.

They grabbed the surfboards, changed into their trunks, and were now wondering how they hell to surf while they practiced on the sand. Roman was standing on the board, practicing his "moves" while Will sat on the board and watched with mild amusement.

"You're Californian, you're supposed to know how to surf." Will pointed out.

"We live in nor-cal, not your typical California hot beaches." Roman pointed out.

"There are still beaches, dumbass." Roman did a spin on the board and Will didn't have enough willpower to tell him he probably couldn't do that on the water.

"How about you show me then?" He huffed.

"Oh no, you've got it." He laughed, watching Roman pretend to surf.

Eventually, Roman seemed happy enough with his practicing so he picked his board up and turned to Will, "You can keep tanning here like a bitch or follow me." Smirking he ran to the water with the surfboard in hand. He looked a little cinematic, his hair swaying to the sides as his muscles jumped with him toward the water. Will smiled and followed pursuit.

The two began their venture into the deep blue waters. There were only little waves and bumps in the ocean. Nonetheless, the two waddled on their boards deeper and deeper into the water. Will sat on the board, his legs in the water slowly paddling as he happily floated around. But Roman? Fuck he couldn't even get on it.

"Help me." Roman pouted as he tried getting onto his board again before the board submerged into the water and he fell back.

"They never leave the nest." Will shook his head as he got off his and held the board steady for Roman. After a few failed tries on him falling over he eventually made it onto the board, floating steadily on the water on his board. Will easily hopped onto his. "You really suck at this." Will laughed.

"I watched Mako Mermaids, so I'm a pro." Roman gloated.

"I don't think mermaids can use surfboards."

"You're so close-minded. Use your imagination!" He smirked, attempting to stand up on his board only to completely slip and fall into the water. This made Will laugh as he kicked his legs further into the water.

Roman eventually made it standing on his board, but he was shaking like a dog on a tightrope and it was only seconds before he was tumbling over. Will managed to stand up, which annoyed the shit out of Roman.

"Sorry to break it to you, mermaid, but I don't think surfing is your calling." Will sneered as Roman emerged from under the water after tumbling in.

"Helping others isn't your calling either." Roman frowned.

"No point in helping a lost cause." Roman threw some water at Will in a lousy attempt to shut him up.

Roman strained to focus through Will's teasing and his shaky legs but he pushed through. He crouched on his board, grabbing the front of it, deciding to get his legs straight first. He slowly stuck his ass up, holding tight until he was stable, he carefully detached his hands and began to bring his upper half up. When he stood, his legs began to shake but he bent them a little and calmed down. When he was fully up he threw his hands up and called out, "Fucking told you, you blond asshole!" But he was nowhere to be seen and he tried looking behind him but then the board got shaky again.

It was more harsh and jerky, his legs giving out before he plummeted into the water, thrashing in disappointment. He resurfaced, searching for Will to glare since he would probably say something snarky, up until he felt hands on his hips. They were big hands, pruny from the water but still soft. They slid up to his waist, the hands slightly pinching at the skin there before they went to his back. The goosebumps prodded out when the hands reached his shoulders. The whole time, Roman was frozen. He felt a body press against him before something else did...

He squeezed his eyes shut as he scrambled away yelling, "Why the fuck is your dick at my ass?"

***

It was crazy. Crazy in a way he should be put into a mental hospital. He's been... been doing something diabolical. Something... regular people would cringe at. Something he shouldn't be doing.

He was curled up, holding his legs to his chest. He was in a fetal position, sorta rocking himself forward and back as he tried to comfort himself because his mind was running wild. His body was completely tired, screaming at him for not relaxing but he just couldn't because something was wide awake.

All because of the accident.

A splash and a breath of air filled the silence from Roman's words. Heavy breathing was heard before Will spat out, "Holy shit! This water is way deeper than I thought- and why the hell did you kick me? You fucking took all the air from my lungs!"

But Roman didn't hear anything. All he felt was Will's dick on his ass right now. Even with their swimsuits, he still evidently felt it. The thickness and the length of it, he was frozen.

"It's like a dark abyss down there, I bet you kicked me on purpose!" He yelled, still holding Roman's shoulder who was bright pink and trembling, "We should go before you try to kick me down to the bottom of the ocean."

"Will," Roman softly spoke, his body shivering. "Move your dick away from me."

"Oh shit." Will chuckled, detaching his hands from Roman's shoulders and his groin. He was just grabbing at Roman so tightly because he didn't want to get kicked down again.

He heard the boy swim away and grab his board. Roman's name was called but all he could think about was what the hell just happened.

Roman cringed at the thought as he shut his eyes to sleep again. But this fucking *erection* was keeping him up. It hasn't gone down since the whole afternoon, and he sulked in his bedroom, even when Will was finished with dinner and called for him, he remained in his bed of shame where unspeakable instances have occurred.

He didn't want to touch himself, he felt too embarrassed to. Because it was Will. William Adler. That asshole. Yet he can't get that feeling out of his mind. He shut his eyes, in another attempt to fall asleep. He remembered the sensation of the boy's crotch finding its way to his ass. With his thin trunks and the water constricting it to his body, it wasn't hard to feel everything. He couldn't explain this feeling of the blond's dick at his ass. He let go of his legs and squeezed his pillow tighter in an attempt to forget. He felt a thrill shoot up his spine. He remembered how sensual it felt as his hands slid up his body. He remembered getting all flustered, wondering how it would feel without trunks.

Crazy. He's fucking crazy.

He squeezed his eyes tighter at the embarrassing thought. He felt his dick twitch in his shorts and his hand slowly made its way, carelessly pulling down his shorts like he was clueless as to what he was about to do. He pushed his hand in and lightly grabbed himself. His cheeks heated up as he realized how wet he had gotten with precum. He probably didn't even need his spit. He moved from his side to his stomach, deciding that looking into his pillow would somehow conceal his shame. He didn't want to see what he was going to do, just feel. He just needed to feel. His hand began slow, very slow movements.

With every jerk, the blond popped into his head. His dick at his ass. The thickness he felt. How blood immediately rushed to his groin when it happened. How flustered he got and how long he was frozen there. He cringed and began going faster, his hips beginning to jut into the mattress as his waist went up and down.

God, he's pathetic.

A moan fell out of his lips. *How would Will moan? Or would he be grunting rather than moaning?* All shame had left Roman's body as he jerked his hand faster.

"Fuck," He whispered, remembering how long they were like that, Will completely clueless as Roman was close to busting right then and there in

the ocean. His breath got heavy into his pillow. He bit it to suppress his moans and pants, but it felt too much.

He needed something else. God, he knew what he was craving but he couldn't comprehend it. *Will? Really Will?* It was something about it. Just the thought... it had him riled up.

He grunted out a cry, releasing right into the palm of his hand, groaning into the pillow until all the humiliation and guilt were back.

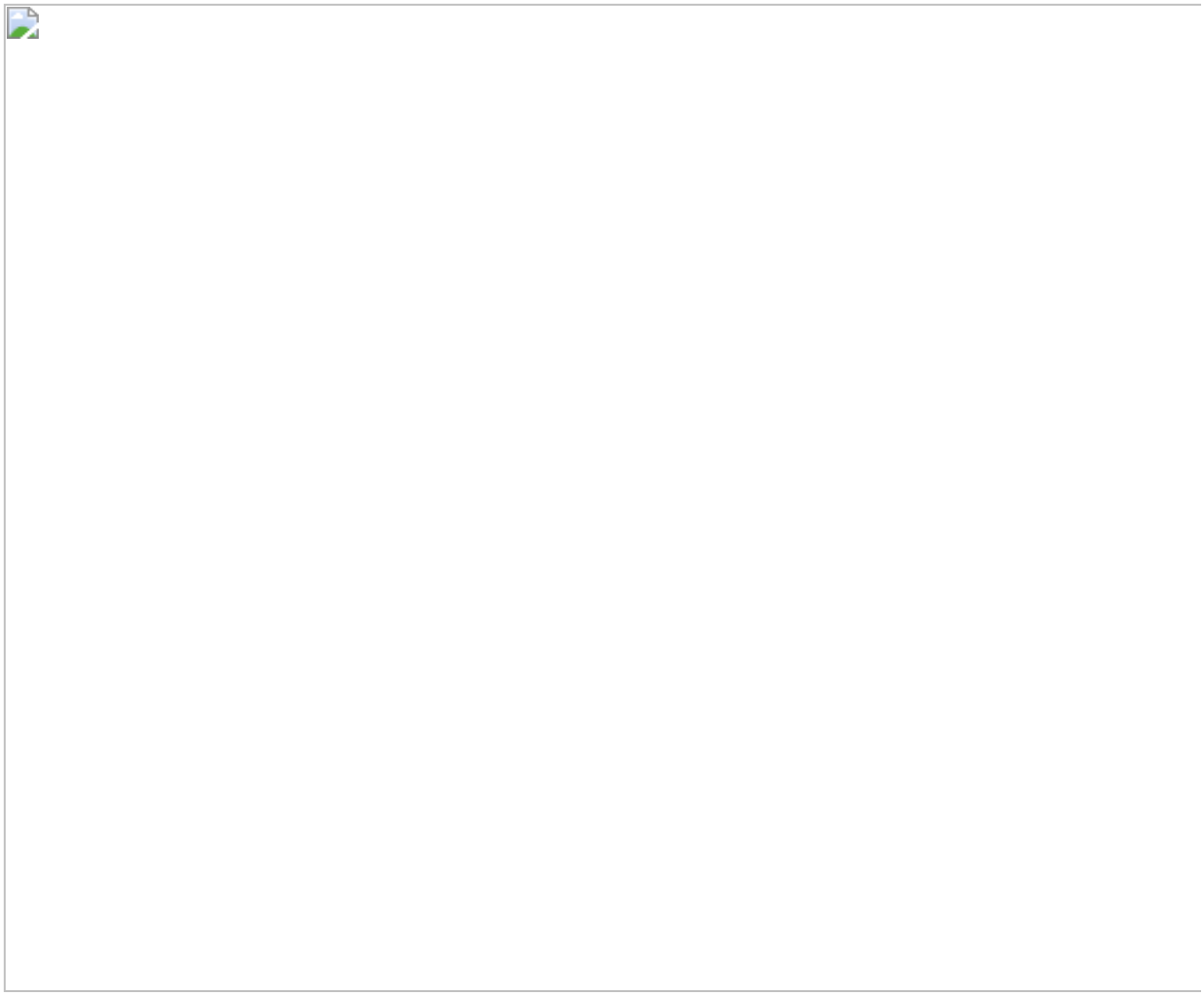
He stayed put, gasping heavily as he tried not to think about what he had just done. He took his hand away from his shorts and looked at his cum covered hand. He got up, his mind hazy and his breath shallow as he shut his eyes.

He definitely deserves to be in a mental hospital.

***

Vote if you enjoy :)

A month and 3 days [M]



Remember they're both 18.

***

"Dude!" Roman's obnoxious voice cut in over the clashing dishes. Will lifted his head to see the raven-headed boy leaning against the door frame.

"What?"

"Guess what!" He had this giddy smile, enticing an odd look from Will. It was a bit surreal for Will to see Roman so giddy, especially when they were stuck here.

"You gained some brain cells?" He questioned, straightening up with a curious look.

Roman's frown appeared, "No."

He faked a thoughtful look as if he was thinking hard, "You learned how to spell your name?"

"No."

"You actually figured out ho-?"

"No! You suck at this game." Roman shook his head, crossing his arms. "Anyway, I was at the beach, looking sexy as ever." Will nodded his head slowly, wondering where this was going. "And these girls came up to me, hot ass undergrads. Anyway, they invited us to this party they're having tonight." He gleamed, basically jumping up in excitement.

Will stared at the puppy-like boy, pondering for a second. "You know we can't leave here." He pointed out with calm raised eyebrows.

"Come on, goody-two-shoes, it's just for one night. Plus, hot girls and drinks."

Will glanced away with a pensive look, ignoring the fact that he did not want to be surrounded by girls. "We can't lie to Coach." He reasoned. He would hate to lie, let alone get more time in this hellhole.

Roman groaned, "Fuck him."

Will's glare settled harshly, "Don't say that." He hates how Roman respects no one, "We should at least tell him."

"You know he won't let us. Girls, dude." His voice dribbled with desperation. "I don't need to say anything else." Roman needed to go to this

party. If it wasn't obvious, he was having a problem. Said problem being Will... Being constantly on his mind when he jerks off. His erections at random hours of the day and feeling ashamed underneath the covers.

He ended up with the diagnosis that he's just horny, and with Will the only person around, it was why he's getting all riled up. He just needs a night with a girl to jerk off to for the rest of their time here. He needs to forget Will in that way and get some.

Will continued his dumb questions, "Do they know we're not twenty-one?"

Roman clasped his hands with a smirk, "They think we're juniors in college."

Will shook his head with an aggravated look, "I hate lying."

"This will only be for tonight. We deserve a break from each other."

Will thought closely. He sure as hell wasn't doing this.

***

"Fuck you."

"Calm your tits." Roman snickered, "Coach won't find out. We've bonded enough, no?" He ruffled the blond's hair like a dog, but the blond aggressively pushed him away.

"The problem isn't me! It's you being too calm about lying just so you can drink, alcoholic."

"Hey, at least we're not minors." Roman shrugged carelessly.

"At least!?"

Roman chuckled aloud as he shook his head. They walked down the beach with the seagulls calling at them to go back and the ocean's violent warnings. They wore button-up shirts with some board shirts, Roman jumping in excitement as Will trembled in annoyance. They continued their unnecessary bickering and banter until arriving at the party. It was another same looking

extravagant rich beach house. As they neared the porch, they could hear music playing, loud screaming, and the regrets to be made.

Roman hastily knocked on the door, anxiously waiting. He couldn't wait to be able to get off without Will... And that's a sentence he never thought he would say.

The door opened, and a perky brunette stood with a sheer shirt and shorts. She took in both boy's appearances, "Hey! Welcome, come inside guys." She smiled, opening the door for the boys, who nodded politely... Well, Will did while Roman shamelessly looked over her body and walked inside. It was even louder inside. The living room was littered with half-naked girls and guys, loud music, and drinks in everyone's hands. To the right were some people dancing and moreover some people making out.

Roman was going to enjoy this.

Will was going to hate this.

"Oh shit! Hey!" A blonde girl from the couch had gotten up and hugged Roman's side. "I knew you would show up."

"You brought me a good offer," Roman smirked, hooking an arm around her waist.

She chuckled before looking up at Will, "So, was this the hot blond you talked about?" She smirked, tilting her head at Will. The *hot blond* gave an inquisitive eyebrow toward Roman, who glanced away in embarrassment.

Before Will could introduce himself, Roman spoke, "Yeah, we need to loosen him up first."

"That's my specialty." She grinned, grabbing Will by the hand and dragging him to the kitchen, where multiple bottles lay.

Then the "get-together" began. Will would call it everything related to crazy. Even more girls arrived, louder than the next. Everything was pressing on him, the music, bodies, the drinks.

He started drinking with Amanda, the blonde who invited Roman, and he thought he might as well take this opportunity to his advantage. The more drinks he drank, the more his anxiety developed into recklessness. Will wasn't the smartest drunk. Nor the quietest either. But drinks and drinks just kept getting poured into his mouth and next thing he knows he's on top of a girl.

She laid on the couch with Will between her opened legs. He licked off the lemon juice and salt on her stomach, keeping eye contact with the girl whose chest heaved up and down while soft giggles fell from her lips. When the line of salt was gone, he leaned off her, taking a shot from the table.

He placed the glass down and felt an arm pulling him down before his lips were forced into a heated kiss with the girl below him. He took the lime out of her mouth and disconnected their lips. Sure, these girls were hot, but their voices were a bit too high for him, their skin too soft, their bodies too small, and their pants didn't have dicks. He heard cheers, and he smiled as he grabbed the girl by her arm and helped her up. She had this dazed look on as she stared hopefully at Will. He kept his eyes away, instead sitting down next to Amanda.

He wasn't the smartest drunk the same way he wasn't the straightest drunk.

"Quite impressive," She nodded, and he charmingly smiled.

"Thank you." He grinned stupidly, in a sort of childish way.

"So, how long are you staying in Santa Cruz?" The girl whose stomach he had just licked asked. He turned a nervous and hesitant look. He couldn't remember her name. Rebecca? No, something with a B. Brianna? Becca? They all looked the same.

"More than a month left." He smiled a little too happily. Maybe it was Brenna. Maybe he should just mix the names together. Briecca?

"Weird, it's just you and that black-haired guy, right?" Briecca questioned, finding just Will and Roman alone in the house suspicious.

He hesitantly let a chuckle out, looking at the other girls for help, but they also stared in curiosity. God, these girls couldn't mind their business. "We're best frien-" He couldn't get it out as he interrupted himself with a deep laugh. The girls stared weirdly at him as he processed the idea of Roman and him being best friends, doing BFF things like going to the beach, watching movies, playing games, or just talking. That would never be them. "Sorry, I'm a little fucked up right now." He laughed.

Briecca smirked flirtatiously, leaning down to his ear before whispering, "I don't mind getting fucked up too." Her eyes narrowed, and Will cringed heavily in his head as he chuckled awkwardly.

Through all the yelling, the conspicuous hands, and the alcohol flying, he found Roman. His eyes squinted at the ebony-haired boy in the corner. The lighting was dark and even more so with his black hair, but he could unmistakably see a brunette on his lap. They were kissing passionately, Roman's arms belted around her waist as her arms were around his neck.

He got a sour feeling in his chest. *Couldn't they do that in a room? Why flaunt it with everybody?* His glare was rigid as he felt his fist tighten. *Why was he mad? Maybe because Roman was getting some, and he couldn't? Because the boy forced him here? Because he wanted to be the girl?*

Whoa.

He stopped all movement. Surely he didn't want that. His mind racked about the idea before he finally got pissed. He doesn't. So he did the next best thing to a distraction, grabbing the back of Briecca's head and settling his lips on her, erupting cheers around him and the girl's hands on his face.

The following few things that happened that night were quite as eventful.

More alcohol.

A broken table.

Bodies dancing.

And blue balls.

Roman sat in a chair crossed-legged with a dark aura around him from annoyance. He has been blue balled by this girl. She teased him the whole night, kissing and grinding on him, whispering in her soft voice about what they were doing once they were alone, but right when it was time, she passed out. Roman left with a heavy heart and heavy balls. He couldn't really blame her since she looked like a lightweight, but man, this weight in his pants was uncomfortable. He would honestly fuck anybody, just for some release.

"Hey!" A deep voice called out almost amplified like it were only meant for him to hear. He turned, and god, did he wish he didn't because he felt his pants get the slightest bit tighter. Will was there, a huge smile, all the way up to his eyes, motioning with his hands for Roman to join him where he was dancing with multiple bodies.

His head pounded with confusing thoughts. Roman knew he was already decently drunk. But he didn't think he was that drunk to stare and ogle at Will. *Wasn't he here to forget about him?*

"Ro!" The blond yelled again, holding his hands out for Roman. He stared for another second, chugging his half-drunken beer before getting up. He stumbled as he neared the beautiful blond. *Wait, would sober Roman call Will beautiful?* He didn't know or didn't care as he approached him.

He wore such a tight button-up, the shirt perfectly molding and accentuating his muscles. Roman wished he would take it off. *God, how drunk is he?* His lips were pink, probably from kissing another girl. He didn't like that one bit.

"Hey!" Will yelled again a little loudly, pulling Roman close and placing his hands on the boy's hips, helping them move to the music. He leaned in close, "Thank you for inviting me. I'm having so much fun." *Will needed Roman to know he was having fun without him.*

Roman nodded, speechless, his eyes glazed with desperation. They went to Will's body, changing to awe at Will's slender waist, his stomach completely slim in contrast to his big chest and muscles. Roman's body moved awkwardly with Will's as the feeling of his pants got even heavier. Roman could say this every day. And he does. Will's body looked fucking sexy. Roman's hands reached out randomly, rubbing them down Will's waist.

After shamelessly staring, he hesitantly peeped at Will, who was already gawking intensely at him. That's when Roman's uncomfortably tight crotch touched Will's thigh, his face flaming a deep red and his chest skipping a beat. Will cocked his head with a coy smile while Roman gulped, but the two didn't pull away from each other. When it happened again, Roman let a whine out as he stared at the brown eyed boy. That's where all hell broke loose as Will grabbed Roman's ass, pushing his semi into his thigh again. They seemed to begin grinding against each other, leering diligently. They stared at each other intensely, their hot breath against each other's necks as they got closer, their pace fastening with the music.

Then he felt a hand over his crotch, his breath hitching as the pleasure consumed him. It was the slow movements that had his hips jutting and his breath shallow. Everything was making him feel drowsy, needy, and sensitive to the point where he felt like he was melting. He couldn't register anything. *Who was he with? Where was he? Who was looking at them?* Just this irresistible blond in front of him.

Will relished the hardness the boy casted, feeling himself getting hard with every push and heave the boy gave. His logical self has thoroughly died and is buried 10 feet under. He just smirked, enjoying the moment that completely felt imagined. But when the song ended and stopped for a second, Will immediately halted.

He felt Roman tense as well, and Will slowly detached himself, part of himself coming back from the dead and ostensibly becoming aware of what he was doing. He stared at the boy's wide eyes, his narrow jaw slightly down. He gave one more lingering look, tapping Roman's broad shoulder before mumbling something and escaping to the hallway, rubbing his head.

He really is a stupid drunk.

Roman stared foolishly at the boy stumbling away. *What did that touch mean? Did he want him to follow? Did Roman want to follow?*

He gaped motionless, people bumping into him as his mind and body began fighting over what they wanted. He watched Will's head disappear just the same moment his legs began walking towards the darkness.

The whole way there felt like he was under some spell. Like Will had put a potion on him, compelling him toward the boy like some dumb idiot ready to listen to anything. It was nerve-racking but exhilarating.

He stared at the shut bathroom door, thinking about what that lingering touch meant. *God, I'm acting like a pussy.*

He grabbed the doorknob and forced it harshly. Spun around was a confused-looking blond, his eyes vast as he stared at Roman. He looked caught off guard, so much that Roman almost left but instead he shut the door softly and looked with a shaky breath.

What was he doing?

"Hey." Roman managed to get out.

They stared at each other for a second. Will's eyes turned from shock to narrowed, anticipated eyes, Roman nerves disappearing and turning into a form of desire. They didn't need to say anything because those few seconds of staring spoke more than they would say. Instantly, they both had the same idea.

Roman was the first to lean in, trapping Will against the sink. Will grabbed the back of Roman's neck while his other hand rested on his rival's waist. Roman looked down, the Egyptians plump lips looking so irresistible. So tempting. So dangerous. An unknown path. But Roman was known for being brave, and if that meant taking the risky route, then so be it.

"What a-?" Will softly mumbled before he was interrupted.

Roman pushed his lips against Will's almost harshly. Even drunk, he felt his body erupt. That was when he knew he was done for. He leaned in closer, chasing this odd but pleasurable chase. Their lips smacked together as Will's hands slipped and landed on his ass.

As their kiss quickened so did their lust and desire. Roman grabbed Will's hair, pulling the short blond hair. Loud smacking replenished the air, their bodies became weak, their stomachs churned, and blood rushed everywhere.

When Will got tired of how slow it was going, he suddenly shoved Roman into the door, kissing him as if his life depended on it. It sorta did. With his eyes shut, Roman kissed back with just as much need. He didn't know it felt this amazing. So breathtaking and sensational. Sure, he's kissed girls before, but it didn't feel this good. *God, why does this feel so good?*

Roman moved his hands to Will's chest, covered by this annoying shirt. He panted as he tried to unbutton his shirt before becoming impatient and just ripping the whole thing and forcing it off. He's been waiting to get a touch of Will's body. He wrapped his hands around Will's narrow waist, pinching the skin softly before sliding up and touching his bulging abs and soft chest. Will continued gripping onto Roman's hip, getting lower with each passing grunt.

They tried stuffing their tongues into one another, but neither was ready to let that away upper hand go. Will eventually pinched Roman's ass too hard his mouth shot open, and a tongue found its way in. Will allowed his tongue to flick into Roman, letting the boy suck his tongue, which he had given in very easily.

He liked Roman this way.

Roman left the kiss unhurriedly, trying to catch his breath, unlike Will who didn't waste a second and began unzipping Roman's jeans. Will didn't give Roman the time as he pulled the jeans to his knees and grabbed his erection punishingly through his boxers.

Roman stared wide-eyed at Will, who stared back with a devilish grin. Roman gaped at him, a groan finding its way out of his mind as Will massaged him.

"Oh shit." Roman breathed out, his stomach stirring.

It all went too quickly. Too sloppy. Too needy. They grabbed each other's skin, gripping to get closer. Their hands left a hot itch wherever they touched as Roman began unzipping Will's pants in a hurry. They didn't know why they were rushing. They were too drunk to even understand what was

happening. All they know is it felt world-shattering good and they would do anything to prevent it from stopping.

Roman spat onto his hand as he grabbed Will's erection. They breathed heavily in each other's ears, a familiar but unusual feeling. Will suddenly pulled Roman back and leaned his hips toward him. He stared intensely as he gripped both their erections together in his hand, twisting them together. Roman's never felt anything like it. But it just felt like pure bliss. His hips began to move on their own as he stared and relished the feeling.

They moaned and groaned, staring down at their erections that Will had wrapped his hand around, the sounds of the spit, the heavy breathing, and the muffled party music adding to their pleasure.

"Mhm, Will." Roman breathed out sexily, finally looking up at Will.

His lip was trapped beneath his lip, "Yeah?" Will asked breathlessly, locking eyes with the blue-eyed boy.

He stared speechless, finally feeling a bit sober until he responded, "Uh... F-faster." Will smugly smirked, too wide that Roman almost punched him but he listened which was a rare occurrence. He jerked his hand faster, Roman throwing his head back as the sweet noises just kept pouring from his mouth. Sweat began dripping from them, their bodies bumping into each other as they carelessly tried to get their release before Will wrapped a hand on Roman's shoulder.

Roman felt the pit of his stomach churn familiarly. "Will? I'm about- mhm... About to-" Will shushed him, pushing his lips on Romans before his especially needed stomach exploded and he released right into the palm of his enemy.

***

THANK YOU so much for 1.6k never would've thought so many people would read this I really appreciate it!

Vote if you enjoyed!

A month and 2 days

bearrrrrnsb for your impatient ass lol

***

Roman hated it.

But he didn't.

But he did at the same time.

And absolutely loved it.

Roman has only been with girls. Like a normal guy, he was just born knowing it was typical for guys to be with girls and girls to be with guys. Anything from it just wasn't talked about or normalized.

But this beach house has done something to him. He didn't know what, but it did something. It made confusing desires rage through his head when he saw Will. He would catch a glimpse of his shirtless chest and his mind went in a rampage. But he's a guy. He didn't want to be a guy's boyfriend, being all domestic with one, and marrying them. He never thought of being that way.

But last night? He was anything from repulsed.

Last night, although vague, he just knew it was everything above amazing, including in very simple terms, messy, unplanned, drunk, and dangerous—his exact type. Even so, the other side of his thought process wasn't very keen on what happened.

It was consumed by anger. How did he let that happen last night? Everyone on this fucking planet, and it was Will! Roman was so angry about it, the weed he was consuming wasn't working. He was angry. At himself for enjoying something like *that* with Will. How could Will make him feel that good? How he pleasured Will. How he submitted. How he let Will touch him. How he moaned his name. How he enjoyed every second of it.

He shut his eyes in anger again, taking deep breaths.

Silence consumed the room previously littered with pants and moans. Roman was leaning on the blond's shoulder, the pleasure still rolling off his body in spasms and shivers. His body tingled at the feeling of Will's dick against him, the cum that binded them together was still hot, and the blond's breath on his neck soothed him. His mind felt completely satisfied, way better than

when he jerked off. This was what he truly wanted all this time. He wanted this. That was until he felt a hand on his hip, and his body being pushed away from the blond's warmth.

"I'm wasted, man." The blond merely muttered, his head down in... shame? as he walked past Roman, who now leaned on the counter as Will wiped the white substance on his stomach with a bath towel. Roman drunkenly watched the boy's perfected body to the washboard abs, his narrow waist, and his v-line that presented his semi-hard dick. His body just surprised Roman every second and kept his stomach stirring constantly.

"Yeah..." Roman muttered, continuing to watch Will, who was unknowingly teasing him with that perfect body of his.

Will finished and washed his hands quickly. He leaned down, giving Roman an amazing view of his ass as he pulled his pants and boxers on. Roman watched lustfully as the blond grabbed his button-up with no bottoms, deciding to just leave it.

He grunted something unknown to Roman and quickly left the bathroom, leaving Roman stuck in his drunken thoughts. Then he ended up passing out in the bathroom.

Will ran as fast as he could, adrenaline, regret, and alcohol running through his veins. He ran all the way to the beach house before passing out on the couch.

Roman sighed again, kicking his feet on the fence he was sitting on. He hated Will. His stupid face. His annoying condescending tone. His attitude. How conceited he is. His goody two-shoe act. His back freckles. His blond hair. That annoying grin of his. His attentive mind. His stamina. His perfect body. That b-

"Are you smoking?"

Roman turned to the devil himself. He looked exactly the same way he left him, except he was now clothed, his eyes were red-shot, and his face was puffy and red. He didn't know he would get this weird gut feeling from seeing Will for the first time since last night.

It was late in the afternoon, and the two decided on their own that they weren't going to do the exercise. It was a risk, but the two weren't going to put themselves through that. Plus, Roman had snuck some food into his room from his last weed cravings.

"What does it look like?" He glared.

Will shuffled his feet before getting onto the fence beside Roman. They fell into an odd silence. There was never silence between the two, them filling the silence with yelling and childish remarks. Their brains would scream in anger, keeping their thoughts wild. But now their brains felt completely empty now.

Then Will asked, "Have fun yesterday?"

He took a long pause, wondering what Will was truly asking. "Sure." Roman shrugged. Maybe they should just pretend it didn't happen. It was a bad mistake, something they knew they weren't supposed to do, but they weren't ones to listen to the rules.

He brought his joint to his lips, the heat invading his mouth as he inhaled and looked away into the ocean.

"Yeah?" Will questioned and when Roman felt a hand on his thigh he quickly snapped his head toward Will, "You liked when I touched you? Made you moan and call out my name?"

"Fuck off, man!" Roman esperated, in shock and embarrassment as he coughed out all the smoke. He pushed Will's hand away who merely chuckled, "You knew what you were doing, dancing with me and forcing me into the bathroom!"

"I didn't force anything, I didn't even try to get you in the bathroom." He smirked, calm in contrast to Roman's blushing state.

Will was obviously drunk and thought he would have his fun dancing with him, but left before they made any regretful decisions. Until Roman barged into the bathroom and kissed him. He seemed to have lost control at that point.

Roman glared, huffing as he stared menacingly.

After a long silence, Will mocked. "F-f-faster!" Roman's eyes widened more as he shoved Will, almost pushing him off the fence. "You loved that shit, didn't you?"

"You sure it wasn't you?"

Will blushed unnoticeably to Roman, "I'm sure with how fast you came."

Roman groaned and looked away, "You're the gay one." Roman was sure he was straight. How could someone enjoy men for the rest of their life? Did it mean he has to be girly now? Do people still hate gay people? All these thoughts rambled, but maybe it was just Will playing mind tricks with his seduction and body. He wished it would be seared from his brain that Will was anything remotely close to being attractive to Roman. He was praying some neurologist would figure out how to literally burn memories from his head.

"Come on, we were both drunk."

It was the alcohol. Both boys were just horny and in the moment. It would've been fine if it were anybody else. But the two? Touching each other like that? That's a mistake, and alcohol was to blame.

"Right," Roman nodded, taking another hit of his blunt. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Will's eyes on him. "What? Golden boy wants a hit?" He teased once again.

Will laughed it off before he weakly added, "No."

Roman took another hit, keeping the smoke in for a while before he quickly grabbed the back of Will's neck, bringing him close, and blew the smoke right into the blond's face. Will stared intensely at Roman's eyes, lips pursed in confusion and he had that familiar glint in his eyes from last night. He thought he knew all of Will's looks, his angry or calm ones, but this desire filled look was something else.

They stared for a long minute, a flew glances slipping to one another's lips as they tried to question, *what the hell are they doing?*

Roman figured the answer wasn't worth answering as he pushed Will away, staring at his dangling legs. While Roman did that, Will got stuck in his own head.

He didn't know how to fix this. He didn't know what to do. He always knew what to do. If it was fighting, then he had that. If it was school, he had that done too. If it was accepting he was gay when he was ten, he somewhat had that. If it was being a good son, he had that. If it was being good, he definitely had that. He never lived. Sure he had years to come. But compared to Roman, he was a baby. He never smoked. Never snuck out. Never been in a real relationship. Never went on a vacation. Never went on a late car ride with his friends.

He was all work.

And for what? Maybe he wanted all those things, but he wanted to find someone, mess up his life a little, be carefree, do whatever he wants. He didn't know if he could allow himself to do that.

"It won't make you dumber if that's the issue." Roman finally spoke, who was surprisingly looking at Will.

Will scrunched his nose, "Actually, it's scientifically proven that weed has nothing to d-"

"Just take it then." Roman groaned, extending the joint for Will.

The blond looked from the joint to Roman and back. He hesitantly grabbed it, feeling the warmth and lightness of it. He anticipated it to be heavy and taunting, but it looked harmless. He didn't even wanna ask where it had been. He eyed the white rolled-up joint, before slowly itching it toward his mouth. He puckered his lips out, putting the joint between his lips before breathing in. He didn't expect all the smoke to invade his mouth so quickly as he immediately coughed it all out, Roman could be heard laughing his ass off as Will tried to catch his breath.

"What's the point of these?" He coughed out, feeling his lungs already shutting down.

"Oh, you'll know soon." He smirked again as Will took another hit, slowly, and inhaling the odd-smelling smoke. He exhaled it like Roman did, blowing it around the air and watching it disappear. It was oddly easing.

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"Dude, I think I'm colorblind."

"What color am I?"

"Black?"

The two were lying on the sand, getting it all over themselves, but lavishing the comforting feeling of the warm brown sand on their toes. They may or may not have smoked a few more hits. At first, Will didn't feel anything so they had a competition to see who could smoke the most and handle it. It was obviously stupid, but Will knew getting into anything with Roman was bound to cause him to make bad decisions. He couldn't even remember who won when this weird feeling consumed his whole body, and frankly, he didn't care anymore.

Roman turned to him on his side with a goofy grin, "I think you are."

Will turned to his side as well as he tearfully said, "I don't want to be." Roman had to shake his head at the inexperienced high boy.

"For once I can say I'm more experienced in this." He had that vain smirk.

"I don't think that's a good thing." Will managed to snort.

"Right about now it sounds like a good thing." Roman glared. *How could Will still manage to be condescending even when high?*

Will groaned loudly, his hands covering his face. "Everything's spinning, I feel like going into the ocean and just floating there like a fish."

"Fish don't float."

"I want to float... Like a dead fish then."

"Suicidal thoughts already? You're definitely high." Roman chuckled as Will crinkled a smile too and pushed his shoulder.

They giggled together. If they ever saw themselves sober laughing together like this, they would think they were possessed. Something in the air poisoned them and made them act this way. The world was ending and this was their minds making amends before everything goes to shit.

Then Will quickly got up, almost falling down as he stumbled before standing tall above Roman. It was major deja vu. It was just like yesterday when Will was hovering above him just like this, except under different circumstances. It was the day they found out they would be in a beach house, towering over Roman with that glare, his bloody fist ready to beat the shit out of Roman. Before he looked just as tall and brooding, but now he had a goofy grin and was high out of his mind. It made Roman realize how much has fucking changed.

He was pulled out of his deja vu when Will grabbed his arm and was pulling him up. He stumbled up and the two ran down the sand, having no idea where they were going and running purely on adrenaline. The beach was huge, stretching farther than they could see. When they finally reached the boardwalk, Will stopped and began stripping.

Roman watched, his breath heavy, watching this blond beauty peel off his shirt, his abs and muscles glistening as he threw his shorts off and began running toward the ocean. Roman smirked as he removed his shorts as well (with great struggle) and ran along with Will. He reached Will, jumping onto his back before they tumbled into the water.

They resurfaced, big smiles on their face as they raced deeper into the waters. They began throwing water at each other, climbing one another, and laughing. The sun began getting lower and lower the more time as their hands got more pruny and pruny. Then they found themselves closer as they held each other, their feet barely meeting the bottom of the ocean.

They stared closely, their hands beginning to wander, just out of curiosity from the weed. Their hands meet each other's arms. Abs. Chest. Necks. Wherever their hands led them, muscle and wet skin was there. Hands found refuge in each other's wet strands of hair. Then Roman pushed his lips on Wills, the kiss aggressive the more they pushed and forced themselves on each other.

There they were, holding each other in the middle of the ocean, shivering with excitement, acting as if the world was ending.

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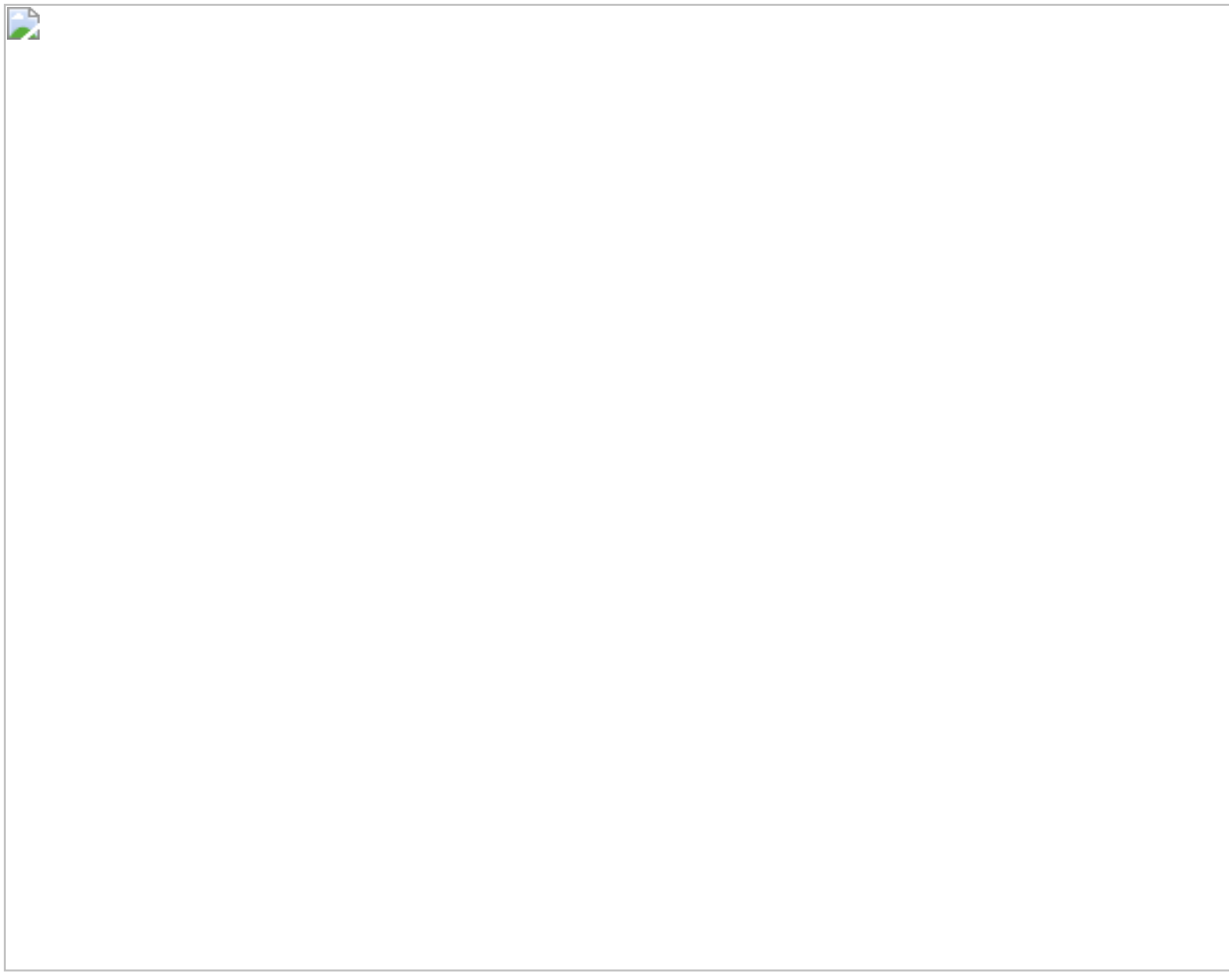
This is probably my favorite chapter I've written so far. Vote if you enjoy!

A month and 1 day [M]



Silence.

Quite unlike the days with their loud quarrels, explosive yelling, and expressive fists. They weren't ones to keep their emotions tucked in for the embarrassment they might get or the scene they could make. They just didn't care. Some would say emotional, yes. Shameless, sure. Dramatic, obviously. Childish, surely. But they weren't known for this odd quietness they found themselves in.

They were sitting on the bonding couch opposite of each other with a box between them. Roman's arms crossed on his chest as he stared at the lamp he

was so suddenly interested in.

Will sat sideways on the couch, one leg dangling while the other was tucked under him as he stared at his fingers. They have been exactly like this for a while, wondering what to do or what to even fucking say.

After what happened in the ocean, they unavoidably made out for what seemed like forever. It felt endless with their wet skin and lips clashing against each other as they held onto one another. When it got too cold, they swam and ran back to the beach house, swarming into the warm house. The weed seemed to have worn off after their showers as Roman found refuge in his room.

Will? Well, he went to his homemade bed in the living room, which was just the couch as he stared at the ceiling. The only thing on his mind was how Roman had managed to get him to smoke. With his parent's ridicule and warnings, he never thought he would even touch a joint, but... here he is now. He kinda liked it, the freeing feeling in the back of his throat.

Not the lingering taste of the salty water, or the smoky sweetness of the joint, or the tainting feeling of Roman's lips. It was the feeling of infinite things he could do, he felt like he could be anyone. Not the little kid his parents strive him to be, but just free in the middle of the ocean, stilling idly, with a dark brunet tied to him.

But then reality hit in the morning. Will never managed to fall asleep, wandering into the room at 4 a.m. to think what he was going to say to Roman. Roman woke up late as usual, spending a good hour having an existential crisis, before tiptoeing into the room.

When Roman caught Will looking lost on the couch, he expected the blond to tease him, but he looked almost horrified with his eye bags dragging him down to his frown. Will had expected Roman to be carefree and shrug it off, but he looked equally as perplexed.

After finally having enough, their voices spoke.

"Let's just-"

"We shou-"

They both began at the same time before shutting their mouths. They glared nervously at each other, these past three day's events running through their head so much clearly.

"I'm just gonna..." Will trailed off as he grabbed the box and read the notecard on top. *"Last 30 Seconds. Think of a memory you'd want to relive in the last 30 seconds of your life and share."*

Will temptingly looked up at Roman, who was staring intensely at him before looking away. Will coughed in awkwardness, finding it strange he had to do that. He handed the box to Roman, who glanced at it and nodded his head.

"Do you want to go first... or?" Will asked temptingly.

Roman cleared his throat and spoke in the most monotone voice he could, "No."

"Okay," Will muttered, brainstorming ideas for his 30-second speech. What would he really want to relive? Beating Roman up? Maybe. Dads bearings? Definitely not. Last night's events? He'd kill himself. His orange cat? Yes.

"I probably want to relive getting my first cat. I was 8 when I went to the shelter with my mom." Will softly smiled at the memory, "There were a lot of cats, but this orange cat was in a tiny crate caught my eye. All the others were pretty calm and shy, but he was just an asshole. He was kept alone because he kept scratching the other cats, and when we first met, I got this scratch," He pointed right above his lip and below his nose, where a scar was, "My mom wouldn't let me get him after what happened, but I convinced her to because I was just in love with him at that point. So yeah, I would love reliving seeing him for the first time and how it felt bringing him home." He was so consumed with the happiness the memory brought, that he felt stuck in his own world, all the problems he created for himself just disappearing.

Roman snickered, not with Will but rather at him. He had that weirded-out look and Will furrowed his eyebrows, but before he could say anything,

Roman's annoying voice cut in.

"What a pussy answer, literally." Will tried to remain calm and glared. His chest tightening.

"Just go," Will mumbled.

The Brazilian looked away in thought before opening that stupid mouth of his, "I'd say mine is... Probably fucking this girl before her boyfriend caught us. She was a really good fuck, I mean pretty and tight, and when her boyfriend caught us in her room, it added some exhilaration I've never felt before. Obviously, the memory wasn't 30 seconds," He gave that knowing smirk, "But I would love to relive that." Roman smirked arrogantly, and Will silently chuckled at his lap while shaking his head.

It looked almost villainous as he slowly looked up the words falling out of his lips effortlessly, "You're such an egotistic, vain, full of shit asshole!"

"What?" Roman dumbly asked.

"How stupid are you?" Will glared. Roman recognized that look that he was special enough to see when the blond was seriously pissed. His light eyes went a darker shade with his lips in a frown but his voice void of any emotion.

"I'm not the e-egoist...stic one." Confidence was still strong in his words.

"You can't even fucking say it!" Will had stood up to tower Roman, but the raven-headed boy quickly followed.

"Don't need to say it to fucking know."

"Considering what stupid shit you say, you're wrong."

"What's stupid is a fucking cat? It's just an animal?" Will's stomach burned. Really fucking ached and scratched in anger, his stomach and head working together as he got the urge to punch Roman.

"And you're what? Just another asshole that no one cares about!"

"It's fucking hard being an asshole, so maybe start appreciating it," Roman yelled, poking Will's chest and he got closer.

"The only thing I appreciate about you is..." The blond took a second to come up with anything but his mind was blank, "Absolutely nothing."

"How creative." Roman sarcastically laughed.

"God, what's your problem?"

Roman paused. "What?"

"Why are you so difficult?" Will exasperated.

"You started it!"

"No, I didn't!"

"Yes, you did!"

"No, I didn't!"

"Yes you fucking did!"

They found themselves in a predicament, Roman clutching Will's shirt with Will's heart blazing in anger. They were ready to beat the shit out of each other. But something was hanging in the air. This feeling they've been shoving, this feeling that didn't mix with hate, this feeling that was creating this thick tension between them. Their eyes didn't glare as hard as they stared at each other others lips. They had a confused look, mesmerized by each other's lips as their chest went up and down. The mix of hazel and blue created some craziness between them, so it wasn't crazy how they found each other's lips on each other.

It was unimaginable how this could happen.

But then Roman felt Will's desperate lips smack against his as he reciprocated.

It was despicable how this was happening.

But then Roman was being pushed into the couch, a hand groping him underneath his shirt before it was thrown off and he was pulled into a deeper kiss.

This was an abomination.

But then he felt nails digging into his waist and a hand at his nape, pulling him closer.

Hate doesn't mix with sex. They were enemies. This wouldn't happen. You don't *do this* with your enemy.

But then Will's hands were firmly on the dark-haired boy's ass. They kissed each other harshly as if they were taking out their anger on each other... only with their lips. It was a desperate, risky, quick, and harsh kiss that left their heads dizzy. Their lips hopelessly tried to conquer each other, along with their hands that were being anything but gentle, the desire to rip each other's skin off still fresh in their minds. Their heavy breathing and groans poisoned the air, surprising the two with how good it felt.

As if regaining his mind, or trying to catch his breath, Roman quickly left the kiss, his chest and head hammering as he tried to come up with an explanation. He kept his hands on Will's chest, wondering *what the fuck he was doing* . He was filled with regret and shame before he looked into Will's eyes. That's when he knew he had lost all control of himself and his inhibitions were free. The blond's eyes were wide and lust-filled, his lips bruised and red, and his normally styled hair was sticking up in places. Roman couldn't deny how fucking *good* Will looked right now. Desire lingered in both their eyes, Will still absentmindedly grinding his hips against Roman.

"Fuck you," Roman breathed out, pissed that Will's effortless sultriness had once again influenced him to do stuff he wouldn't admit to doing. He just couldn't deny it anymore, all the staring and thoughts of how attractive he is. His face molded perfectly into curves with his high cheekbones curving to

his hollow cheeks and then to his pink lips that he plunged onto. They moaned into the kiss, Will wasting no time to slip a tongue into Roman.

Will was then moving, pushing Roman further into the cushion. He grabbed the boy's hips, keeping them steady as Roman's fingers got lost in the blond's locks. Then Roman felt his hands go lower, from his neck to caressing his pecs to his waist, and then tugging at his shorts. He lifted his ass subconsciously, Will's lips on his neck coercing him to do anything close to murder. Will threw them off along with his boxers before sitting up to remove his clothes as well. Roman stared intensely, a moment paused between them as their eyes locked and the blond exchanged a grin. It was different this time, Roman finding it more sexy than annoying like all the other times he'd seen it before.

Will had taken his shorts off, climbing the boy again to grind their erections together on the couch. They let out a loud moan together, Will attaching himself to the boy's shoulder, biting and sucking so hard it left Roman a moaning mess. It felt all too sloppy and wet, Roman couldn't stop. Then Will flipped Roman to his stomach. Roman would've cursed Will out if he didn't feel a hand groping his ass.

"Holy fucking shit." Roman blurred out, questioning what the hell Will was going to do to him. Suddenly he remembered all the times he'd jerked off to the thought of Will. Even if he didn't want to admit it, he wanted this.

Then the words came out of the blond's mouth, "Do you know how guys fuck?" He asked in his ear, continuing to sensually kiss down Roman's neck and back.

He looked back as he temptingly answered, "Y-yeah."

"Do you want to?" Will sexily panted, jacking his own dick with his spit. He never thought he would get to see this view. Roman on his stomach, ass up on display. It was firm and muscular with his back arched up and his head turned behind too, looking up at Will. His curly mess of hair was even messier, and he had that desperate look *because* of Will.

Roman didn't have time to think. He turned forward at the couch, going onto his elbows before regrettably saying, "Just do it." He gritted out and immediately half regretted it as he felt Will's dick at his ass.

Maybe Will was a bit mad. Pissed Roman was here. Infuriated about how Roman got him into this situation. Angered by how he was enjoying this. Pissed how Roman brought these feelings he promised to shove down. Upset he said something about his cat. Enraged at how he has been nothing but a little asshole who was too arrogant and only cared about himself and seemed to think he was much better than everybody else. Maybe a good fuck would be added to the list.

He looked around the room, opening a drawer of the side table to conveniently find some vaseline. He leaned over and grabbed it, opening it to lather it all over his fingers. He didn't waste time and he instantly inserted 2 fingers into Roman. He was tight, so fucking tight and tense but Will could feel the anticipation and the need seeping off the boy. He could feel it on him as well.

Roman groaned lowly, his face grumbling in discomfort. Will didn't give him much time before another finger was in there and began slamming into this spot in him that made his body tense up. "Holy shit-" He moaned into the pillow, his breathing heavier and heavier the faster Will's fingers got.

"Yeah, you like this?" Will just had to tease him, it was perfect.

"Fuck off." He heard the boy moan and he couldn't control himself anymore.

"Feel good with just my fingers, hm?" He teased on as he watched Roman's veins popping as he gripped onto the couch with his mouth slanted open.

He couldn't anymore.

He took his fingers out, whines from the boy only getting him hornier. He lathered as much vaseline on his dick, bringing his tip to the boy's ass. Playing with him, teasing him, messing with him as he rubbed himself between his ass.

"Cmon." Roman didn't even know what he was asking for.

"What? What me to fuck you? Say it, Fortes."

"No. F-fuck... you." Will had pushed his tip in, pushing at Roman's nerves as this intense feeling burned his stomach.

"Say it."

"No." His gritted when Will pushed himself just a little more, his back arching the slightest.

"Say it." He reasoned.

Roman couldn't even speak, but as he felt Will try to get off, he grabbed the side of Will's hips and whimpered, "Fuck me." With heavy hands on Roman's hips, Will, without remorse or slowness, pushed himself into Roman's tight, sweet ass.

"Fuck you! Oh god, you're such a fucking motherfucker!-" Roman managed to yell through his barred teeth. If he thought the punches Will's iron hands gave were bad he sure as hell didn't know anything.

Will stared with wide eyes, his mouth wide open. It was way better than he imagined before how he was squeezing him so tight. How warm and wet it felt. "Fuck, sorry. You're so tight, calm down," He breathed out.

The blond brought more vaseline between his dick and Roman's ass, thrusting into Roman and leaving before repeating. He didn't give any time for Roman to take in... well he didn't want to admit the massive object prodding inside of him. His body shook in pain but god then he began pressing against *that.* Then a hand was on his lower back, comforting him. Then a hand was grabbing his dick, pumping him to keep him excited.

Roman stopped biting as Will grabbed his shoulder and slightly brought him up, his back arching a little more. A moan slipped out of Roman, and another and another as Will began quickening. The pain still lingered, his ass on fire but his dick began leaking from the unknown pleasure that was traveling his body. That's when it almost got too slow.

He groaned and panted, beginning to back into Will's dick. He felt Will's hips stop, it felt like he was fucking himself on the blonds dick. Will moans were heard above him, but god this felt good.

"Go any slower can you?" He temptingly spat out, and Roman glared. Roman decided to just stop completely and Will took this sign to completely slam into him, anything but quietness consuming them. He almost punishingly pressed into Roman, hitting that good spot in him with every groan and push. Roman was gripping hard at the couch, his loud moans and whimpers filling the empty room. His voice was raspy, cracking at the higher points of his moans, it was turning him on more than he thought it would.

It was like this for a while, grunting from the two. Roman began meeting Will's thrust, pushing his ass back and making it reverb very nicely to Will's eyes. What finally set him off was Roman's whine, "Ahh, oh god."

They were both clouded with lust, he'd never felt anything like this. Everything felt so surreal, something right out of a movie that no one could come close to feeling. He grabbed the back of Roman's back harshly, pulling it as he hammered his hips toward the boy's ass, sounds of skin clapping and moans of approval.

"You like this? Maybe it'll make you stop acting like an asshole."

Roman let another whine out, the grip Will had on his ass so hard he bet it would create a bruise.

"Answer, come on. Do you like this?"

He didn't have time to glare or respond as he chanted, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" He grabbed his dick covered in pre-cum, trying to get himself to finish but Will's annoying voice cut in.

"Oh, no, no, no, you're not cumming first this time." He chuckled, taking himself out, creating a range of disapprovals from Roman. But he was quick to flip Roman over, his strength a bit of a surprise but a turn-on for Roman. In this position, he could see Will's face, and he didn't know if that was worse or better.

Roman felt even more vulnerable in this position, especially with Will's eyes on him as Will threw a leg up on his shoulder and got inside Roman again. Immediate pleasure went through Roman's body, clearly when he threw his head back, his back arching, and his breathless moans. It may have turned him on even more seeing Will, mouth slightly open to let out his shaky breaths with this concentrated face on. He almost looked angry, and this somehow made Roman come closer to his edge.

But it was Will who came first, like he said, he leaned down to Roman's lips, forcing their lips together and shot his shot inside of Roman, a long moan cutting into their kiss.

Roman disconnected their lips to shout. He never thought the feeling of Will's cum shooting inside of him would set him off but it did as his back arched like a cat and he came with a long mewl.

Will stared wide-eyed, a crazy but playful tilt in his grin. He watched the boy lose himself with a long moan and his sweating chest heaving. He eventually groaned lowly, his face covered with his hands, his body hunched in embarrassment as Will's hand rubbed his thighs softly.

"We're doing that again, right now." His voice was low and demanding, Roman felt his stomach tense up.

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I think smuts my new obsession... Vote if you liked this chapter :)

A month [M]

He sat there, mindlessly fixating on the vase of fake flowers in the center of the table. Why do people do that? Are they really that lazy they have to get fake ones? Too irresponsible to get real ones? Or maybe they crave something that stays with them forever, unlike their multiple boyfriends who left them. Regardless, he couldn't stand it.

Do you know what else he couldn't stand? So many things. The stinging pain. How he waddles when he walks. The itchy feeling in his ass. How he couldn't swim because it felt like something kept stabbing him in the ass. He felt like an old grandpa with back issues and he was tired of it.

But Will? He looked as happy as he could, swinging his feet and humming. Roman couldn't help but stare in disgust. He was here suffering in pain when he's just there sitting all satisfied. He couldn't help but glare, especially at his horrible piano playing. Roman found him like this in the morning, music sheets laid out and a dedicated look.

He was attempting to play "Mary Had a Little Lamb," though his progress was less than good. When he missed yet another note, he suddenly turned around. "You know what?" He inquired, only to find Roman already glaring at him.

Roman didn't respond except with a weary expression. His eye twitched in annoyance, and his skin crawled as the memories began flooding.

" *You know what?" Will's breathless voice chuckled above him, his hips rhythmically hitting into him. Roman was pressed on the floor after having fallen off the coach a few fuckings ago. He honestly lost track of the time and he didn't know if that was a good thing or a very bad thing. "I think I can live like this."*

Roman let another grunt out when Will grabbed his ass, helping his hips move. He could taste the metallic flavor in his mouth from biting his lips and the stinging pain in his rear end. It honestly felt like one of their fights, except the cumming part.

"Shut up." He seethed, covering his mouth with his arm to stop the strain of pleasure out of his mouth. Will hated that and instantly grabbed his chin and

held it up, just so Roman's voice could be heard from all ears, and maybe houses near, from how loud he was being.

"Don't tell me what to do." Will grinned as he leaned into his enemy, hitting his prostate with such intensity that noises just began spilling out from his lips.

Roman rubbed his hands on his face, almost trying to drag the skin off. After... fucking relentlessly until Roman passed out, he woke up clean, tucked into the coach, with a painful ass, and Will calling him to eat dinner. As he stumbled into the kitchen, he was met with a delicious chicken and a seat at the table. Roman maintained a glare throughout the whole meal, unable to do anything but that. Will informed him how he made the chicken vegan, after Roman finished with a little smile. Will left him alone other than that. He even cleaned up Roman's plate and wished him a goodnight.

He sat at the table for what felt like hours until he finally got up, toddled his way to bed, and got not one wink of sleep. His brain kept replaying the events. *What the fuck did he do?* He let Will fuck him. He could sort of get the idea of being with a man... *but receiving? And to Will!?* It was diabolical. But he remembered the endless fucking they did, how sweaty and hot he got, how good it felt. He kept going in circles, unable to find common ground with his body and rational thinking.

The next morning didn't help. With no sleep and his fucked up back, it gave him a massive headache. Will was chipper, teasing and taunting Roman from last night's events throughout the whole bonding exercise, which was the dumbest one yet. They had to create a new city and agree upon the laws and regulations of it, and they couldn't agree on anything. Will being the smart ass he is, saying big words like environmental or socioeconomic. Well... now that Roman thinks about it, he should definitely not run a city, but this caused a huge argument, escalating to a point where a punch almost hit Will's face. Will managed to block the punch and eventually, they went back to normal. As normal as they could get. It was also impossible to sit through Will's constant joking and teasing- a pain in his ass which was both Will, and his literal ass.

Will's voice cut out his rant, "Can you come teach me?"

Romans eyebrow raised, remembering a specific someone mocking him for playing the piano. "I thought it was too feminine."

"I was just messing with you." He waved it off, "Please?" He played the easy tune, missing a key again and scowling to himself.

Roman didn't have the energy to even get up and continued glaring at the vase on the coffee table. Suddenly he was met with the smile of a blond as his face appeared right in front of him.

"Stop smiling at me." The Brazilian glared.

"Can you please teach me?" Roman hated Will.

"No." He hated him.

"Please?" Fuck.

His impatience got ahold of him, "Why are you acting so weird?" Will didn't say please or ask for help. *Who the hell is this?*

"It's called being polite," How could he talk about being polite when he quite literally ripped his ass apart?

"Fuck off!" Then he felt arms grabbing his wrist, and he was pulled up. Roman instantly widened his eyes, his hips giving out as the sharp pain hit his lower back, and he stumbled and grabbed the side of his chair. Will looked at him, almost concerned, before a peek of realization formed on his face. Roman grumbled and fixed his back straight.

"Does your back hurt?" He questioned, wrapping his arms around Roman's lower waist, slightly pressing his hands on his lower back. He turned a dark red and tried pushing him off.

"Of course not." He didn't even believe himself.

Will caressed his hand around Roman's back. He wanted to sound concerned. Apologize. He honestly felt bad... but his ego took hold of him. "I wonder what happened," He let a coy smirk follow his eyes as he looked

mischievously at Roman, looking away in embarrassment. "Something big must've hurt you, huh?"

"Something with no manners as well." He gritted out.

"And you love it." He smirked, sliding a hand into Roman's back shorts and grabbing at his ass.

"Get the fuck off me." He snarled, finally putting some effort into getting him away from the sex-craved idiot. Saying he regretted what happened was an understatement.

"Was that too gay for you? Hugging another man?" Will chuckled.

"Damn right." He snarled.

Will gave a big laugh, "I'm sure you passed the spectrum when you kissed me in that bathroom."

Roman pouted. Standing got too difficult on his back so he sat himself on the piano bench. He honestly had no comeback from that. "I- You just... Stop being an asshole! You're never coming near me again!"

Will gave a baffled look, "Don't tell me you didn't enjoy last night?" He tried not to recall the world-shattering bliss and instead ingrained the feeling of how twisted his guts felt, the pain, and burning he felt. He instead remained silent like a mature guy and pouted like a baby. "You're Brazilian, right? You know Brazil has the biggest pride parade in the world every year?"

Roman scoffed, looking at him like he was full of shit. "Where'd you hear that? Your gay forums on Reddit?"

Will shrugged, "Theres Guinness record books here, and I read it."

Roman glared, "That's fake."

Will snorted, "I'm sure it's not."

Roman's face grimaced. Another thing to add to the pile of shit he was on. When Will reached his hand out, Roman glanced at them in confusion.

"I'll make a deal. I wont touch you if you teach me." Will grinned, looking a little too seriously.

Roman thought closely. He knew it felt good. He knew he wanted it to happen again. He knew how bad he wanted it. But maybe this is for the best. "Deal, now let me show how to actually play."

He turned to the keys, feeling a body press against his side as Will sat beside him, looking completely intrigued. He felt a shiver run up his arm, just Will next to him. Roman showed him the different notes, how to place his fingers, and how to play them at the same time. Roman found it tricky to teach him. Will couldn't get his fingers to work properly, and his face was getting pinker and pinker as they progressed.

At first, Roman thought it was funny seeing Will the perfectionist be flawed at something until it got annoying.

When Will pressed the wrong note again, Roman spoke up, "It's not that hard!"

Will turned and glared, "Is that what you tell your dick to convince yourself?"

Roman almost laughed if Will couldn't have been so annoying.

"You're just mad this is the first thing you can't excel at."

"You give yourself too much credit."

"Please, it's eating you up that I'm better at this than you."

Will got even redder, the sight a bit amusing to Roman, "At least I've got a reason. You get mad at a spill of water."

"It's called having emotions."

"It's called being emotional."

Roman shook, "Shut the fuck up."

"Why should I?"

Roman rolled his eyes, "Do you ever listen?"

"Not to you!"

The raven-headed and blond were incredibly close, a dangerous glint of hatred in their eyes. But these glowers didn't stay long. Like the other day, their eyes got darker, their breathing got uneven, their bodies moved closer, and their judgment was thrown out the window.

Then Roman was pushing his lips on the boy, hurrying him onto the floor. The sound of their bodies slamming on the ground was harsh, but not as harsh as their tongues that thrashed and forced into each other. It wasn't a nice kiss, but nothing the boys did together was so-called "nice".

Will felt Roman beginning to grope him, the touches similar to when they were struggling to get a punch from each other. This whole thing was going crazy. Hands began going to his shorts before grabbing Roman's growing erection and he squirmed.

He left the kiss, Will's hands feeling like lava whoever he touched, "What about our deal?" His breathless deep voice got Roman even more aroused.

"Shut the fuck up." Roman groaned, slipping his lips onto Will again, the boy skillfully swiping his tongue on his lips and sucking so delicately. They moaned into the kiss, and then the raven headed boys lip was bitten, the taste of iron bleeding into the kiss.

"God, what the hell?" He hissed, disconnecting their kiss to rub his lip.

"Weird thing to pray, considering what I'm going to do to you." He joked, smiling with his white teeth literally glowing. *God, how could he joke at this time?*

Will leaned in, taking Roman by surprise as he let in a deep exhale from his nose, their teeth began to clash as Will wrapped his thighs around Roman's sides. He began grinding his hips, the two moaning into the kiss from the pleasurable friction of their undergarments rubbing against each other.

Will left the kiss, going for Roman's neck as he contained his slow hips. Roman threw his head back in annoyance, "Hurry up before I go and fuck you." Will let out an exaggerated laugh as he roughly pulled down Roman's shorts, the sounds of clothes ripping adding to the heavy breaths.

It felt weird to be manhandled like this, and he felt completely vulnerable but his boxers got even tighter as Will connected his lips to his lower stomach. Roman stared down at him lustfully, in anticipation. His lips went lower until a hand pulled down his boxers and lips began sucking at Roman's thighs, so close to where he wanted those lips. Will looked up, his eyes staring so much intensity at Roman that it confused him.

This gave time for Roman to think. What have they been doing these past few days? Jerking each other off in the bathrooms. Making out in the ocean? Fucking in the bonding room? Now a blow job in the living room? He couldn't wrap around how they could go from fighting to these sensual longing times shared. He looked down at Roman, staring right at his hard erection, looking lustfully but he cut him off before he could do anything.

Then the words fell out, "What are we doing?"

Will let out a breathless exhale, "Didn't you have the talk before?" Playfulness but need in his voice as he softly kissed the tip of Roman's alive erection.

He hissed, debating if he should hit Will, but instead he spoke, "But why? Why would we do this?" He grinned.

"Because hate sex is the best sex..." Then he plunged his mouth right onto Roman. Roman's eyes shot open, his hand gripping onto the blond hair, tighter, fighting moans as the perfectly tight cavity covered him completely. His hips began to help Will, jerking them up and down with the boy's mouth. He stared intensely, the view hotter than any experience or video he'd

watched. Will turned his eyes up, his eyes watering and red, his mouth was slicked with precum. It threw Roman off, as he moaned and his balls got heavier. Then he felt a wet finger jerk inside of him.

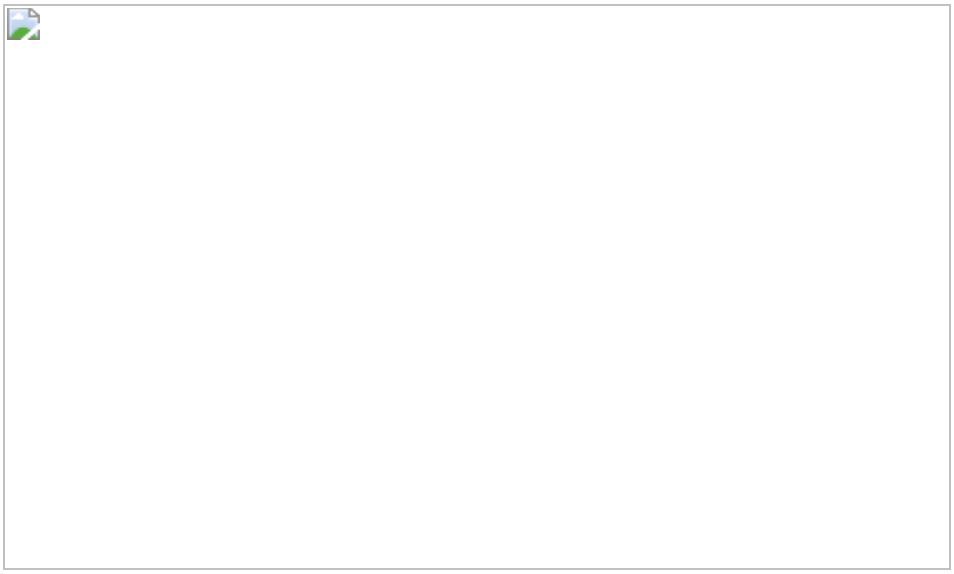
"Ah! You bitch, what the fuck." Roman heard the boy laugh on his dick, the vibrations causing his dick to grow almost twice its size. He felt the finger twisting and turning as he tried to stuff another. His ass was sore and stinging like crazy, but the finger grazing him inside didn't feel bad as time passed.

Will lustfully glued his eyes up at Roman. His muscled figure was perfected like a painting. Every contour of his face was delicately sharp, giving way to his chiseled cheekbones. The watercolor paints blended with his dark eyebrows, down to his scrunched up eyes. His lips, wide open to let the torrents of exasperated groans, painted with a touch of pink. His messy hair was depicted with fluid brushstrokes, flowing effortlessly. Every stroke of him (and Wills hand was doing) was perfect, he began touching himself.

Roman lost his complete self, his mind only running on his carnal behaviors, groans as loud as Wills slurping on his dick, which had him close.

"Fuck..!"

27 days



horrible songs and I are like

***

Get it up.

Get it up.

Get it up.

Get it upppp.

Will rarely enjoyed life, but it seemed pretty easy at the moment with the bright sun beaming into the kitchen through the sheer curtains with the aroma of the soup cooking sizzling in the air along with the music blasting into his headphones. Their bonding exercise was talking about something they loved for 5 minutes and they received an iPod with millions of songs downloaded. So Will contently listened, headphones plugged in, smacking the wooden spoon on the pot before he caught a head of curls with an amused smirk behind him unplugging his earbud.

"What are you listening to?" Roman soled as he plugged the earbud out of Will's ear and into his. He paused momentarily before giving a knowing grin, "How ironic."

"You're reaching the age considering how much you jerk off." He retorted.

"I'm not the sex freak here." He glared, throwing off the earbud and leaning over Will's shoulder to see what he was cooking.

Will turned around and shoved Roman's hands away, "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm hungry." He smiled as his arm slid down Will's waist. "What are you making by the way?"

"Garlic bread and tomato soup," He glared, considering kicking Roman out.

"Why didn't you say so? Don't you know I'm the best at making garlic bread?" He smirked, pulling away from the blond to add a pinch of this seasoning he found on the counter. Will was quick to snatch it away.

"Never noticed considering the zero minutes you spend in the kitchen." He sarcastically spat out.

Roman brought his hands up, "I'm here eating, what do you mean?" He started touching random spices again and Will huffed in annoyance.

"If you wanna help, sit at the table and wait like the princess you are." He smiled and started pushing the dark-haired boy out of the room with his forearm.

Roman pouted, "That's no fun at all."

Will groaned before he looked around, "Then go put this paste on both sides of the bread," He handed a bowl of the garlic paste he made.

"Shit, I thought you made garlic bread from those boxes and just heat them up." Roman snickered as he left to attend to the tomato soup. The music continued blaring into Will's ears as he softly mouthed the lyrics to himself.

Until there were lips at his neck, kissing their way behind his ear and playing with his earlobe. He softly smiled through the tickling feeling, using his shoulder to get the boy who couldn't take a hint away.

"Need something?" He questioned, turning to see Roman shrugging and continuing his messy garlic bread. Will cringed, wanting to tell him how to do it properly, but he didn't. He continued mixing his soup.

It was only a few dishes his mom taught him when he was younger. He lived for the days they would cook together, the same way he was, with the soft music and laughter as she fondly smiled at him and delicately spoke on what to do. He really wished his mom kept teaching him how to cook. He missed it.

And then hands were around his waist, hands dangerously close to something a little southern.

"Now what are you doing?" He glared, now annoyed at the touchy dark-haired boy.

"Checking up on the soup," Will turned when Roman's chin landed on his shoulder, who nodded at the soup as if it was satisfactory, "Yup, looks good." He smirked, turning away from Will.

Will turned with a glare, mixing the soup again.

"It must be your face, or it's your body."

Will mouthed the lyrics to himself, placing the spoon down and turning the stove off. He turned around to grab a bowl, only to see Roman staring at him creepily. He jumped at the sudden body, easing his eyebrows up at the boy.

"What's your problem?!" He glared.

"My face or body?" He replied, walking forward to stroke his hand down the blond's bicep. Will could feel the literal shivers through his arm, all the way down to his crotch.

"Your small brain." Will glared, pushing aside Roman, and grabbed a bowl. He poured the pan of tomato soup into it, but when he went to grab some salt he felt a hand on his hips, pushing his body slightly across the counter.

Roman leaned his head on the boy's shoulder, placing his lips tentatively on the blond's neck and letting his tongue wander down the moles across his shoulders. The past few days, Roman's been very... touchy. Insanely touchy and grabby as he took every chance to lay a finger on the blond. It was contrasting so much of what he knew about Roman, but he always shone through with an insult or cocky comment.

"Did you finish the bread?" Will leaned into the kiss as he simply asked. Roman slowly let go of Will and wordlessly nodded, unlikely of him, and turned around to grab the pan.

Will grabbed it from him and put it into the preheated oven. Shutting it before catching Roman slanted on the counter staring at the blond. He slowly waltzed to the boy and placed his hands on his hips. He stared directly into his ocean eyes that looked conflicted. *What the fuck did he have to be conflicted about?*

Like a boat lost in a rainstorm, his eyes wandered Will's. Up close he could make out each eyelash of his, how they curved down rather than up. He could make up the individual hairs of his stubble and each of his hairs in his thick eyebrows.

Will felt Roman's hand go to his waist, grabbing at the skin with a firm grip he always had— something Will noticed about the boy. Their eyes connected, in wonder but in agreement of their needs.

Will smirked, his teeth shining as he slowly leaned in and his lips connected to Roman's glowing skin as he lapped and sucked his tongue.

God his skin tasted good. His fingers trailed down the dark-haired boy's body, Roman's soft breathing keeping him going as he extended his body to accommodate Will's lips.

Will sensually disconnected their lips so he can suck on the boy's soft skin, right below his ear. Will also noticed that the boy liked this spot in particular, groaning as he lapped his lips on that one spot.

Then Roman suddenly pushed Will off, "Asshole, don't be making hickeys on me."

"Why not?" Will grinned.

Every time Roman went to the bathroom or was changing, he would see the bruising red and pink hickeys on his neck and his chest. He was covered in them. "Cause I said so," He glared, trying to push the blond off of him but he didn't budge at all.

So Roman smirked, taking the bait as a challenge. Before Will knew it he was being turned around and pinned to the counter with a hand on his lower back keeping him there.

"Shit." Will laughed at the overconfident boy, the feeling of being pinned down somewhat turned him on. Roman leaned to the boy's ear, connecting his hips to the boy's ass. "What do you think you're doing?" Will asked as he looked behind him toward Roman.

"Nothing." He smirked.

Then Will suddenly flipped their positions, turning Roman so he pinned him against the counter and grabbed the back of his neck down.

"That's what you get for fucking up my garlic bread."

Roman's smirk downturned to a frown, "I thought you said it was good?"

He leaned down, a smile tugging at his lips before whispering into Roman's ear, "I lied."

Roman chuckled, "And here I thought you were some golden boy who couldn't lie. How grown you've gotten."

"Asshole." Will gritted, pressing his hand deeper onto Roman's back which had him hissing in pain.

Next things next and they both were breathlessly breathing on each other's skin, moaning nonsense, fucking on the counter until the oven's timer went off.

"Look," Will slid his pants up smoothly, buttoning them before he leaned on his side on the counter, "We have to talk."

Roman tensed, "Talk?" He sat on the floor, due to pain and sheer tiredness. He was still completely clothed except for unbuttoned pants due to their sheer carelessness to remove their clothes beforehand. But to talk, they were never ones to *talk* . Whatever that meant.

"Yes..." Wills had been trying to wrap around what they were doing. He was sure it was pure desire. They found themselves in these petty and small arguments, starting fights over nothing. But they knew the reason. It was to avoid, to not let the quietness and awkwardness consume them, so they did the next best thing. A small problem turned into this huge screaming match and then hands grabbing shirts to punch each other which was normal, but then they seemed to get lost in translation as their heads reached each other's ass and waist until they were fucking.

He grabbed the pan of garlic bread out of the oven and placed it on the counter. Roman continued with furrowed eyebrows, "Okay about?"

"What are we?" He leaned on his hip as he looked down at Roman's clueless frown.

Roman tensed again in discomfort. He hated any conversations that revolved around saying anything about his feelings. Sure he could easily say all the reasons why he hated William Adler, but anything after that never went out of his mouth. "Well I'm human, I don't know about you."

He rolled his eyes, "Fine let me do the talking." He took a deep breath before calmly asking, "Are we dating?"

Roman never felt a fire burn so much in his stomach, he felt disgusted by the thought. "What the fuck, Adler!?" He stood up and stared in such hatred at the hazel-eyed boy, "Why would you say something like that?"

"Great, just wanted to get that out." He hesitantly smiled before backing away from the boy. "So, we're just some fuck buddies?"

Roman flinched at the word. He hated labels, but that was what they were, right? It just sounded so foreign to him.

"No."

"Then... Friends?"

"You're not my fucking friend," Roman growled.

"Then why don't you figure it out?" Will threw his hands up, his normally calm exterior seeming annoyed.

Roman thought for a second. "We're just fucking for needs." It was true. Before they took their anger out on each other with punches, but now they fuck each other's annoyance away. Roman didn't know if the deal was great considering how flamed his body felt afterwards.

"Stress." Will nodded his head in thought, "Sure, just for fun, nothing more."

"Right." Roman swallowed hard. They never agreed on anything, but everything seems to be changing. At least their hatred for each other wouldn't, and the two were oddly happy because of that.

"I'm sorry I even said we're dating..." He laughed like it was the funniest thing he'd heard. "So we're good with this?"

He swallowed dryly, "Yeah..."

Roman's never felt his awkward or weird. Even more to admit, that he likes fucking Will. Or, well being fucked by Will. The concept felt so foreign. Felt completely distant from his life. But it felt so fucking good. He could

accept how he bottoms (yes he did some research on the computer in the bonding room). He also found out some weird shit, which he hoped to forget.

Will nodded his head, "Okay."

"Okay."

"Fine."

"Fine." They parted ways, a new hatred but agreement with each other.

***

I love my 9% male audience.

19 days

A lot of things are the same. The same white walls. The same annoying bonding exercises. The same paintings hung. The same meals shared. Just

one more thing was different.

And that was the nonstop fucking.

Will smirked at the ridiculous dark-haired boy before he grabbed the back of his head and pushed his lips on the Brazilian's pink ones. Roman felt that familiar surge of heat run through his body, his hands instinctively grabbing Will's waist.

They've been following their bonding exercises. Some boring ones, some eventful ones like a game of 20 questions that was only filled with sexual questions, and another lovely time building a gingerbread house even if it was the middle of the summer. Sure their games were sometimes cut short for a little southern detour, but it made it even more enjoyable.

They didn't leave the sloppy kiss as they forced themselves onto the kitchen counter. Will grabbed his thigh, pushing it up and pressing himself between his legs.

They had to ration food the past few days since their appetites have significantly increased, the cause fairly obvious. This morning they made a makeshift hotdogs with pasta instead of sausage, which was surprisingly good but not shockingly disgusting at the same time.

Roman moaned into the kiss, his fingers gnawing into Will's skin as he eagerly explored the blond's mouth with his tongue. Roman was pushed into another counter, Will punishingly shoved his hips toward Roman's.

Not to mention the sex. Anywhere they could. *On the couch,* Roman was pinned down just as quick as Will's hips were. *Roman's bed* where he thought he would have at least some control but that wasn't the case. *The bonding room* where Will would give a good blow job if he wanted to, but he always looked tempted to bite Roman's dick off. *The kitchen* where Roman would be bent over and fucked over the counter.

Roman threw his head back, Will kissing his neck softly with his gyrating hips, his soft moans ruining the silence. But they always hated the silence anyway.

Otherwise, they've been doing their regular bickering, a side of swimming, lots of water coloring and piano playing, the occasional food fights, and world-shattering sex.

"Boysss." A booming voice came from the living room, and they disconnected their lips with a loud smack and scrambled to get away from each other. They stared wide-eyed at each other, examining their messed-up states of messy hair, spit slicked on their lips, and wrinkled shirts. Will was first to turn into the living room, wiping his face as he walked out as Roman fixed his hair and incredibly tight pants.

"Hey." Will smiled, going up to Coach and giving him a quick side hug.

"Hey boys, I missed you." He smiled at Will. Roman came from the corner, giving a tight-lipped smile.

"Hey-"

Coach gave him a confused look as he interrupted him, "Why are you limping?" Roman froze and his face turned red. He wanted to glare at Will and announce what he did, but he couldn't as Will covered up his smirk with his hand.

"Um," He tried to say, "You know how bad I sleep." He chuckled and Coach shrugged.

"Alright, well go help me with the rest of the groceries." He walked past them with the two bags in his hands into the kitchen, and when his body disappeared past the wall, Will turned around.

He looked at the glaring raven-headed boy and mocked in a high-pitched voice, " *You know how bad I sleep* ." Mimicking Roman's nervous tone. Roman instantly scowled and pushed the blond's shoulder away as he stomped outside to grab the groceries.

Will followed right behind him, "He won't know anything, right?"

Roman scrunched his eyebrow, uncomfortableness seeping out of his face. "Know what?" He was very dumb at acting dumb. He grabbed two bags,

trying to rush past Will.

Will rolled his eyes, "That we've been fucking."

His jaw clenched along with the hold on his bags, "Of course he wouldn't." He finally realized how Coach could easily find out. *Would he want him to? Would he want anyone to find out?*

Absolutely fucking not.

He turned his heels away from Will and into the kitchen, watching Coach unpacking food into the fridge. "How's the meals? Roman's helping, right?"

Will scoffed, "Yeah, he's useful in making sure there's no leftovers."

Roman smiled sarcastically, "Thank you."

Coach gave an amused smirk, finally closing the fridge and finally giving the two boys a proper look. "So how's everything guys, you seem less tense."

Will gave a knowing smirk, wrapping an arm right around Roman, "Oh you know, we're just best buds." He gave Roman's ass a good squeeze that he jumped from.

"Yes, best buds." He gritted.

He gave a confused laugh of amusement. "Sure boys."

They eventually finished and sat down at the table, talking about how the swimming team was doing and how boring the summer meets were without them. They argued about who matured more out of the two, Coach pointing out that this conversation denied both their points. They debated who was better at debates, Will obviously winning. And then around 6, Coach decided to take them out to dinner. A way fancier one than they were used to.

But they dappered up. Well, a pair of pants and a button-up was the best Coach was going to get out of them. They felt completely out of place with everyone in their dresses and slacks.

They were sat down with all sorts of plates and utensils, loud chatter, annoying piano music, but this didn't stop the love in the air.

"Ah yes, well you're very beautiful as well." Coach may or not not have been flirting with the waitress since they sat down. From what they knew, he'd been single since they knew him, but they never knew how good he was considering how the girl was easily flirting back, blush on her face as she completely ignored her job and all the people asking her for more butter.

When she laughed again, noticeably touching Coach's shoulder again, Roman faked a gag and leaned over to Will, "What fork do I kill myself with?"

He laughed softly before whispering, "I would say ask the waitress, but her hands look busy." Roman snickered, watching her touch his biceps that he extended out for her.

"They might as well be fucking on the table, we should give them some privacy."

Will gave him a knowing look, "What? Trying to sneak us out of here?" He grinned and Roman glared.

"Horn dog."

Will scrunched his face up, "Who the fuck says that anymore?"

"Sophisticated people." Roman decided on.

Will gave an exaggerated laugh, much like the girl Coach was talking to, "Yes I bet sophisticated people make dick jokes too."

"And your mom jokes too." Roman sneered.

Will was going to retort something that would probably rile up Roman before Coach was cleared his throat. "Sorry guys, that was an old college friend." He waved off, looking back again to see the woman walk away. He turned back and smiled at the boys. "I would ask if there are any ladies, but it's only you guys there." He smirked.

Will on the other hand gives a full-hearted laugh, like it was the funniest thing with piercing eyes digging into the side of his face from Roman.

"You know how Roman is, his hands the love of his life." He said between his giggling, rubbing Roman's thighs softly underneath the table.

"Well, the ladies are all over Will. Every time he goes in the ocean he comes out with this pretty pink fish sucking on h-" Roman felt a pinch at his thigh and he scowled.

Coach stared at them wide-eyed, stuck between taking a sip of his water. "Glad to know you're having fun there boys." He sarcastically smiled.

Will snickered before attempting to change the subject, "Was that woman an old girlfriend or?"

"Um... Old friend."

"How'd you meet?" Roman's annoying curiosity asked.

Coach immediately perked up, "Well, it was at a small community college near my town, Barstow. We both majored in Kinesiology so we were good friends." He paused, hesitant to say something, "We both got kicked out after getting caught... Well, together in an empty classroom." The boys raised their eyebrows in surprise, not expecting something like that from their Coach. "We split ways after that, I moved to San Francisco and got into teaching there." He smiled politely, playing with his napkin like he was twirling his hair like a schoolgirl with a crush.

"Nice job, Coach. You get her number?"

He chuckled, "I'm not as forward as your generation is."

"Come on, it's fate," Roman smirked.

Coach merely shrugged, "Maybe before we leave."

"You better. That would be a great story to tell your kids." He joked, pulling his shirt slightly down to itch a spot as Coach and Will shook their heads. He

was going to continue telling his joke until Coach gasped.

"Are you serious guys?" His voice was loud and serious, quite like the yelling they received after they fought.

Roman and Will paused their movements with a wide-eyed look as they felt the tense feeling in the air.

"I should've put two and two together. First the limping and now the big bruise on your chest." Roman immediately turned red, pulling his shirt lower to expose a purple and pink HICKEY on his chest. He snapped his head to Will, who was trying to hide his smirk, and Coach who looked disappointed, "Did you guys fight?"

How was Will supposed to say, *nah we just fucked and I accidentally left a hickey, my bad.* He was suddenly reminded of the blunt future. It wasn't protected by the walls of the beach house, doing whatever he wanted. Some people hated him, without even knowing him. People who would judge him if he told them. People who would hurt him just because of it. He had no idea how Coach felt about those types of people, and he immediately looked away.

Roman looked at him for help, but he distantly looked away and he groaned. "It was a small one. We were just joking around." He attempted a charming smile at Coach.

He cleared his throat. "I told you, boys, you can't fight anymore. To you guys, it's just another Sunday, but you can seriously get hurt and ruin your futures." He had a sad look in his eyes, "I'm sorry but in extending the 2 months for one more week."

Roman gaped his mouth, looking from Coach and Will. Will didn't react, staring at the butter ever slowly melting on his bread.

***

The rest of dinner went just as awkward, Coach looking disappointed and Will looking distant. Roman sipped his water until the food arrived, which instantly lightened everyone's spirits. Coach began talking to the waitress

again, a smile bright on his face. Will began his usual banter with Roman, an amused grin between all three of them. They even witnessed him asking for her number and she agreed before going back to work.

Everything else after went smoothly, Coach seeming to forget what had happened and listening to the boy's stories and jokes. When they finished their meals, they were completely full, their gullets almost falling out as they exited the restaurant.

Roman and Will held each other's shoulders, high on finally getting out of the beach house, which Coach found odd. They were stumbling like drunkards, stepping their feet together to a hard left, then a hard right, and repeating. Coach laughed at their antics, amused his boys were finally getting along.

It wasn't until Roman spotted a convenience store, being reminded of what he desperately needed.

"Hey, could I run by the store for some shampoo?" Coach turned around with a roll of his eyes, and Roman gave a sheepish smile.

He threw Roman his wallet, "Hurry up then, I'll be waiting in the car." Will detached himself from Roman to pursue Coach's journey to the car before Roman caught his arm and began dragging him to the convenience store.

Will groaned as they walked, "Why do I have to go? Scared a big man's gonna take you?"

"I'm scared of that big thing in your pants." He snarled, not even acknowledging how he called Will big.

"Hm, monstrous isn't it?" Will winked before Roman rolled his eyes and entered the highly bright shop. He stomped to the aisle and began looking around, Will approaching him with a confused expression.

"Well, what do you need?" Will smugly asked.

"Extra small?" Roman questioned grabbing a pack of condoms and taunting them around Will who smirked.

"Your depth perception scares me," He smirked, going for the extra large ones, "Do we really need condoms?"

Roman let out a breathy chuckle, until he realized Will was being serious, "You're joking. I'm not interested in whatever disease you can give me."

"I assure you, out of us, you have the disease." Will glared grabbing two 40 packs of condoms.

"There's less than a month left!" Roman glared, putting one back.

"I don't know, once a day won't completely please me," Will smirked, grabbing the box back and heading off into a different aisle.

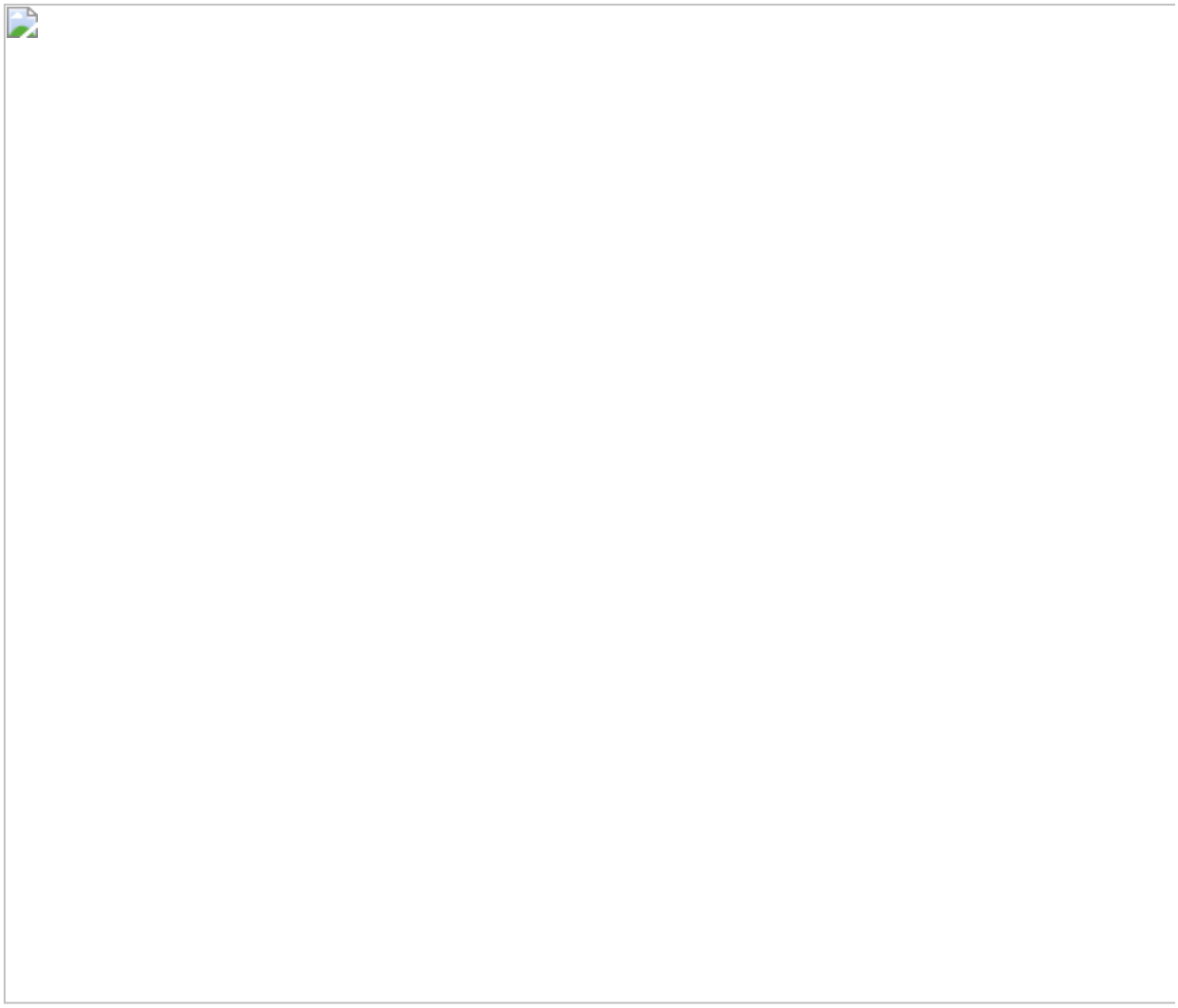
"Get over yourself," Roman mumbled under his breath. He grabbed two bottles of lube which he would need to Will was going to continue fucking him like he did. Then a little thing caught his attention. He looked at Will mindlessly searching for candies before he slipped the object into his pocket. He called Will over to the counter, the blond adding a pack of sour gummies. He placed the ungodly amount of condoms and lube on the counter, the lady gave them a questioning eyebrow and Roman awkwardly smiled.

"Big night planned." Will winked and Roman glared.

"Go to the car, I'll be there soon," He said to Will who shrugged and left. He placed the weight in his pocket for the lady, her giving an even harder glare, but he didn't care.

He was going to have his fun.

24 days



HEYYYY NEW CHAPTER FINALLY, this chapter is dedicated to missing_poster enjoyyyyy :))

***

Will wasn't the jealous type. Guys who were 6'0, with good genetics, and a full head of hair weren't jealous. He wasn't envious of those who got better test scores than he did. Not those with better parents. Not those who beat

him in Mario Kart. He wasn't because "jealousy is torment to yourself" and well, what type of person would he be if he didn't listen to his own dad?

A jealous person that is.

It started during their tedious morning ritual, they were supposed to have a debate about who they would bring back in time if they could. Will was a bit excited until Roman opened his mouth. Will was genuinely curious about what went around in Roman's head up there, but he highly doubted even a neurologist could answer his question. Roman spent a good 10 minutes, explaining how a time travel machine could never work and that the after-effects of saving someone would be too great to even be worth it. Will was surprised he listened during physics, but he said he got it all from Marvel, which also did not shock him.

After they finished, he expected to get some peace until Roman pulled out a TV remote from today's box. Roman's face lit up in a way he'd never seen it as he dashed out the door, sliding across the floor with his socks before he jumped on the couch.

This is when the first pang of jealousy hit. He let Roman away with his TV as he began to make breakfast, finding being the housewife of the house annoying, but he carried on. When he set the table and placed all the food nicely he called Roman for breakfast. He didn't get the usual response of "Alright" or "You better not have poisoned it." Instead, he received an "I'm not hungry."

What the hell did that mean?! Will scrunched his eyebrows in confusion, turning to see Roman tucked away in his blankets with his attention all over the new TV.

The jealousy settled in his stomach, but he ignored it, not really understanding what he felt except annoyance. So he ate alone, watching Roman giggle at the TV and stare so intensely.

The second pang of jealousy was when he got ready to go to the beach and was about to leave the door. The problem was, however many times Will said no and refused for Roman to come, he would come. Every time Roman

heard the door open, he was running, already changed and ready. But he didn't even get a glance.

"I'm going to the beach." Will blurted out once the door was open, but the boy didn't even flinch or say anything except with a grunt. He didn't even receive a word, just an incoherent sound. He left with an odd feeling in his body, somehow a little hurt. He watched the few people on the beach, a large amount of couples there messing around and laughing. He watched some surf, remembering how Roman could barely stand on his board. He played with the sand a bit, remembering the sand castles they made. He felt alone.

When he finally came back after two hours of thinking, Roman was still acting like the sun shined out of the TV's ass. He felt forgotten. Used. Like a mistress who was only there at Roman's convenience. Normally they would fuck or bicker all day. Now Will had become number two to a TV.

He decided to test something, and for it, he needed to shower. He took a steamy shower, cleaning himself well with Roman's shampoo. He wrapped a towel around his hips, a little lower than normal, and walked out with droplets of water still falling down his blond hair and chest. He walked right in front of the TV, looking around as if he had lost something. He even made sure to bend over to look into the drawers below the TV, only to turn around to see Roman not even looking at him.

That third hit of jealousy was a bitch. Once is an accident, twice is a coincidence, and three times is a pattern. He's jealous of a TV. A fucking television. People lived without them for thousands of years, so why can't Roman do that as well?

He huffed and decided to plop down on the couch he'd been sleeping on for weeks, right next to Roman, and glare at his irritating face.

He watched Roman not even take a glance at his dripped and naked body. "What are you watching?" Will asked, his voice trying to seem as careless as he could. Finally Roman turned to look at him, but he didn't have the same look he had when he was looking at the TV. He looked at the TV like it was his savior, with such amusement and awe. When he looked at Will, he looked in utter annoyance.

"What do you want?"

Will's face instantly fell as he awkwardly looked away, "Just got bored..." He trailed off, glaring at the TV silently, "Nice TV, right?" He couldn't help but notice how the cushion was squished between Roman's ass, and he couldn't help but wanna be the couch.

He also couldn't help but wonder how crazy he sounded.

Roman rolled his eyes, "Can you just leave the TV and me alone?" Ouch.

"But you just love my presence here, don't you?" He tried to sound teasing, but he sounded more insecure.

"You're a narcissist." He groaned.

"Aw, that's a big word for you, buddy. Good job."

Roman rolled his eyes, "Shut up." He sighed before grabbing the remote, "Don't talk during the movie or I will personally find the guy in the Saw movies so he can teach you how to shut up." He glared, switching the TV remote on.

"Kinky," Will mumbled, noticing how Roman's hands lingered on the remote.

Will glanced at the TV. He never found interest in movies, he seemed to prefer to go swimming, read, hang with his friends, or do some intelligent shit. Will tried to pay attention but it quickly got boring, how could he be jealous of this when he was 100 times more interesting than the TV? His gaze kept averting his eyes to other places he hadn't noticed before. Like the unlit candles on the TV stand. The ocean painting on the wall even though the ocean was to the right of them, and the huge soft carpet that felt nice under his feet.

He looked over at the Brazilian boy, noticing the interesting look on his face. His lower pink lip caught underneath his teeth. He looked at the curve of his cheekbone, turning down to his jaw. His jaw had a stubble, and in these past

weeks his hair had grown over his face even more, he had to admit it still looked good.

"So... How's the movie?" Will blurted out.

"You would know if you actually watched." Will watched his gaze toward him, turning into a glare, "At least try to look interested."

"I don't think dinosaurs are ever coming back." He stated.

"You never know." Roman shrugged a small smirk present when he looked back at the movie.

Will rolled his eyes, "Keep your delusions to yourself, like the one where you think you're still straight." He snickered, watching the boy's face heat up.

"You're just scared of dinosaurs, admit it." Roman teased.

Will smirked, "I'm not scared of anything..." He continued, "Unlike you who's scared of my monstrous dick." He chuckled remembering that night very clearly.

"How about you keep your mouth shut?" He snarled before looking at the TV again, very invested in these children close to death. Was Roman a psychopath?

That's when Will decided to give up trying to rip away Roman's attention from the TV. He's second to the TV, he'll never be the first option. He'll never be that person to Will... It was the TV.

He sadly looked at the TV, watching as the car got stuck in a tree, kids screaming in terror. He furrowed his eyebrows at the TV, genuinely conf-

"AHHHHH!" A voice yelled, and then hands were shaking his shoulder. Will's face contorted into a combination of fear and confusion as he looked over at the screaming boy.

"What! What happened?" He urgently said, Will had never seen Roman gasp in fear like that, he turned to see Roman with his wide eyes and gaping mouth. But quickly his terrified expression turned into erupts of laughter, and Will stared in confusion.

"Fuck, your face!" Roman cackled, throwing his head back on the couch. "Not scared of anything, my ass."

"You're so immature." Will couldn't believe he cared about Roman so much that he was jealous of a TV. He's still the same asshole who keeps messing with him.

"Your face reminds me of when you tripped over the edge of the pool and pulled in Coach with you." Roman howled into the couch.

Will groaned, a smile teasing its way out, "Oh god, don't bring that up."

Roman tried to regain his composure as he gripped Will's arm to hold himself steady, "It looked like you were trying to drown it."

"I almost did," Will laughed, "His face was so red when we resurfaced."

Roman doubled over, holding onto Will's shoulder as laughter took over both of them. Coach had yelled and berated Will, but the whole team couldn't stop laughing at how Coach looked.

"Oh fuck that was so funny," Will said to try to calm down, but another look from each other and they were uncontrollably laughing again.

Their breaths came back, along with their saneness as they tried to breathe, the lack of air in their lungs beginning to burn. Roman looked up, finally noticing how Will was undressed except for a towel low on his hips. His hair and chest still damp, glistening against the low light of the room. Will caught his eye and they stared.

That's when they both realized they were just laughing... Together. And holding each other. Roman scrambled away and Will pushed him, taking their hands off each other in disgust. With a withering glare toward each other, they narrowed their eyes at each other.

Roman was first to spit out, "You probably dragged him in on purpose. Do you have some vendetta against Coach?"

"Seriously? Like I needed your help embarrassing myself." Will glared.

Roman scoffed, "Well, you sure as shit embarrassed yourself."

"Asshole." Will glared. "I should've dragged you in. It would've been more satisfying."

"I would've fought you to it." Roman offered.

They stared lowly at each other, their faces red as they tried to remember they don't like each other. Nothing could make Will and Roman be friends.

Roman slowly turned back to the TV, crossing his arms as he focused his attention to it instead. Will looked back at the TV, knowing damn well the stupid TV can't fuck Roman as good as he does.

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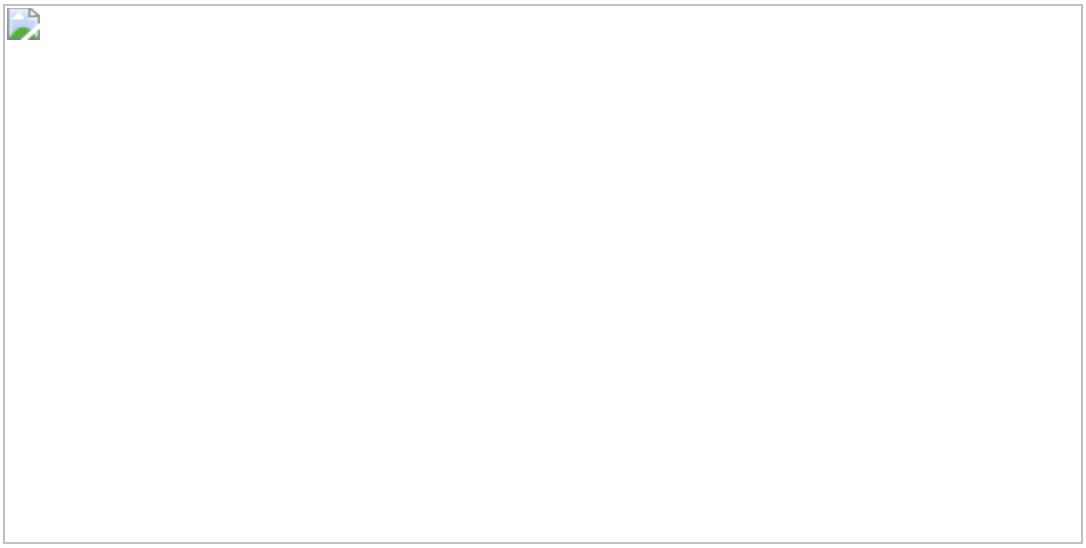
Vote if you enjoyeddddddddd :)))

22 days [M]



He was dreaming of an earthquake, it was California so it wasn't out of the blue, but it was shaking the whole room. It was actually making him a bit dizzy. Something was gripping at his shoulder blades too, and he could hear screaming, on the higher side like a little whining baby. There was yelling getting louder and louder...

"Wake up, dipshit." A voice called out, and Will instantly lifted his eyes, Roman's face almost jumping scaring him.

He took a minute to take in his surroundings, blinking his dry eyes as he looked from the annoying boy to his messy room. The black-haired boy's hands were at his shoulders before they slowly slipped away.

"Why are you here?" He sounded bitchy.

Will tried to recall last night. He remembered a pretty intense argument about... well probably something stupid, then they were making out. Then he remembered a broken lamp and laughing their way into Roman's room. Then he remembered Roman's moans and breathless gasps as he rammed

into him. God, he remembered the deathly grip he had on his hips, and then a few rounds and he guessed they passed out.

He chuckled lowly, his voice deeper as it was just morning. "I guess I fucked you so hard, we passed out." He had a sloppy grin as he sat up on the bed.

Roman flushed but continued his early rants, "This is my room, I didn't fucking invite you here."

"Please, you were forcing me onto the bed." He smirked, throwing the sheet off and getting up to expose his naked ass.

Roman, who remembers their nakedness last night, got red at seeing him and turned around in decency, "You can't sleep h-here!" He turned around to see Will still naked with his muscled back turned to him, and he quickly turned the other way, "You sleep on the couch next time, okay?"

Will glared as he fought with his clothes to put them on, "I think you would prefer me fucking you than me fucking the couch all night." When he felt a pillow get thrown at him he chuckled and threw it back. His eyes trailed to the dirty sheets with semen, sweat, lube, and used condoms. Ever since they bought them, they have definitely been putting them to use and in all honesty, Roman seemed to be enjoying it more. God, he remembered his chants and begging last night before he came all over the bed.

"You're so gross."

Then he remembered something, "Wait..." He took a step back and gave a slanted grin toward Roman, "I'm having a hard time remembering what happened last night... Was I hitting something or?" He slowly stepped closer to the boy, walking like a predator to its prey.

Roman's exterior tensed, "I-I don't know what you're talking about." He quickly looked away, refusing to look into the blond's eyes.

"I think you do," Will smirked, sensually going onto the bed and throwing his thighs over Roman's legs as he wrapped his arms around his neck.

"Hm?" He questioned again, cocking his head to the side as his eyes narrowed into Roman's.

Roman's adam's apple jumped as he gulped, staring at the blond beauty in front of him, his voice instantly stuttering, "N-no..."

"Your ass must be so red, I'm sure that reminds you." He felt the boy lean into his ear and his body turned pink.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, again." He groaned, his ass supported by Will's deathly grip with his chest arched down. The boy above him listened as he felt a hand slap his ass, the pain traveling through his body before reaching through his whole dick. He moaned until he needed to feel it again.

"Again." He groaned, pushing his ass further back. He heard laughing behind him which only somehow turned him on even more, "Fuck!"

Roman huffed as he tried to throw those memories. "What about you, huh?" When people go low, it's only protocol to go lower.

Will tipped his head to his side like a confused puppy. Roman raised his eyebrow and mouthed those words and Will suddenly turned a bright red. He wouldn't get into the *boring* depicts of it but it included the words, *boy* and *good* , turning Will on more than he could've thought.

"Shut up." He glared, knowing the boy would not listen to him so he did the next best thing that always shut him up and leaned down to kiss the boy. They were superluminal to touch each other, kissing deeper and letting their wandering hands explore wherever as they pulled each other's skin.

Will allowed Roman to push him down as he wrapped his legs around his waist, not once leaving their lips assaulted. Will's hands traveled Roman's already unclothed body, his hands slid down his abs before he went to the boy's ass. He massaged and kneaded him, Roman confidently grinding back with his hands. Will liked how Roman became more confident and sure of himself, knowing what he likes and pushing for it.

They began getting more aggressive with their kiss as Will began to bite Roman's lips playfully and suck on his tongue. Roman couldn't stop the rushing feeling running through his body as his body chased for more, leaving open-mouthed kisses down his neck and grinding his body against the blonds.

"Making your first mark on me, are you?" He groaned when Roman sucked harshly below his neck, obviously making a hickey.

Roman had no idea what he was doing. Sure, he knew how to make girls feel good. Exceeding farther than they expected, but he didn't really know what to do with a guy. He was just running solely on what felt good and pursued that feeling.

With a light grasp on his sexuality, he's come to realize he definitely likes *blonds* .

Suddenly Roman was being flipped and Will's legs were wrapped around his hips. God, Will was sexy. Someone who knows what they're doing, and knows how sexy they look. He felt like a virgin, unable to do anything except stare and gape. He felt his hands move to the body's chest, letting his fingers trail down his chest and to his nipple as he brought his lips toward the perky nipple. He was so glad he didn't have to deal with taking off a bra as he twirled his tongue on the rosy bud and allowed his lips to suck. Will let a surprise moan out, his voice reacting to the sharp pleasure. Roman continued, his lips begging for more of Will's sounds cause they were just so sexy to hear.

As time passed, an idea popped into his head. An amazing idea. He left the boy's nipple and stared up at the boy, the two matching heavy breaths and panting. "Cover your eyes and go to the head of the board," Roman blurred out.

Will gave him a suspicious look, "If I cover my eyes, how will I make you feel good?" He grabbed Roman's clothed crotch playfully.

"Just cover them."

"What you're gonna slip into something sexy?" Will paused as he bit his lip, "Like a coma."

"Just cover them you, asshole." Roman chuckled as he brought Will's hands to his face before he listened and covered them himself, he got so excited. He jumped into his closet, finding the special item he bought not so long ago from the store. They might or might not be handcuffs, ready to make Will his.

He opened the package as silently as he could, cussing when the cardboard ripped too loudly. He caught a glimpse of Will, one hand covering his eyes as the other gently went up and down his crotch, obviously ready to get some release. Roman would help him with that. He snuck right next to Will, wrapping the handcuffs around the pole of the bed frame, leaving two free cuffs where Will's wrist would be at any second. He took off his boxers before he climbed him again, stark naked.

Will chuckled, feeling Roman's hand reach his erection and he softly moaned at his touch. Roman smirked as he pulled Will's arm off his face. Will's eyes opened slowly with a look of curiosity to find anything different but Roman forced him into a quick kiss before he could. As they kissed, Roman pulled the blond boy's hands above his head with a tight grip and began to grind his hips, their erections began sliding against each other. He only did it to distract Will and cuff his hands, but his body and mind, Roman instantly got distracted and began to immerse himself in the pleasure. But when he felt Will's hands trying to get away from his grip, he used his free hand to grab the cuff, pulling his wrist close and tightening it.

Will abruptly let go of the kiss, "What the hell are you-?" He tried to say, but then his other hand was cuffed and Roman felt his heart bang against his chest. Will pulled his hands, wrapping his mind around the cuffs on his wrists. He turned to Roman, full of confusion, "What do you think you're doing?"

Roman sneakily smirked, letting his hands rub against his thighs, "Nothing, just going to make you feel good."

"I don't want these." He snarled, resisting the hold on his wrist as he thrashed his hands around.

"Don't worry." He smirked, opening Will's legs wide harshly, and the blond eyes bulged out. He lewdly leaned down, going on his stomach and pulling his head between the boy's thighs, and stared at his long erection.

His heart began to pound again. Sucking a dick would definitely make him gay. *Don't question my knowledge I know I've been fucked.*

He opened my mouth, before quickly closing it. He sheepishly looked up at Will who continued to glare. "Fuck, I don't know h-" Roman began but Will cut him off.

"Let me go, and I'll show you."

Roman shot him a sharp glare before Will sighed. He quickly positioned his hips correctly, "You have to lick it with your tongue first... Then open your mouth hollow so no teeth will graze me." He paused when Roman exhaled a shaky breath he continued, "You'll be okay, c'mon."

Roman's stomach churned in nervousness and butterflies as he leaned down. He started licking like he said, resembling the times he licked popsicles when he was younger. *Don't think about that right now.*

When it felt wet enough, he put the boy's wet tip in his mouth. He sucked for a second before going down, taking Will's shaft inch by inch in his mouth. *Holy shit he's big.* Roman felt weird as his mouth filled up more and more, the hotness of his dick, the leaking precum of it, how it twitched in his mouth. He held his breath, wondering who in gods name gave Will such a big dick. He felt his throat begin to close up and slowly panicked.

"Don't go all the way, calm down." He grunted, staring at Roman intensely with his mouth in a permanent "o" as he held his breath.

Roman closed his eyes, adding a hand to the bottom of the blond's shaft as his head went up and down. It felt completely gratifying, a bit of pain there, but having a dick in his mouth made him feel full, and watching Will moan

was probably the best part. He felt kinda dirty doing it, and with Wills's eyes staring right at him made him feel so perverted. Then he got a little curious. He continued his hand motions on his dick but his mouth went to his heavy balls, kissing and licking the soft sensitive skin. Will moaned a lot more than he liked, only encouraging him to go faster and suck more. His jaw hurt and his face was slick with pre cum but everything was pushing him off the edge, his hips slowly humping the sheets evident of that.

He got even more curious when his mouth went lower, his teeth trailing down the sides of Will's soft thighs. He pulled Will's hips a little toward him, and Will instantly knew what he was going to do.

"Roman... Don't do that." He suddenly yelled, his voice still lewd and low. Roman wasn't looking at him. He looked so lickable and a powerful need of doing exactly that shot up in him.

He stared at the tight pink buds, applying a thumb around the soft space. It looked so tight and soft. Roman didn't hear anything from Will so he slowly looked up to see Will with an embarrassed look as he intensely stared done at Roman. Roman gave him a little smirk before he went right to the tempting area. He inhaled sharply before his tongue connected with the soft area.

Will couldn't stop the soft breathy moans falling from his mouth as the new sensations shot up his whole body, making him feel completely vulnerable. He whimpered as he clawed down on his lips.

"Roman." He breathed out as Roman grabbed his upper thighs to continue lapping his tongue, feeling the boy's body slowly unclenching and giving into the pressure. His tongue sucked Will in, beginning to push Will's limit and tightness as his tongue pushed against his rim. Will was crumbling slowly, his face completely red, his chest rising and falling heavily, and his eyebrows scrunched tightly.

Roman heard the boy pant softly, he began rubbing Will's chest carefully with a sloppy grin,

Will jerked his hips up, "Uncuff me." His voice cracked, "It hurts," His dick was painfully hard, hard to where it would probably burn if he even touched himself.

Roman merely smirked before his head was back down, his hands on the sides of Will's ass as he pushed himself in further.

"Ngh fuck! Ahhh, Roman stop!" He moaned as he felt a tongue go inside of him. His back arched against the bed as his dick began to beg for anything, anything for release. He felt Roman's tongue press in and out, letting a tune of whimpers and lewd noises tumble out of his lips. *He needed it deeper.* He shook the thought as he began fighting his hands off the confinements. He could only squirm his legs and wrap them around Roman's head.

Roman slid his hands up Will's body, grabbed his jaw to open it up, and slid a finger into his mouth. He groaned against his fingers, the boy's persistent tongue making his brain fall into mush. When he felt the boy's finger leave his mouth, the vulnerability was basically dripping out of his body. He began to fight the cuffs again, but Roman's tongue was getting him weaker and weaker.

But not enough.

When he felt a wet finger rim him, his body jumped and he pulled his hands away from the cuffs, surprisingly breaking them and he jumped on top of Roman.

It took a minute to process what happened before Roman mumbled a mere, "Oh shit."

Will gave him a glare, his jaw tightly clenched before he whispered, "You're an asshole." A hint of teasing in his voice that Roman felt safe enough to chuckle ever so softly.

But that didn't keep Roman safe. Will touched his red wrist that were now free of the cuffs and brought himself forward to bring his throbbing dick right to the dark-haired boy's red lips. Roman hesitantly looked up, Will caressing his cheek before his mouth was opened and Will's dick was

pushed inside his mouth. It went so quickly as Will's hips began to jerk forward and Roman's mouth was being filled with a salty and hot taste.

Roman's eyes instantly hardened, his face turning red as he sucked Will's dick in. Will happily grabbed the boy's dark hair and fucked his mouth thoroughly. He smirked at the boy. Will was definitely not a bottom.

He's a little asshole for pulling that...

His hips jerked faster as slurping and lewd noises filled the air. He surprisingly didn't hear Roman choking but that could be the fact that he was clouded by lust and his ears were ringing.

He was submerged in pleasure, a bit in anger at what Roman did. *Fuck he needed to cum in the boy's mouth.*

He breathed heavily, pants coming harshly from his lips as he pushed the boy's head further into his dick. He was going so deep, it felt so good feeling the boy's warm mouth on him, especially with the way Roman's tongue kept skimming his tip every once in a while. He was getting closer and closer, he felt Roman begin to mumble on his dick, only furthering his state as he felt his stomach begin to build up and his erection getting hotter and hotter in the boy's mouth.

Finally, Roman's eyes locked with Will's, and he could only imagine how fucked his face looked. His bloodshot eyes, the tears coming out, the slickness on his lips. It must've pushed Will over the edge too as he pulled on Roman's hair a little harder and let his head fall back. He began gyrating his hips into Roman's mouth before he was shooting, deep into the boy's throat. He heard the boy gargle and choke, but he continued as every rope of cum fell out of his dick. His eyes were shut too tightly as his head began to pound until his high began to fade away and he finally caught his breath back.

He looked down and quickly removed himself, Roman in salty coughing, "What are you doing? Trying to kill me?"

He stared dumbfounded, his whole body still tingling in pleasure. "You swallow?" He had to ask.

Roman croaked lowly and looked up, "Yeah?"

Will smirked, "Fuck that was good."

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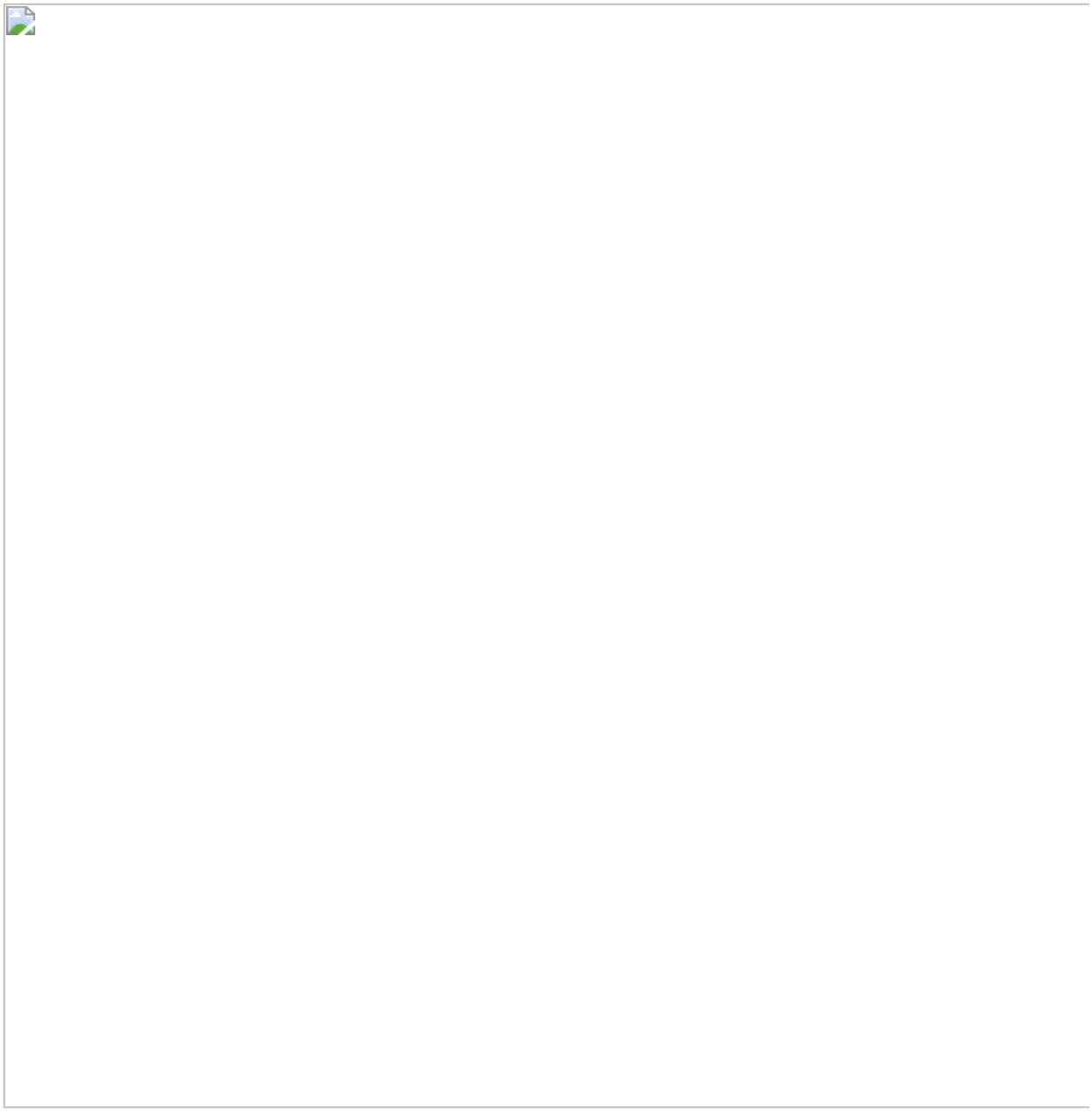
Thank you for reading :) Keep strong for nnn

18 days



forgive me pls for not updating sooner

***

Roman always had a problem with sharing. During recess, whenever another kid was using *his* ball, he would fight, scream, and kick until he had it back. It was the perfect ball- round, that effortless shade of yellow, and had just the right amount of air.

He loved... no fucking adored all his 150 colored pencils, using them with such care and protection. He didn't let anyone lay even a finger on them, they weren't meant to be passed around or ruined by other hands. They were his, his aunt bought them specifically for HIM. He didn't know why people weren't taught manners.

He hated sharing his toys with his cousins, so much that he would hide all his toys, even the fucking Batman figurine he hated because its eyeball was gone. He hid them under the couch or piled them upon blankets until his cousins left and he promptly put them back, where they safely were.

But it was just a phase. Every kid was like that. Little brats who thought the world was about them and obviously didn't learn "sharing is caring" but he would grow out of it. Surely, he would.

How fucking wrong he was.

He watched the sun-kissed girl giggle again. Her blond curls were looser than his, her smile held more joy than his, her body more curvy. He would compliment her, probably try flirting with her, but god he was furious.

She kept laughing. Giggling at whatever Will's smart-ass mouth created, but he knew Will wasn't that funny, so she had to be faking it. She had to think the sun was shining out of his ass the way she giggled so loudly.

Roman and Will had been on the beach since their morning bonding exercise, consisting too much of touching for a friendly game of would you rather, but they managed to push through, fighting over breakfast like usual before they were lounging on the beach. They have been making decent conversation, almost laughing at what each other said, and looking somewhat interested in their words. It was an odd, but somehow gratifying.

At this moment he would kill for another bonding game. He wanted Will to call him stupid or dumb like he always did with that handsome smirk.

Instead, he was smirking at her. Making her laugh. Making jokes at her. Talking with her.

Briecca or some dumbass shit let her mouth fall in a stupid way to let her stupid laugh get out of this stupid world so the stupid blond would hear. He should find another way to say stupid. But it just summed up how everything. Like how Roman also looked stupid, half buried in the sand because the boys were in the process of burying him in the sand.

He burning holes into the girl's forehead, debating if he should just drag Will away and lock him away. Let's say, Will was his least favorite toy. Sure he's rough around the edges, not rough on the eyes, but he's a bit rude, so sarcastic, such an egotistic asshole. But he wanted the toy. The annoying toy was fun to play with (figuratively and literally) and he enjoyed being with it and having its attention. So, yes, 100% he would hide him from his cousins getting their slimy and dirty hands all over his toy.

When she laid that filthy hand on his shoulder, Roman scrunched his face up. He wished he had a frisbee, or a football to throw at her face. He began to get up from the sand, his hands thrashing around to get it away and shimmying his hips to get out of the hole.

Suddenly, he heard more voices and he looked up, a group of 4 other girls coming slowly towards them. He cursed under his breath and watched the blond stand up to greet them. He had a charming smile, wrapped an arm around one of them, and looked at them with such a flirty and contented look. It annoyed him.

He watched, somewhat like a creep as the night passed. Crouched down in his hole, arms crossed as he watched a get-together unfold before him. Someone had brought beer, seltzers, little pretty fake coconut cups with green straws, and Roman's will to actually kill himself.

"Hey." A girl greeted as she approached Roman. He had to look up because he was still buried in the sand like an idiot.

He gave a half-assed grin. "Hey."

She crouched down, closer to Roman so he could see her soft brown hair and smile. He would've called her pretty if his eyes could move from that annoying blond.

"How ya' doing there?" She gave a baffled look at his buried state, "Having fun being buried?"

"Does it look like I am?" He snapped.

She shrugged, "Yeah, you look pretty happy." She chuckled. *Who the hell was this?*

"Wanna finish the job?" He glared, hoping the girl wouldn't want to get her hands dirty and just leave. Instead, she got on her knees and began covering him in more sand. He felt his eye twitch as he stared in annoyance.

That's how Roman's afternoon went by. The girl bent over and threw sand all over him, making him into a mermaid tail. Light music slowly filled the air, someone had brought a drink cooler, and people were chatting around his mermaid body. But he began sweating. Pounds of sand did that to a person. The annoying girl just continued burying him, occasionally trying to ask him a question before he shot her down. But she at least put Roman's mind away from Will mingling and laughing. It was like that. An evening filled with jealous looks and glares and rolls of eyes. It was filled with miscommunication and ignorance. But who the fuck talks about their feelings? Definitely not Roman and Will.

So he simply just looked. He would stare, the blond's body looking too good against the sun, his muscles glistening with light sweat, his dimples prominent as he smiled. His body arched around people— Roman noticed how touchy he was to people, always having an arm around their waist or over their shoulder, and rubbing their shoulders when they said something funny.

He wondered why Will was just ignoring him.

Will was having a pretty good time himself though. He was always the laid-back one. Or the talkative one. Or the obedient one. He had this persona. Multiple actually. He felt like a completely different person in front of

anybody. To teachers, he was respectful, smart, and the teacher's pet if he must. To his parents, he was this obedient, silent boy who listened to their every word and responded with a "ma'am" and "sir." To his friends, he was laidback, funny, and too arrogant to truly form those tight friendships. To girls and guys, he felt the need to impress, he was flirty, smart, touchy. To Roman, he was his cocky self, a bit aggressive, and way too hard on him.

He didn't know who the fuck he was. It was easy to turn them off and on. Switching with every person and multiple times a day. Sure, everybody was different around their parents and friends, but they had a personality. Did he? Is he just written, mindlessly differently every day because some author switches up how he acts every second? Or is it because he needs to please everybody, changing his whole personality just to please them even when he doesn't want to?

So yeah, it was easy to tune out everything and just consume himself with every person. He was snapped out of his trance when a girl tapped his shoulder and offered him a seltzer. He took it almost aggressively before instantly looking over at Roman. When Will noticed the odd look the girl gave him, he instantly straightened up with a smile and mumbled a thank you. She smiled and opened a seltzer they clinked their cans together and took a sip. She ventured off while Will leaned against the fence, catching glances over at Roman.

He was being stupid. He wanted to talk to Roman. He wanted to joke and laugh with him, but a part of him couldn't accept that's what they've become. He didn't want the change, absolutely none of it. He took another sip, gaining to courage to not give a fuck and attempted to move toward the dark-haired boy until a hand slid past his shoulders.

"Hey." He turned to the blonde girl.

"Hey, Amanda." Will smiled, his body becoming less tense as he settled again on the fence with her.

"Killer party you're throwing," She smirked, "I mean, at least no one's throwing up at this one."

Will chuckled softly, remembering her party like it was ingrained in his head. Because it was. Will's had many drunk hookups and flings. But he would've never imagined it with Roman. He was probably the straightest guy he knew. He couldn't wrap his mind around how hard the raven-headed boy was. How he shivered and flinched at every touch Will did. How he came so fucking fast.

It was cute.

Will smiled at the memory, "It's a rager here, I don't know what you mean."

She scoffed, taking a sip of her drink, "I'll make sure to spread the word."

"How kind of you." He bowed as she softly giggled. "I don't think your party school can beat this party right here."

She glared with an accusing finger, "I might go to a party school, but I'm still a fucking genius."

He challenged an eyebrow, "Oh yeah? What do you study?"

She scoffed, "I don't need to prove myself to you. Especially a guy still in high school." Will instantly tensed in confusion, before she bent over laughing. "God, you guys may look old but you act like you're 12 years old."

Wills has been told that way too many times.

"Is it really that obvious?" He cringed as he covered his face with one of his hands.

She put her hands up as she spoke, "Hey, as long as you don't tell anyone I'm supplying you alcohol, then we're good."

"Putting you in jail sounds a bit enjoyable." He snickered.

She pushed his shoulder aggressively and he laughed before bringing her in with his arms.

She leaned into the touch, "You'll be rotting in the cell right next to me, I'll make that happen."

He knew she would definitely make that happen if it came to it "You wouldn't do that to a boy barely out of high school, would you?" He gasped dramatically, adding a hand to his heart to really pull it off.

She rolled her eyes, "I would. But if it's any recollection, I find you way more interesting than guys at my college."

He raised his eyebrows, looking at the blond before his eyes moved elsewhere to see Roman from afar. The girl had left him alone, and he slightly smiled at that. "At least I've convinced one person." He smirked at her.

"A lot of fuck boys over there," She rolled her eyes, taking a moment to allow her eyes to linger somewhere afar from Will before commenting, "Like your little boyfriend over there."

He scoffed, brushing it off easily, "He's not my boyfriend."

Then she scoffed. But when she noticed the confused and stupid look on Will, she erupted into a full-on laugh, completely howling at him. He just stared wide-eyed. "The way you guys humped and flirted at my party, you might as well be." She managed to say through her fits of laughter.

Will got red, of course, his face erupting into a deep blush as he looked away from the girl. God, she was probably a psych major by the way she could just read him.

Then he suddenly saw Roman scrambling in the sand, getting up all covered in sand. "I think you really are a genius," He laughed, letting his arms fall away from the girl's shoulders.

"Yeah? So am I also right to say he's your boyfriend?"

"No." Will didn't have feelings for Roman. He didn't get mad over a television, debating in the middle of the night to just smash it to pieces

because Roman couldn't keep his eyes off it. He didn't want to strangle that girl for talking with Roman. He didn't have feelings for Roman.

Yeah.

"... Not yet?" *Was she this pushy at the party?*

He turned and glared at her, "Trust me, he'd be the last person I'd date."

"Well, from the way he's looking at us, he looks jealous." She giggled, turning around to look at him.

Will looked to see the dark-haired boy finally get out of the sand and stomping toward the house they swore they hated. He watched Roman's hips snap with every step, his ass following a rhythm as he walked. He couldn't get over how beautiful he looked, especially the way the sunset gleamed against his wet strands and muscled back. He had to bite his lip as he watched all the way until he was in the house.

Will bit his lip as he looked at the empty spot on the sand. He'd ignored him the whole time because he knew. He knew if he did, he would've flirted. Given a touch on his muscles. Maybe even kiss him. He was drunk, and he's made too many mistakes drunk.

What would everyone else think of him seeing him kissing and being touchy with a guy? He had tried so hard not to care. Not care about the looks. Not care about the remarks. Not care about being gay. But he couldn't, his body wouldn't allow him as he became a crumple of nerves straying in the background.

He liked that Roman and he were alike that way, sure Roman basically screamed his personality by one word. He did absolutely what he wanted without giving a single fuck about what would happen. Sure they were different, but they both felt this need to hide specific parts of themselves. Will liked that about Roman.

"Go on, get your man." Amanda suddenly interrupted as she noticed Will staring at that slammed door. He turned to glare, taking a moment to see that careless look on her face. He smiled as her face looked up at him, not in the

disgusted way he thought it would be or the look his dad always gave him. She looks supportive.

He smiled softly before his feet were already moving and going toward the house quickly. Looking back to see Amanda cheering at him softly and he chuckled softly.

He walked inside, seeing the familiar patterns of sand on the floor. He followed it, like a treasure hunt leading him into Roman's room. He opened it slowly looking at Roman's naked ass.

The boy turned around with a confused look.

"What?"

Will tried not to notice his naked body and instead fidgeted with his fingers at the door. "Why'd you leave?"

Roman grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist. He shrugged and got closer to Will.

He can't know I'm jealous.

"Just got tired." He shrugged, looking straight at the blond with his hands on his waist waiting.

They stared at each other. To Will, Roman looked too masculine, everything a girl couldn't give him with those bushy eyebrows that he seemed to like whenever they scrunched up, his striking eyes staring without any embarrassment or remorse, his muscled body he couldn't help but admit he liked way more than any girls, that deep voice of his. Everything felt masculine about him and Will couldn't handle that sometimes.

"Will you come back out when you're done?" Will asked quietly.

He watched the boy loudly sigh, picking at his waist for a piece of sand. Will's eyes lingered at his waist, wondering how many times he'd grabbed them when he...

"I think I'm just gonna eat dinner." He shrugged nonchalantly.

Will perked up, "I'll make some for you."

Roman gave an annoyed expression, "I can cook for myself."

Will could laugh. "Are you sure you want to do that?" He held a teasing lift in his voice. "You almost burned the dumplings I made last week."

His nose scrunched up finally looking up at Roman, "That was one time."

Will quirked an eyebrow, "Yeah a very smoky one time." He laughed, his voice teasing. Roman didn't bite.

"I don't need you to fucking feed me every time." He snapped.

Will looked at him up and down, "Okay, I was just tr-"

Roman cut him off with a sharp pull, "What, Adler? Trying what?"

The blond stepped closer, "What's your deal right now?"

Roman scoffed. He always seemed to have a deal, and Will always wanted to fucking know it. "Why do you care?"

Now Will scoffed. *Why did he care?* "Because you've been acting pretty weird since the afternoon."

Roman felt a burning desire in the pit of his stomach, "So I ask again, why do you give a shit?"

Will was confused. Tormented. Fucking annoyed by Roman's words, "I don't know?!"

"Well, you can go figure it out outside." Roman instantly started beating himself up inside, wondering how much of a jealous girlfriend he sounded.

He instantly looked away, tapping his finger on his hip.

Will's eyes softened. *Was he jealous?* Then a slight smirk came to his face. "Are you j-"

"Will you fucking move so I can take a shower?" Roman finally snapped.

Will instantly frowned as his eyes went wide-eyed. He wanted to confront him. He wanted to put him in his place. Tell him he can't fucking tell him what to do. Instead, he silently stepped back.

Roman almost didn't expect it, surprise all over his face before he hesitantly took a step out the door and walked past Will.

15 days

With every step he took, he felt like he was going backward. First Roman and him are fucking like rabbits, then they're fighting over who moved the blanket. Then they were laughing with each other, but then right after they were ignoring each other. With every push they gave, one pulled back

And so many steps have been taken forward lately. The way they were able to share the bed now without a huge argument or trying to shove each other off. The way they fell into a schedule of bonding exercises, eating breakfast together, and spending the day together laughing and fucking was comforting. It felt like things were falling into place nicely. Like they were at least friends at most. But last night seemed to have reversed everything. Their relationship was fragile. Sensitive. One snap of the fingers and everything they subconsciously worked on came crashing down.

Will figured this out when he woke up. Normally the sun would peer through the tall windows and a dark-haired boy's body would drown in the sun's rays.

He would notice his tousled hair and laugh, to which he would get mad. He would then complain about Will's horrible sleeping habit of taking all of the blanket when they slept and how freezing he was in his thin pair of boxers. And Will meant thin, almost skin tight that left nothing to imagine and led to some morning fucking.

But this morning was different. His warmth wasn't there. There were no asses. No bratty mouth mouthing off. No jokes being spit out. The bed was empty.

Will instantly got up, stumbling a little as his slight hangover caught up with him. He grabbed the small throw blanket from the bed and wrapped it around him, holding it closely around his chest. He stumbled out of the room. He instantly took notice of how cold it was, his bare feet on the wooden floors, and the slight chill up his spine.

The first thing he noticed was how quiet it was. Too quiet. On other days the house echoed with Roman's snoring, on others, it was filled with his piano

melody, and on some, it was the sound of brushes and paper clinking together. But it was silent, the ocean's faint noise the only thing he could hear.

He pattered his feet on the floor, slowly inching toward the living room. He immediately noticed his curly hair, his head over the edge of the couch with his eyes on the ceiling. Will pursed his lips. If he had to guess what last night was about, he would've said Roman was jealous. He would've found it hot if the boy didn't get so mad about it. But why did he feel the need to apologize? He was having fun last night, pleasing the fuck out of everyone except Roman. *Was he having fun?*

His feet finally caught up with his brain as they maneuvered their way toward Roman. He approached him at the edge of the couch, Roman's blue eyes instinctively met his. They were emotionless. Something really fucking odd.

Will's mouth suddenly got dry. "Hi." He mumbled though it didn't even sound like he said anything before he cleared his throat. "Hey." He said with a clearer voice.

He watched Roman's eyes on him for a second before they averted away. "Hey." He merely mumbled. Will stared wide-eyed, his blanket still wrapped around his bare chest as he watched the dark-haired boy get up, almost like a clueless child.

"So why didn't you sleep in the room?" Will asked softly again.

Roman's eyebrows scrunched up. He was pissed. "Because I didn't want to."

Will bit his lip, "Are you okay?" Back then, Will would've shrugged it off. Okay, he just didn't want to sleep in the bed. He was overthinking. Overanalyzing it like he does with everything. But he knew Roman. He knew he was lying when he scratched behind his ear. He knew the hurt tone in his voice. No matter how much Will didn't want to admit it, he knew fucking Roman Fortes.

"Why wouldn't I be?" He had that judging look on his face, trying desperately to conceal whatever he was feeling.

Will just stared at him, trying to get something out of him but the boy scoffed softly again. He walked past Will and stomped himself into the bonding room. Will watched carefully and with a heavy sigh. He was going to get through Roman's thick skull.

He followed him silently, not sparing a glance as he got the bonding box for today. He read the instructions and grabbed a deck of cards before walking over to Roman who was curled up on the floor with heavy hooded eyes and a glare set on the floor.

What was he thinking all night?

Will sat opposite of him, crossing his legs before he called out, "Roman."

"What?" Roman snapped, his voice hoarse and rough.

"You need to sit upright so we can play the game," Will mumbled, reaching toward the deck of cards.

Roman felt his eye twitch. William Adler telling him what to do? He would've tried ripping him apart back at school, and although that sounded tempting, he simply groaned and dragged himself up and sat crisscrossed.

Will nodded and began shuffling the deck of cards, the sound reverberating against the walls in a constant reminder of their awkward silence. He gave each of them seven cards and placed the rest of the cards between them.

"We have to play three card games. Go Fish, Slapjack, and 21. The winner gets whatever is in the box." Will said and without a mere insult or twitch of an eyebrow, Roman took his cards, looked at what he was dealt, and waited for Will to grab his. But the blond just stared, perplexed. He'd never seen Roman act... so silent and obedient. Maybe he would've taken it as an improvement in another life. Maybe this beach house has really changed him, but Will knew better.

"You wanna go first?"

Roman glanced at his cards before he mumbled, "Any sevens?"

"Go fish."

Roman drew a card, "Any threes?"

"Go fish."

Roman drew another card, "Kings?"

"Go fish."

Roman scrunched his eyebrows. He planned on ignoring Will completely, showing no emotion whatsoever but this game was already tugging at his hair. He stalled to grab another card to glare at Will and muttered lowly, "Fucking ridiculous." He grabbed the card before mustering up another question. "What about a queen?"

Will smiled softly, plucked a card from his deck, and dragged it to Roman.

"Any aces?" Will retorted. Roman handed over an ace and started organizing his deck. After a long silence, Will attempted to say, "So... Roman." He wanted to know what happened last night, why Roman got so pissed. And he's seen Roman get pissed at the drop of a pin, but it felt almost different last night.

"Any threes?" Roman interrupted instead, his sole focus on his cards.

He silently grabbed the card and handed it to Roman, "Roman, can we talk about last night?"

Roman stiffened as he stared at his cards.

"Ro-"

"It's your turn to ask for a card."

Will drew his lips in and sighed, "Any fives?"

"Go fish." Roman silently mumbled.

"Look if you were jealous last night, I understand I me-" He grabbed his card from the deck.

"Adler, you don't know what the hell you're talking about!" Roman suddenly yelled.

"Yeah? Why'd you get so mad last night then!" Will huffed before adding, "Do you have any sixes?!"

Roman practically threw the card at Will, "I don't need to explain everything I'm fucking feeling all the time now give me a fucking nine!"

Will handed the card over, "If you're not jealous, then what? Stop being so stubborn and just talk to me!"

"I don't want to!" *Who the fuck cared about talking?* He didn't undertake the concept of it, someone always ends up hurt or disappointed. And Roman was not going to feel the latter.

"Why?"

"Be-" Roman looked lost for words. What was he going to say? Cry and scream how jealous he was of some girl that the blond was being all buddy-buddy with. First of all, he would never admit that, especially to William fucking Adler. Second of all it made him sound like some attention-seeking 12-year-old schoolgirl. He was definitely far from that. "Because- I just."

Will crossed his arms and waited for the boy to answer.

Roman's face progressively got redder, with embarrassment. "Because- Oh you know what fuck this!" Roman quickly got up and stormed out

"Wait!" Will yelled as he threw the deck of cards to follow but the door slammed in his face.

***

So things went to shit. A few steps down the never-ending staircase. But there was always time to keep climbing.

Which is why Will made a plan. It was a bit extreme. Maybe a little dramatic, but what else could he do?

He crept into the living room well ready for phase one. He noticed Roman on the couch, much like he was this morning, looking up at the ceiling all sprawled out and sleeping. Will pranced over, a makeshift blindfold in one hand and zip ties in the other. His plan was a little on the radical side but being forced into a house while being withdrawn from food also seemed a little dicey.

He looked at the defenseless boy. *Do you know what was great about getting to know Roman?* Getting to know how much of a deep sleeper he was. Will carefully moved his arm away from his face, placing it on his chest and bringing the blindfold above his eyes, tying it on the back of his head. He hesitantly grabbed his wrist, bringing them together and wrapping a zip tie around it. He connected the zip tie, tightening it until he felt it was good enough.

See? Deep sleeper.

Now onto phase two. He climbed the boy's lap carefully and slowly and leaned down to his ear.

"Roman." He whispered but the boy didn't move. "Ro." Will ushered again, letting his fingers trail down his chest. Roman tightened his eyes a little but didn't fully open them. "Ro." He whispered again, trying to wake him up with his soft whispers but all he received was nothing.

He quickly leaned back up with an annoyed stare. He brought his hands to Roman's shoulders and started shaking.

"Wake the fuck up." Roman jolted hard, almost hitting Will's head in the process.

Will watched the clueless boy look around with his scrunched-up eyebrows and deepened frown. "What the hell?" He pulled against the restraints on his wrist before looking around dumbly with his blindfold. Will chuckled softly.

"I have a surprise for you." Roman couldn't see him but he could feel him grinning.

He chose to ignore Will and gritted, "Get these things off me."

"I remember a time I said that and a specific boy didn't answer." Will retorted.

Roman groaned when Will got off his lap and pulled him up by his arm. He stumbled momentarily, not gaining a second to level himself as Will was already grabbing his arm and pulling him.

"Wa- Wait give me a second." Will stopped and turned to look at him. "Oh okay well you listened. Get me out of these right now, Adler." Roman spoke, not even looking at where Will really was with the blindfold over his eyes.

Will rolled his eyes and continued pulling him out of the house, "You really don't understand the word surprise."

Roman felt the sand between his toes as he was being dragged to god knows where. He thought he was still supposed to be mad at Will. "I'm not in the mood for this." He grumbled.

"You're never in the mood for anything." The blond retorted.

"Anything involving you." Roman snapped.

"Do you really want me to remind you of a-" *all the times you were begging for my cock.*

"Okay, never mind." Roman blushed before he said anything else.

Roman guessed Will led him further down the beach, his feet landing on soft sand with every passing moment. It felt eerie walking in complete darkness except for the ocean's harsh waves and the annoying crickets.

"Okay we're here~" Will sang, his arm falling down from his tight hold on Roman's bicep.

Roman honestly had no idea what to expect. Maybe a buried hole with his name on it. A cliff Will was planning to push him off. A sex dungeon. From the way Will was acting, it could be anything.

He felt fingers in his hair, untying the blindfold before it softly fell from his eyes.

"What's this?" He scrunched his eyebrows, taking in the warm area.

Will smiled, "It's a little party." It was a bonfire, slowly burning. There was a blanket laid out and a cooler to the side of it, probably water and drinks inside. But on top were fried boiled eggs and chips on a platter.

Roman smiled.

Will did this for him? "How'd you get the food?" He simply uttered after a long while of silence.

"Well..." He mumbled almost looking ashamed. "You know, Coach doesn't really have proof that we do these exercises." He smiled shyly as he took off the zip ties on Roman's wrist, "So I just told him we did."

Roman was taken aback as he turned to Will with a smile. "Wow, Mr. Uptight rule follower broke a rule." He was amazed. Shocked Will did that. But he instantly went toward the eggs and stuffed one in his mouth. God he fucking loved them.

Will scoffed but Roman continued his teasing. "Aw," Roman cooed, a mouthful full of fried boiled eggs, "You're just filled with shame, aren't you?"

Will ducked his head with a smirk, waving his head side to side as he watched Roman gobble down another egg.

Roman looked up to Wills hazel eyes staring at him, a faint smile on his face. Roman looked away, indulging himself with the eggs. God he loved Wills's cooking, he's missed it all day.

Will watched contentedly. "Are you enjoying those?"

Roman had grabbed the whole plate to himself and plopped himself into a chair, "Um." He lowered the egg back down from his lips, "I guess."

"C'mon, you can give me a compliment you won't die." Will glared a hint of playfulness in his voice.

Roman cringed, "They're fine."

"Aw, but I lied to someone for you." Will teased, walking closer.

"I never asked for that." Roman exasperated.

"But I did it anyway," Will said, crouching down to bring an egg into his own mouth.

"Well." Roman drawled out before his eyes met the hazel-eyed one. "I guess they're good then."

Will smiled at him with a knowing grin, it made Roman's heart skip a beat. He had to cough and look away.

"So..." Will trailed off, his tone of voice could only mean one thing to Roman. "Is this party better than last night?"

Roman stared thinking. He stared at the dark ocean that disappeared into the dark abyss, as he breathed in the harsh smoke from the fire. He felt like shit last night, even though he was surrounded by girls and loud music, it wasn't what he wanted. It might just be Will and him tonight but he didn't feel alone at all.

"Yeah." He mumbled quietly.

Will smiled softly, "I think so too, most of those girls were annoying."

"Really?" Roman asked, maybe a little too quickly.

"Yeah," Will laughed, staring right at Roman, "Would've preferred to just lie down and read." He extended his elbows behind him and looked up.

Roman smiled, "Grandpa."

Will snapped his head to him, "Don't let me remind you how you couldn't even get out of bed a few days back."

Roman bit his lip. *Maybe because someone blew my back out the night before.* "I don't think it's because of that."

Will gave a knowing smirk and they fell into silence. Roman had finished all the eggs eventually and lay back with Will too looking up at the stars.

It wasn't until Roman started pointing out stars did Will realized how human Roman is. All these years he's been just decompressing him into this stereotype, seeing him as nothing more than that. But here he was naming out stars and showing what each formed and what they meant. He wanted to ask where he learned that from. Here Roman was, being a complete surprise to him and stirring up something in him he didn't think Roman ever could.

***

I wanna say thank you to those who are sticking around and going through my bad posting schedule. I'm getting better hopefully and I've got a lot planned for future chapters. Thank you for 92k shits crazy. Also, YOUr_BL_AdIcCtIoN helped write this chapter so yk praise her and shit

14 days [M]

It was too early.

For Roman at least, to Will it was perfect. The sun slowly burning in his eyes, but not enough to blind him. The heat radiating perfectly against him,

but not enough to burn him. The sand was warm against his skin, but not itchy. Perfection.

"I'm bored," Roman complained, rolling onto his side beside Will who was just trying to enjoy his morning.

"Boring people get bored." Will pointed out, his eyes closed as the heat radiated around his body.

"You calling me boring, Adler?"

Will sighed and turned on his side, his hand sliding over Roman's waist as the other propped up his head. The dark-haired boy's eyes lingered on Will's hand thrown over his waist. His eyes snapped back quickly when the blond spoke, "Tell me a joke then."

"Do you know what happened to the Italian chef?" He bit his lip as he tried to contain his smile.

Will groaned, "What?"

The dark-haired boy spoke, in a horrible Italian accent, "He pasta-way." He waited for the blond to laugh with a stupid grin. But Will just stared with pointed eyebrows.

"Yeah, I think I was calling you boring."

"Ah, you asshole!" Roman struck at Will, bringing his torso down as he climbed his body and leaned down to point a finger at him, "That was funny."

Will rubbed his hands down Roman's lower thighs, "Does it look like I'm laughing?" He cocked his head with one of his smirks.

Roman narrowed his eyes at him before he slid his hands onto the blond's abs and began tickling that one spot he remembered. The blond's eyes instantly widened, bringing his hands to push the dark-haired boy off, but his body had already reacted and pulsed with soft laughter.

"Fuck you!" Will spit out as his voice cracked and whipped against the boiling hot air.

Roman responded with a chuckle at the uncontrollability of the boy while Will took the moment to grab Roman's shoulders and flip them quickly. Being slammed onto the rough floor, Roman watched Will hold a tight grip on his chest with his thighs gripping the sides of his hips.

"Fuck, don't take it so personally." Roman groaned, rubbing the back of his head dramatically. Will began to drag his long fingers against Roman's body, from his neck to his shoulders to his stomach. They shared confusing looks.

"What... are you doing?" He would've been aroused if it wasn't for Will's confused look on his face.

"Where's your tickle spot?" Will threaded his dome Roman's body.

Roman smirked, "I don't know... maybe you should check my shorts."

Will innocently nodded, bringing his fingers to Roman's skimpy shorts, tight enough to prevent sand from getting stuck. His hands cupped over his semi-hard dick as he looked over at Roman with a playful smirk.

"You don't seem ticklish here." Will cocked his head to the side with a sly smile.

"Maybe lower," Roman demanded. Will softly slid his hand down the dark-haired boy's purple shorts and took Roman in his hand. His rough hand moved inside the boy's shorts, maintaining the steady heat of his gaze on Roman, his eyes holding a quiet intensity like the unwavering sun that seemed impossible to ignore.

"Will..." Roman sighed with a subtle groan, looking down with slow eyes at Will doing something he never thought a guy would ever do to him. Especially Will.

The blond leaned down to Roman's chest, taking his lips across the tanned boy's skin with another slow groan. What he was about to say wasn't going to sound weird or awkward to him. It was a need. A want. "Can I fuck you?"

His voice was low, not louder than the seagulls squawking but enough to be heard over the soft waves of the ocean.

Will noticeably paused his movements as Roman's fingers slipped into the soft gold creases of his hair— his body and voice caught by something he wasn't ready to name. "I... don't... think... so," The blond mumbled between kisses on Roman's hard-earned abs.

"Will, please." He was not the same person he was when they first arrived here. He needed Will. Not to be his, but to know him in a different way. Know him the way the blond knows him. He wants to know his ticks. What gets him on. Hear him be completely consumed with pleasure he can't help but beg. *It was a fucking need.*

"Why when your face just screams that you wanna be fucked." Will chuckled softly and almost arrogantly, it tensed Roman up.

Suddenly Roman wrapped his legs tightly around Will's waist and flipped them around. He looked down at the boy with his disheveled blond hair.

"Let me fuck you." He glared, going to untie his shorts.

"No."

"Asshole," Roman mutters lowly.

"You've got a nice asshole." Will smiled, rubbing Roman's thighs softly with his palm.

"Will. I'm serious."

Will laughed with the tip of his head, "Me too." His hands slid from Will's thighs and down to his ass with a slight pinch of his fingers.

Roman stared with knitted eyebrows. Maybe he could get what he wanted one way. And that one way was sure to get Will to accept.

"How about we do a challenge?" The dark-haired boy smirked.

Will gazed softly, his eyes gliding across Roman's who was consumed in the allure of the sun. "Hm, a challenge now?"

"Yeah," Roman drawled out, trying to seem sexy as he moved onto Will's lap and leaned down to his lips, "Wanna play a game?"

"I like where this is going." Will's eyes flickered from the dark-haired boy's eyes to his lips.

Roman gave into the secret request, connecting his lips with Will's slowly before whispering against his lips, "And whoever wins gets to fuck the other."

Will's eyes narrowed but his smirk never left his lips. "Good thing I'm going to win." Will mused, grabbing the back of Roman's neck and letting their lips scrape against each other.

"You didn't even hear it yet." Roman pushed Will away.

"Babe, I don't need to hear it to know I'm gonna win." That condescending voice snickered.

Roman raised his eyebrow. "Oh really."

"Yeah," The blond breathed out, "Let's go inside."

"Why not here?" He teased. Normally there weren't many people at the private beach at any time of the day, maybe the occasional couple. Even then, someone could just walk past them any second.

"Ro," Will snickered, "I'm not fucking you on the sand."

The dark-haired boy persisted, "Well, I'm happy to fuck you on the sand."

"Someone's gonna come and then what?" He argued, his eyes steadily studying into Roman's.

"Then we'll give them a show."

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"Fuck." He really didn't think this through. It was too much, the slick hands moving up and down his dick and those thick fingers jutting inside him. It had him shaking. Paralyzed with pleasure. Condensed him into nothing but a moaning mess, unable to speak or even move. This was clear as his hand hovered over Will's dick, pathetically unable to even hold up his part of the challenge as he received his own pleasure.

This whole game of *whoever comes first gets to fuck the other* seemed so stupid now. Roman thought we would win, but here Will was. The blond was winning, but it felt so much like Roman was winning by the way his stomach stirred up with pleasure and his noises got louder and desperate.

They moved further away from the public's eye, underneath a tree with a towel over the sand. Roman had pushed Will down on the towel, but that didn't stop the blond from instantly taking charge.

When Will jerked his fingers in deeper, Roman grabbed onto the boy's arm. "This game might be too hard for you, hm?" Will mused.

Roman tried to get words out but all he could do was moan and grip Will. Quickly, Will sat up, so Roman was right in his lap, allowing a better grip on his length as he jerked his fingers inside and out of the boy.

All Roman could do was whine as Will continued, "It's only been a few minutes, you're not this close to cumming, aren't you?"

Roman let an incoherent groan. He really was. It was embarrassing how close he was. Even more that it was in front of Will.

"Wanna cum and show everyone how desperate you are for me?" Will couldn't get enough of Roman. How sexy he looked right now in his lap, his bronze skin slicked with sweat, and the haughty noises he made. Especially in public. He felt lucky, how he was able to make this angry and stubborn boy into this whimpering mess.

Roman was never used to this... treatment. He has never been a loving type, not much of a player either. He didn't go seeking girls but when he did find

one, he was anything but submissive. He wasn't compliant and sensitive to touch. *What's Will doing to him?*

When Will's hand gripped his dick tighter, he instantly felt his stomach tie up in knots and his sanity walk away as he grabbed Will's jaw and forced him into a kiss. It was sloppy. It sounded so filthy and needy. Roman instantly came, strings coming out of his dick onto Will's stomach. His body tensed, and his muscles spasmed, while he emptied all this pent-up energy. He came for a long while, and when he finally stopped a ringing sound still lingered and his vision was still blurry.

But Will didn't care about that.

"Fuck." Will lowly chuckled, "You're so fucking sexy, you know that right?" He grabbed Roman's hips, pulling him forward so his dick was between the dark-haired boy's thighs. The blond looked down at the cum on his abs, dipping his finger in the white substance.

Roman fell into a haze, watching Will's abs tense and churn with hooded eyes. He already felt himself getting harder just watching the blond. *It was getting too much* , he thought before he felt a twitching dick positioning itself inside of him.

Roman snapped his eyes to Will, "Fuck! Wait..."

Will smirked, "I won right? Don't I get to fuck you?" Roman thought this would go a whole different route, but here he was as always, desperate and hard. "You'll be good and ride me, hm?" Will lowly spoke with a smirk, before he brought his hips up and pushed into the dark-haired boy.

"Ahhh— Mmm." Roman silently moaned, his whole body lighting on fire by the blazing sun and Will pushing into him. His legs tightened around the blond's waist as his already sensitive dick twitched. *Fuck.*

Will panted silently, filling up the boy as much as he could. His instincts kept telling him to just fuck the boy senseless, and god did he listen. His hips felt uncontrollable as they grinded in and out of Roman over and over again. He's been so hard, watching and pleasing Roman, he was scared himself that he'd cum from just hearing Roman's moans. But here he was now, drowning

in the pleasure with Roman. And it felt good. How tight and warm Roman was, was something he would always remember and crave. Roman whined in his lap, making these high-pitched noises whenever his dick hit him right where he wanted.

"God, Ro," Will muttered lowly, looking down at the dark-haired boy's dick standing tall and proud against his stomach and his dick kept disappearing deep into the boy.

"Harder, harder, hard-" He chanted lowly, his shut eyes looking up as Will hoisted him up and down on his dick faster. Quicker. Sharper. Harder. Felt too good. " *Mhm, thank you, thank you.* " Roman freely moaned, his mind and body completely devoured by Will.

"You're welcome." Will groaned out, watching Roman getting sexier and sexier by the second. He brought his hand to Roman's dick, having a tighter hold and flicking his wrist. Roman already felt close to cumming, even after cumming just minutes before, but Will was pushing him off the edge. He's never been such a horny guy until this blond uprooted his whole life.

Then he felt those hips slow down, the grip on his waist become less strong, and the pleasure slowly disappearing until his dick ached. His body ached.

"Wha-" He tried to say as Will rubbed his thighs.

"You can do it," Will smirked, biting his lip up at Roman. The Brazilian stared down, dazed and lost in pleasure as he tried to register what Will said.

"Do what?" He mumbled.

"Ride me, c'mon. I thought you wanted to give people a show?" He grinned.

I say some dumb shit when I'm horny, don't I? He thought as he brought his hip up and down on Will, but that's all he had in him. His thighs and ass hurt, he had no energy. He just needed Will to make him feel good. *Why isn't he doing that?*

He was getting mad. He looked down at that cocky look on the boy's face. " *Fuck* ." He muttered. Him and his stupid challenges... *Well, maybe he could*

still win.

He mustered up some strength, gripping Will's pecs and preparing his thighs by tightening them around Will as he brought himself up and then down. "Ah." He moaned as that familiar feeling came back, and instead of waiting for some useless blond to make fun of him, he chased that feeling. He brought his body up and down on Will's dick, quickening with his pants and groans.

"Oh fuck, Ro." He heard the blond boy mangle out. He looked down, with a smirk instead. Will may be fucking him but who's to say he can't *torture him?*

Roman rode him. Rode him like some bucking bull, riding his hips almost punishingly onto Will as he slammed his dick in and out of him. His curly hair bounced with every moment, along with his muscles that tensed and jounced. His knees had a deathly grip on the blanket as his mouth opened freely to let his heavy and loud moans out. *If this wasn't giving a show, he didn't know what would.*

Will felt motionless. "Feel good?" Roman teased, and it felt like the tables had turned. The repeated pleasure of Roman's tight ass was ripping him apart. He watched the tan boy slow his hips, lean back, and let Roman watch his dick slowly disappear into him. He watched the dark-haired boy's teasing smile and slowly grinding himself.

"Yes, yes fuck! It feels good, okay?" He groaned.

Roman liked the power he had. It went on for a long while. Riding Will with all he could muster up, the sounds of his thighs slapping against Will along with their moans. Then he would slow down. He'd watch Will crumble as he tried to fuck into Roman, but he didn't allow it and rode him slowly and threateningly. He liked watching him beg and moan for more.

It got tiring for Will and the idea that someone could easily just appear and see them had him on edge. He grabbed the teasing boy above him by the neck and brought their lips together. He kissed him hard, the other boy's hips

never giving out as he repeatedly smashed his cock inside him. They panted in their sloppy kiss, trying to hunt what felt good.

"Cum for me," Roman whispered against his blond's plump lips with hooded eyes and a tortured dick.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Will chanted in their open-mouthed kiss, pulling his tongue into the boy as his hips jutted into him and finally began to release. He held onto the boy's hair with a death grip, consuming himself in whines and moans as he came deep inside the boy. String by string he came undone, pressing his lips to the boy.

Roman could feel Will filling him up even more as the warm feeling coated his guts. He listened to the blond whimper like he did and he himself quickly sprouted himself onto Will's stomach once again and came crashing down on him with a groan.

They gasped and panted, pleasure rolling off them like the waves in the ocean in front of them. It was hot between them, their heat enough to keep them in a trance. They listened to the birds, and hopefully not the sounds of people running on the sand.

"So much for buying condoms." Will finally laughed, rubbing the boy's back comfortingly.

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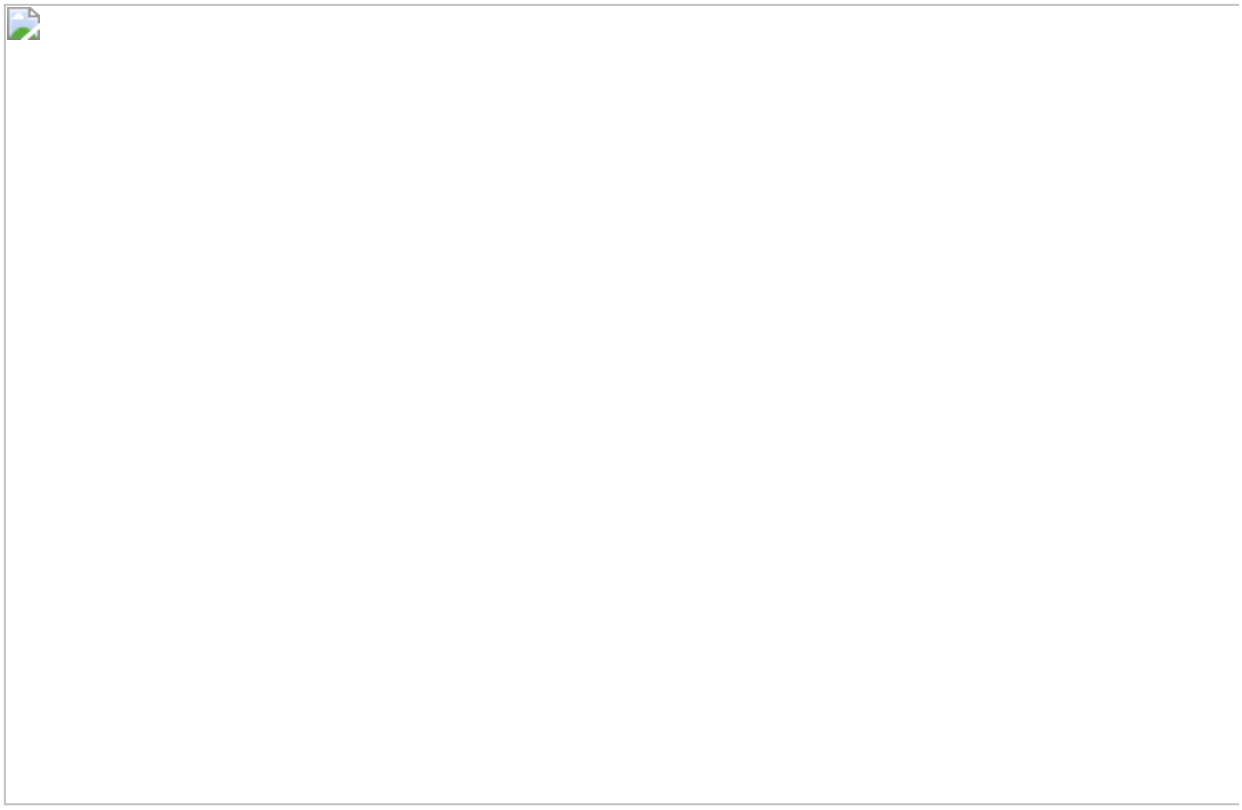
I'm on a beach rn I better see no one fucking behind me Vote if you enjoyed

11 days



"Wow, these bonding exercises just keep getting more and more creative." Will snickered as he threw the instructions at Roman, imagining it hitting him straight in the face, but his dreams faded away when Roman caught it and looked down to read. Both *of you make your own bonding games separately, and when completed, compromise and combine your games. Then do the exercise you created.*

Roman wasn't in a playing mood. Late at night, Will decided to play Bloody Mary in the mirror with Roman, no matter how much he protested. After that Will went straight to bed while Roman stayed wide awake staring at the ceiling as he waited to get fucking murdered. He kept looking at the door, flinching at every sound. It sounded stupid but he hated scary movies. Roman ended up having Will hold him to fall asleep.

He grunted a response toward Will, snatched a piece of paper, and went off into the corner of the room to work on his exercise. He sat down, crossed his legs, like a baby in time out, and started writing his amazing ideas on the paper.

From the couch, he heard a scoff, "Why did you go so far? I promise I won't copy your paper."

Roman rolled his eyes, "It's the rules."

"Wow, that's the first time I've heard you say that."

Roman shrugged, adding the simple words "sex" on his paper before putting his pen down. What? It was technically an exercise. If that counted as a bonding exercise, then they should already be out of this place. He looked up to Will who was completely concentrated on his paper now and writing diligently. He sighed in his quick maturing boredom, looking around. When he found his watercolor set on the table and his notebook, he quickly grabbed it before retreating to his corner.

He looked around. The computer looked too boring to paint, the bookcase even more so. Then his eyes settled on a blond that wouldn't look too bad on paper. He penciled in the basic background and Will before he started swirling the colors around.

He started at his hair that has significantly grown this past month, so much that he had to run his hand through it to get it out of his face and curl it past his ear. He even noticed the brown roots the boy had, he looked oddly more innocent without his complete blond hair. He created the blond and brown flow, each strand blending together to his face.

He then went from his masculine eyebrows to his hooded eyes and curved eyelashes covered by his black-rimmed glasses. He took note of his pursed pink lips that he bit a few times as he focused on his paper. He stroked his brush across his jawline and cheekbones. As he started at his neck, he happily painted his purple hickeys on them. Time passed slowly, but as Roman painted him he could never truly grasp how pretty Will looked. That handsome, *are you even real?* type of pretty.

Roman let his brush draw down Will's body, his muscled body tightening against his clothes. His mere boxers grasping his hips loosely and his d-

"I'm done, come on." Will finally called out, waving his hand over. Roman didn't answer as his knitted eyebrows stared at his paper and he continued his painting. "Roman." Will shunned.

"Coming." Roman groaned, leaving his watercolor painting and weighing the paper in his hand that had one of the greatest bonding exercises.

The dark-haired boy sat on the couch as Will smiled up at him with anticipation. "Okay, I worked really hard on this. So this exercise is put into 2 different categories and then it's ended with a reflection. First is the physical one where we take turns being blindfolded and the one not blindfolded has to lead them through the house. Then the blindfolded one has to trust them not to bump into something or anything. The next one is a mental one where we're in this situation. The one I came up with, which I have 3 other ones we can do instead, or just all together. The first one is we're stuck in a submarine with limited oxygen and we have to assess the situation, find all the resources, make a plan, solve any conflicts in the plan or with each other, and make the plan. We're gonna draw our process while we're doing it so a six-picture plan. So after these two we're gonna do a reflection. Some questions I made up that we could ask are; *What is the most challenging part of the exercises? How can we apply these exercises to our real life to help our relationship? How did we build trust and communication with each other? How does understanding each other's physical and mental capabilities help our friendship?* Then we answer our questions, share, and do more reflection on what we said until we're saying almost the same thing and understanding each other more."

"Wow." Roman merely said, "Mine is way more complex than that."

Will gave an offended look, "Let me see that then." Roman gave him the paper that he quickly snatched and read, squinting his eyes until his lips turned tight-lipped and he turned to Roman with a glare.

"What?" Roman chuckled, "Sex can cause lots of problems." He pulled his hands up in his defense and Will began chuckling.

"You're so dumb." He glared. Fucking Roman or his complicated game? Before he even had time to think, he was already climbing Roman, his thighs on the other side of his legs, straddling him as he placed his hands on his scruffy jaw. Roman's hands went to his hair and quickly connected their lips.

Without getting into the *boring* details, Will fucked him hard into the couch for a while until they got hungry.

Done, Will typed out on the computer before sending it to Coach. He leaned back in his chair and turned to see the Brazilian dangling off the couch, naked and everything with his bronze skin and toned body glistening with beads of sweat. The sun from the floor and ceiling windows consumed him completely as he stared at the ceiling. He looked way too good. Will was gonna approach him to completely devour him but then the computer dinged.

What bonding exercise did you guys make up?

Will recalled their fingers gripping at each other's skin, shivers going up their bodies, moaning and groaning against their mouths, and dicks grinding on each other.

I fucked Roman... He deleted his response, *Cardio.*

He went to open their box today once he received the code. He'd probably make tuna salad to Roman's dismay but a painting stopped him. It looked a little like himself. He looked at Roman concentrating on the ceiling, looking dazed himself as Will grabbed the painting and appeared the dark-haired boy. He leaned down to his knees and extended his face toward the boy's cheek, before whispering, "Nice painting."

Roman jumped up and looked at the painting in Will's hands. "Give that back!"

"Oh, you're gonna jerk to it later?"

"You fucking asshole." Roman lunged toward Will, but he took a step back with a grin.

"I mean," He brought it up to his face to look at the intricate painting. No one had ever done something... like that before, "I look amazing."

" *Puto* , i-it's not even you!"

"I don't see any other blonds in this room." Will smiled.

Roman opened his mouth before shutting it and attempting to grab it again with a lunge but Will turned on his heel and ran out of the room. Roman didn't hesitate to run after him.

Will laughed as he dodged the boy's grasp, running past the kitchen and into the living room. This felt like major deja vu. Will hauled the paper away from Roman as he tried everything to grab it.

"Oh come on, it's so good." Will smiled but Roman didn't care as he grabbed his waist and pushed him into the couch.

"It's not yours." He gritted. He was on top of Will, climbing him to grab the paper from his extended arm. Will pushed his arm further and further, enjoying watching the boy struggle against his chest and groan as he tried to get his painting.

"But I like it so much, can't I keep it?" Will teased.

"No, you bitch." Will finally put the painting down but quickly put his hands on Roman's waist and flipped them so Roman was trapped beneath him. Roman looked up at the blond silently smiling at him, "What?"

"The drawing is good."

"Not it's not."

"Yes, it is."

"Not it's not."

"Yes, it is."

Will ran his hands through Roman's hair and wrapped his arms around his neck, "I like it, so shut up."

Will watched Roman cover his face with his hands, a hint of blush behind those hands. He laughed at the boy and dragged his hands from his neck to his cheeks pushing him into a kiss. He could feel the heat against the dark-haired boy's cheeks and lips, as he tasted every part of his lips. They kissed each other fast, parting their lips ever so often to catch a breath before they were chasing each other again, making their lips swollen and pink.

Roman's hands went to Will's neck, gripping it hard so his lips always came back to him. Will's hand moved underneath his shirt and across Roman's soft and smooth body. He grabbed the dark-haired boy's waist tightly. Their kiss was more controlled than others, savoring every touch and feeling instead of it being so sloppy and wet. Roman finally managed to slip a tongue into Will's mouth, their chests heaved against one another as Roman's hands moved down and down to his shorts, unzippi-

The door opened and echoed in the room, forcing the boys to scramble away from each other as they looked at the door.

"Wow, I know we wanted you guys to be friends but I didn't think you'd take it this far." Reid snorted as Roman took his hands away from Will's ass and they slowly drifted away from each other.

***

"My cousin's friend's dog's previous owner was gay."

"Reid."

"I met him once, so you know I'm woke."

"Reid."

"Is that offensive to say?"

"Reid."

"Okay I lied, I never talked to him but I knew his name."

"Reid!"

"It was Alan if you want I could hook you guys up. Well, I guess you already have each other but don't you guys like threesomes?"

"Reid!" Roman yelled.

"Yeah?" He perked up at Roman.

"Please stop talking." Roman was drowning in embarrassment.

"What? I walk in on you guys making out and groping each other and I don't get a sorry?" Reid crossed his arms, staring at the two towering boys.

"Reid!" Roman called out and looked over at Will who couldn't help but chuckle.

"So... Reid-"

Roman's eyes widened as he pulled Reid close to him and interrupted, "I'm going to talk to Reid privately for a minute." He glared, grabbing the brunet by the wrist and dragging him into the kitchen.

Once they were far enough, Reid smiled, "Wow, no wonder you fell for him. The way he said my name gave me shivers."

Roman felt his eye twitch.

"I didn't fall for him." He gritted out.

Reid laughed, "Yeah yeah. So, what's the story there?"

Roman glared at the boy. *God, how did this even happen?* "What are you even doing here?"

"Coach was busy so I offered to drive down. I got you guys a shit load of food." He grinned. Somehow it was better Reid walked in on them rather

than Coach. "Now are you gonna come out yet?"

"I'm not gay." He glared. Oh, he was definitely gay. Bi at least.

"Yeah, and I'm not attracted to Will." Reid sarcastically chortled.

He gave a long pause, "What?"

"Nothing." He scoffed with a smile, "But I'm honestly not shocked this happened. Every time you guys fought, it looked like you were gonna fuck the next second." He laughed, "It was creepy to watch sometimes."

"Ugh, don't say that." Roman groaned.

Reid snorted while Roman just stared uncomfortably. With every single bone in his body, he hated this situation. Anything with confrontation, or even talking about it made him uncomfortable. He's never even thought about... what would happen when these two months are over. What Wills and his relationship would be after this? He really didn't want to think about it.

"But seriously," Reid stated, "Whatever you guys are, I hope you're happy"

"We're not anything, stop saying that." Roman snapped.

Roman felt hands on his shoulders and a soft smile directed towards him. He looked down at Reid's soft features. "Hey, it's okay. Whatever's going on, I'm here for you." He smiled, "I've really missed you."

Roman rolled his eyes and looked down at Reid's dirty sneakers. "Yeah yeah." He muttered.

"Now let's just go get the groceries and have a good time."

"I really missed you." Roman smiled and Reid reciprocated with his toothy grins that he recognized. Reid looked exactly the same, littered with freckles and a head of overgrown messy brown hair. Nothings changed.

A familiar head of blond hair appeared in the corner of Roman's eyes with a stupid grin. "Done talking about me?"

Reid let go of Roman and leaned back on the counter. "Don't be so conceited." Roman glared crossing his arms.

Will narrowed his eyebrows at the boy while Roman couldn't help but glare.

Reid looked at them both before laughing, "It feels like my two parents are fighting and I have to pick a side."

Will chuckled, "Well, which side."

"Shut ip, Will. You know which side to pick." Roman pointed out. He looked over at Reid who stood standing between them, looking between both of them.

Before Roman could say anything else, Reid decided upon saying, "How about we just go unpack my car."

"You know which side, right?" Roman called out before narrowing his eyes down at the blond. He turned around with a huff and followed his friend back outside to the car.

The boys unpacked quickly. It was filled with Reid and Roman messing around with each other and Will trying to get them to hurry up. Then Will decided on making a tuna salad, to which he argued with Reid about. At least Roman wasn't the only one who didn't agree with Will's vegetarianism. Reid ended up making sliders for the two of them with melting cheese and a big fat slab of meat. Then for blond, Reid ended up just giving him a bowl of lettuce, which Roman and Reid laughed about. After eating they ventured off the beach.

It was a calm day. The sun shining with little clouds in the sky and the currents low. Roman was being buried in the sand by Reid as Will layed back on the towel he laid out with a book in his hand. To Roman, the day wasn't going as bad as he thought it would be.

"You would look sick with a mermaid tail." He pointed out, leaving Roman's chest out as he covered his legs.

"Just make me look beautiful."

"I got you." He chuckled, starting to form a mermaid tail on the sand for Roman. He went by quickly, making the shape and creating designs on the tail.

Reid looked over at Will while he worked, "What book is that?"

"The Old Man and the Sea." Will smiled, turning the cover over for Reid to look at but he instantly squealed like a little girl.

"I fucking love that book. I could never get into that one but For Whom the Bell Tolls is his best one."

"Everyone likes that book." He laughed, turning over to his stomach to face Reid, "I thought the Old Man and the Sea was stupid at first, but this is my second time reading it and it's easier to appreciate it now."

"I know but I just needed him to throw the fucking fish back and the book would be over."

Will smiled, "But it's not just about the fish, he trying to hold onto it for other reasons."

"Maybe I'll try it again, but really For Whom the Bell Tolls is really his best work," Roman sat there like an idiot. *Why would someone read about an old man and the sea, he sees those everywhere.* He got up.

"While you two bitch about some fish, I'm going in the water." He glared, leaving the two boys alone.

As he forced himself through the harsh waves and the copious amounts of saltwater getting in his mouth he really thought. Thought about Reid finding out and how chill he was. They used to laugh at homophobic jokes before. *Was Reid gay? Or can some people just accept it?*

He tried not to think about it much but seriously, he didn't care much about what everyone thought of him. But he felt a need to hide this part of him. It's none of their business to know what he did in his own time or if he liked it up the ass. Who gave them the authority to care or ask about what he did? Do people not know manners?

He kicked and thrashed in the ocean, almost trying to fight it as it pushed and shoved him back. Reid and Will watched the dramatic boy thrash in the ocean.

"You know." Reid threaded softly over at Will who was laughing at the other boy, "Roman doesn't hate you."

Will turned to the brunette with an odd grin. "He doesn't now?"

"Well not anymore, it seems. I really never understood why he hated you so much." Reid slowly spoke, almost questioning it.

"Well, I was a real asshole to him." Will laughed. The number of times he's initiated fights and arguments with Roman was too much to count.

Reid was quiet before turning to the blond, "So, you don't hate each other anymore?"

Will chuckled lowly, "I don't think Roman would admit that."

"Well, could you?" He asked, almost interrogating the blond.

Will didn't skip a beat, "Yeah..." He looked at the Brazilian in the water, water dripping down his body as the sun consumed him. "He's really a mystery."

He grinned and looked down, "Yeah I know. Just try not to be so mean to him."

"What?"

"I know how you guys are... But he's sensitive." Reid knew Roman. He knew he didn't care. That's his *saying*, he didn't care. But he looked different.

Will gave the brunette an odd look, "Sensitive?"

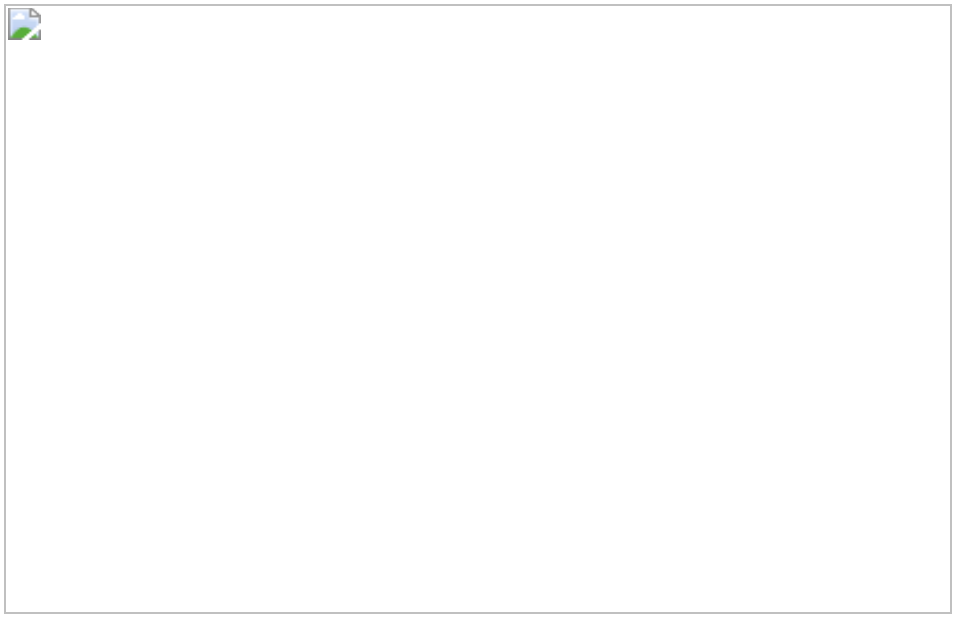
"Just... He might not seem like it but things people say stick to him." Will stared at him for a long while. Reid simply just snorted before getting up.

The blond watched him run down the hot sand and into the ocean, swimming until he was with Roman. He saw the bright smile on the dark-haired boy's face as his friend climbed onto his back as they played in the water. He stared for a while, absolutely conflicted in his head for no reason.

***

100k 😟 I love you all :)))) Also, I got a job interview today HELP ME

8 days



"Did you forget to turn off the stove?"

Will looked up, mid-bite of his eggs, with an offended glare, "You think I would forget to turn off the stove? I make this amazing breakfast for you and you question if I turned off the stove?" He threw his fork down to glare at the dark-haired boy.

"Well, it smells like gas in here." Roman simply muttered as he shrugged.

"The only gas here is my food."

Roman rolled his eyes and shoved his fork of eggs in his mouth, "Shut up and turn the stove off."

"Maybe you left it on," Will replied.

Roman glared, "Me now? You won't even let me near the kitchen, let alone the stove."

"This sounds exactly like you, to turn it on so you can mess with me." Will stared with narrowing and confronting eyes.

"Are you trying to blame me now?" Roman snickered, disbelief strong in his voice.

"I'm just saying," Will continued, curving his lips. "I would never try to mess with your head like you're doing to me right now."

"Now you're trying to sweet-talk me." Roman deadpanned.

"Is it working?" Will grinned, in a cocky way as he tilted his head down toward the dark-haired boy.

Roman groaned as he put his fork down. He could never win with Will. "No. Now go turn the stove off, it stinks in here." He accused.

Will looked around, "I don't smell anything."

And he's had it. Roman grabbed Will by the wrist, he was a little heavy with the stubbornness and arrogance holding him down but he eventually got him into the kitchen. They shuffled toward the stove, where a fire flickered in heat.

Will turned a light pink as he looked over at Roman, "I told you so!"

"Well- I only left it on a little." He tried to reason as he embarrassingly turned the stove off.

"Oh, a little?" Roman scoffed with a small crept smile, "I'm so relieved, the house would've only burned down a *little* ."

"I'm sorry," The blond mumbled but Roman's eyebrows raised, silently urging him to continue. Will turned to him and basically rolled his eyes back before he uttered, "I'm terribly sorry, Ro. Forgive me for almost burning the house down with the stove on low. This doesn't reflect on my other better attributes."

Roman smiled softly, wrapping an arm around Will's waist, and locked eyes with him. "Hm. What type of better attributes?" A stupid smirk played on his lips.

Will played along as he pursed his lips and slid an arm around Roman's neck, "I think you can figure it out, you're a big boy."

Roman squeezed Will's side, "I'm a visual learner."

Will snickered, "Oh, are we now?" Will tugged at Roman's shorts as he pulled the two of them to the dining table. He pushed Roman down on the chair and placed himself on the boy's lap, his thick thighs wrapping around Roman.

"Is this how you're apologizing?" Roman teased, his hands being pulled toward the blond's waist.

"Maybe?" Will smiled, his lips edging their way to the boy's neck, swiping across his smooth and tanned skin.

Roman leaned his head back slightly before he said, "You know what's a better apology? Admitting I'm the best and hottest person you know." He gave a toothy grin.

"I already take that place," Will said as he bit the boy's neck playfully, enough to entice a hiss. He smiled against his neck, scraping his teeth against his neck and jaw.

"You're full of yourself." Roman groaned.

"I can make you full with myself." Will retorted.

"Ugh." Roman's final words were before Will embraced him in a kiss. Hands tightened around Roman's waist and hands clenched Will's hair.

Filthy sounds filled the room with their heavy breathing and their lips smacking against each other. It felt exactly like every kiss they'd shared, which was way too much to count, but every one of them felt different it still gave that chilling sense in the pits of their stomachs and it still made

their hearts beat hard against their chests. How could something as easy as kissing feel like this? The idea of kissing each other lost its shock factor a while ago, but still, they were left breathless and enticed for more and more of each other.

Will's hands slid off Roman's waist, reaching underneath his shirt to his abs, dipping his fingers into every crevice and muscle definition he felt. They went up to his chest, massaging his chest before he pinched his perky nipple, making the dark-haired boy tense up. Roman's hands were tamer, as they lay softly at the nape of Will's neck and delicately moved into his hair to softly tug at the blond pieces.

"Will." The dark-haired boy ushered, trying to cut their kiss short so that Will would listen, but he just continued to make out with the boy.

"Hm?" Will responded between kisses.

"Let's go to the bed." He whispered in that desperate and wanting voice that Will relished in every time he heard it.

A loud blaring noise came from the bonding rooms, stripping their moment away as the boys froze. Will quickly tried to get off, but Roman's hands tightened on his thighs.

Will have him a look, "I'll be back."

Roman laid his head back with furrowed eyebrows, "Who cares who's calling. Just stay with me."

"I'll be back." He smiled, giving Roman a small peck on the lips before sliding off his lap and skipping toward the bonding room.

Will turned into the room and instantly picked the phone up, a stupid grin stuck on his face from Roman. He's been smiling so much that it began to hurt, and he didn't know if it was concerning or not.

"Hello?" He asked before his dad's voice erupted into the phone.

"Hello, son."

He tensed up. That smile ran away from his face. His dimples blended back into his skin. The way he twirled the phone cable in his fingers stopped.

"Is there something wrong?" Will asked, his voice instantly softening.

His dad grunted into the phone. He could tell he'd been drinking and well, dads and alcohol did not work together. "When are you coming back?" His dad slurred through the phone.

Will fumbled to look at the cat calendar in the corner of the room. "8 days."

He heard a loud sigh on the phone and the clinking of glasses. "I'm still shocked by how you got yourself in that position."

"Well-"

"I sent you to school so you could what? Fuck around?" His voice got louder.

Will pulled at his finger. "No, it was just..." He didn't even understand how he got into this situation.

"You can't even give me an excuse? How pathetic." He coughed into the phone before continuing, "How is it I raise you to do great things and accomplish great things, but now you have your scholarship on the line and found yourself messing around for two months? Did you plan this, huh? Are you trying to ruin the future I worked fucking hard to give you?"

He really was wasting time away here. The time he can spend working on this future. These two months with Roman... mean *nothing* . But it didn't feel like that to Will. He could be out volunteering, worrying about college, getting internships, working on his fucking future... but he's here, messing around with Roman...

But honestly?

Truly, honestly, and full-heartedly, he wouldn't want to be doing anything else.

"Schools over, I'm here so I can still get my scholarship-"

"That doesn't matter!" His dad snapped, his voice erring into Will's ear. "You don't decide what's important to you! You fucked up, at least he was able to admit that. All the shit your mother and I go through just so you can do whatever you want? No!"

Will felt that shaken feeling. Every time his parents opened his mouth, he just wanted to please them. "I'm sorry-"

"What does sorry fucking do? You're all excuses and excuses, I swear to god you're pathetic."

Will remembered when he had gotten a bad test score. He had been sick the days following the test, cuddled up with his cat in his bed. When his dad found out, he blamed the cat for distracting him. Will cried and fought that his cat had nothing to do with it and that he would study more next time. But his dad didn't listen. First, he dragged the cat out of the house and left him outside. Will's cheeks were permanently wet the whole night, looking out his window. He continued like this for a week, disregarding everything and waiting for his cat to return. When his dad caught onto what was happening he confessed the cat was gone. Gone in the way he went to a faraway land with rainbows and glitter and shit.

At least he never made that mistake again.

"Yes, sir." He whispered.

"How do you expect to get a good job and be a good man if you can't even control your impulses?"

He couldn't even answer. *Was he really this horrible?* He hated how he acted like his dad sometimes. It was just torment to be told to act or be a certain way, and yet still be told they do it because they love him. They loved him, in their own fucked up way, but that didn't mean they liked him. They could love him like a son, loving the idea that he would make them proud and they actually created someone of value. But they didn't have to like him, how he acted, the stupid things he did, or his faults. But they loved

him, and because they wanted the best for him they could torment him with insults, comparisons, or-

"I can't explain how unbelievably stupid you are, I should've sent you to boarding school!"

He laughed. He would probably be even more uptight and privileged.

"Are you seriously laughing?"

He held the phone tight to his ear, his palm sweating as he held it up with glistening lips. "Yes."

"Where's the respect, I'm your father you don't laugh in my fucking face-"

He shut his eyes, his eyebrows bitter together in pure frustration, "This conversation is going nowhere," He gritted out.

"I'm telling you how disappointing you are, right now, maybe it'll make you grow the hell up!"

"I'm 18!" He yelled, realizing the full 18 years he grew up chained up to his father's wrist didn't apply anymore. "I'm not even sure I want to go to college." He truthfully answered.

"Are you fucking serious?" Will jumped in his place from how loud his father's voice was, "Jesus Christ! William you are fucking going. I don't care if I have to force you but-"

He slammed the phone down as hard as he could.

He tried to regain himself, rubbing his clammy hands on his shorts, fixing his hair that he tugged on the whole time, trying to calm down the beating sound of his heart. He heard the phone ring again, and he quickly unplugged it.

He wanted to forget it.

He blindly left the room, his finger permanently in his mouth picking at it. He saw Roman at the table. All he felt was just relief. He was horrible at saying what he felt, every time he did he was dismissed. But his life at home, whether his dad or mom was just all a blur. All bad memories and bad feelings. With Roman now, he felt like a breath of fresh air. Someone he looked out for comfort, no matter what he wanted he looked for him for some sort of comfort. He made him feel good.

"Oh, hey." Roman grinned, face stuffed as he turned to turned at Will.

The blond tried to find the strength in his voice, "Hey." He mumbled back, his voice slightly shaken and weak.

Roman gave him an odd look but Will was already moving to his seat before he could say anything.

"Uh, so who was it?" Roman asked as he finished up his plate.

Will's eyes refused to look at the boy as he looked outside the window. "My dad," He absentmindedly spoke.

"He need anything?" Roman asked, looking right at the bond.

"No... H-He was just asking when we're going back."

Roman's eyes shot open, "Shit, that's soon, right? I can't wait to get home." He grinned as he leaned back in his chair.

Will gritted his teeth, "Yeah same."

Then Will felt a hand at his chin, forcing his face toward a concerned dark-haired boy. His eyebrows were knitted and he had a questioning scowl, "What happened?"

"What?" Will half laughed as he tried swatting his fingers away.

Roman's eyes just narrowed but before he could see Will's redness in his eyes and his soaked cheeks, the blond pushed him away.

Something was wrong, Roman noted. He continued staring at the blond looking out the window. "So, you're excited to see your parents when you leave?" The dark-haired asked, trying to see Will's reaction.

He noticed the blond tensing next to him, looking everywhere except the pair of blue eyes looking at him. "Not really... You?"

Now, Roman tensed. "I mean, I'm excited to see my aunt."

Will's eyes furrowed as he continued, "Oh yeah, sorry." He always wanted to ask why his aunt came to the principal's office, instead of his parents.

Roman wouldn't have shared. He really wouldn't have. The topic was as sensitive as something could get, but he knew Will was conflicted about something. Maybe he needed some honesty. "I don't live with my parents."

"Oh." Will's eyes furrowed, unsure of what to say but Roman continued.

"You know this scar on my lip." He leaned in closer to Will who brought his hazel eyes up to look. From here he would see the redness in his eyes.

"Yeah," Will remembered their time at the beginning of the beach house where he asked when he got the scar, and the dark-haired boy dismissed it.

"I don't really remember how I got it, but I was ten and I was driving in the backseat with my parents. We were coming back from this theater- or shit I think it was the fair." He laughed while Will stared with all his attention, "I forgot but we had to go up these really tall and swirly mountains to get back home. I remember being scared because it was so dark and I was getting sick from all the turns we were doing... But there was this drunk driver."

Roman moved around in his seat, pausing to look at Will's expression which held his divided attention, "Um, well you know how that ends up." He softly chuckled as he watched Will's eyes soften, "I only ended up with this scar and a gash behind my thigh, but I moved to my aunts after that." He trailed off.

"Shit, I'm sorry that happened to you." Will bit his lip, grabbing onto Roman's arm. All his problems felt so small compared to the dark-haired boys.

"Anyway," He laughed, trying to lighten the mood. "All I'm saying is we all got family issues, and I'm not comparing our situations or anything... But I'm always here to talk about family things." He awkwardly got out with a soft smile.

Will had never seen Roman so differently. His blue eyes held so much emotion. His eyebrows narrowed down in comfort. His lips blended into his mess of dimples. His hair splayed over his forehead. He looked entirely different.

Before he could think, his body was going toward Roman, and his arms were wrapped around his chest.

"What are you- Oh." Roman looked at the blond mess of the boy, his arms around him as he hesitantly brought his arms around Will.

They didn't say a word. Their bodies just silently held on to each other. It was a good moment. He just wanted to be wrapped around his arms. The warmth. The heat. The feeling. That feeling of someone hugging him. He couldn't remember how it felt.

"You okay?" Will could just imagine how weird he was being just because his daddy yelled at him.

"Yeah, I'm just... cold." *Best excuse, Will, really.*

"Oh." Roman simply said, seemingly conflicted before he said, "Let me play the piano for you." Within a second, Roman was up but Will tried to bring him back down for the hug. Roman just grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to the uncomfortable piano seat.

Roman propped the blond right next to him, letting the blond throw his leg on his thigh and lay his head on his shoulder.

He looked down at Will. "Uh, do you like Sufjan Stevens?" Roman asked.

"Do you play him every night?"

Roman blushed, "Yeah."

"Then yeah."

Roman smiled, nodding softly before adjusting himself on the piano and beginning the song. Will laid his head on the boy, the warmth just enough. He tried not to think about anything except Roman's threading voice as he softly began.

The first time that you kissed me.

Roman lightly sang the lyrics to Will, just above a whisper as he switched between the notes.

The last time that you touched me.

He focused on the notes, hoping it was making Will feel better.

Shall I find no other?

"Blessed be the mystery of love.." He finally whispered, finishing the song. The piano note stung into the air as it slowly but surely went away.

"You know," Will began, "I started hearing you play a few days after we arrived here. Your alarm would wake me up and I'd get mad about it before I saw you on the piano. Then whenever your alarm turned on, I'd just watch you play for a few hours."

Roman remained speechless, resulting in him just laughing it off and mumbling, "Stalker."

"Shut up and play something else for me." He smiled

"Okay." Roman nodded, a proud smile as he played the first note of the next song.

Roman played another song for him. And another. And another. He kinda liked this type of praise. He's never shown anyone he could play, other than his aunt. And although he loves playing for her, he felt so good playing for Will. What was getting him nervous though was when Will kept rubbing his hand on his thigh while he played, tensing him up and almost making him miss a key. Will's hand kept getting higher and higher.

During a song Roman was playing, Will's hand grazed his a little too high on Roman that the dark-haired boy had to pause and turn. "Why'd you stop?" Will innocently asked.

"You're getting a little friendly down there." He half chuckled.

"Oh, I didn't even notice." He voiced with a slight chuckle, moving his hand back to his knee.

"You sure?" Roman chuckled, his hand reaching behind Will's neck to bring him closer.

Will snickered, "The hand has a mind of its own, what can I do?"

"Maybe stop teasing me while I'm blessing you with my musical abilities." Roman offered.

"A humble man you are." Will softly connected their lips together.

Roman inhaled deeply as he took in the blond's lips, his hands bringing him forth. Will scooted his thighs closer to the dark-haired boy, letting his desires consume him as he climbed on top of him and kissed down his neck. He left love bites down the boy's neck. Roman's hands were tightening around the boy's waist and second by second getting tighter and tighter while his impulses got stronger.

"Will." He muttered lowly.

"Hm?" Will responded, too busy with the tanned boy's neck.

"Let me fuck you."

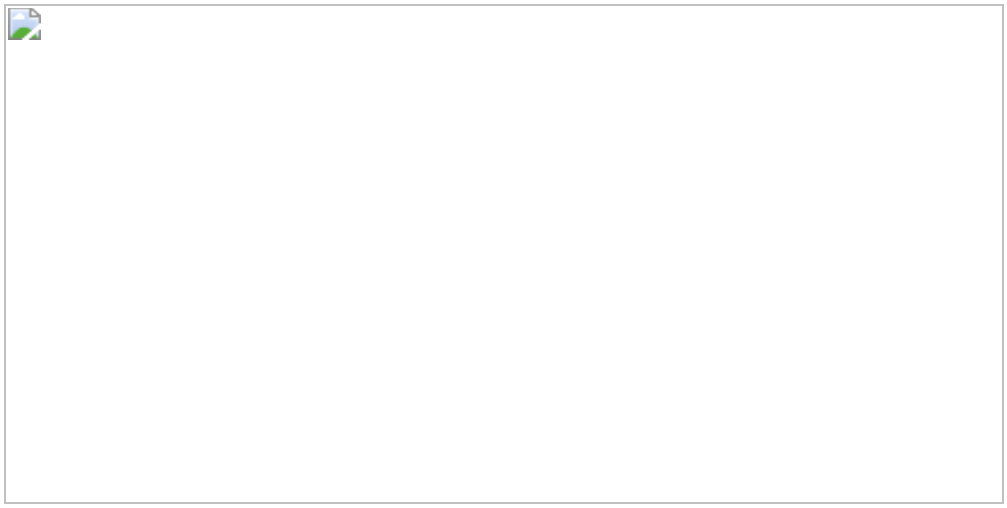
There was a pause while Will kissed Roman's neck, "Please."

***

uh hey anyway how do you wanna see the next chapter play out?

Vote if you enjoyed :)

7 days [M]



Hey :)

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Roman wiped the damp cloth against the blond's freckled skin. He rubbed down from his collarbones to his chest. The blond was slick with dried sweat and cum on his abdomen so Roman made sure to slide the cloth everywhere.

He finished cleaning himself, taking note of how pretty Will looked. The way his blond hair sprayed out on the pillow with his naked muscled body sprawled out with a sheet barely covering his lower half. The sun filtered into the room and directly on his smooth fair skin. He looked so peaceful, especially with his lips slightly pursed and open as he let out soft breaths. His body was littered with marks, bright pink bruises from Roman's doing which he does not regret in the slightest.

Roman's eyes were basically assaulting the blond, he had to look away. His dick already getting stiff just remembering what they did last night.

"Can I fuck you?"

It might've been how nice Roman was being. Comforting Will with the piano and kissing him tenderly. Or maybe how he trusted him and Roman told him something personal about himself.

"Please." He whispered.

It was a scramble after that, Roman becoming a blushing mess as he tried to get Will to repeat what he said. Will simply took Roman by the jaw and kissed him.

It was just like that. Roman had already developed into a bundle of nerves. To the hairs standing on his forearms to his stomach churning. His pants were already as tight as they could be. He melted into the kiss, letting the blond's lips do whatever he wanted as he didn't want anything to change the boy's mind. Every movement had his heart beating and beating an- Okay, he wasn't being this dramatic.

He was gonna *fuck* Will really *good* .

Roman grabbed Will's thighs and brought him up before pinning him to the piano, the sound of notes jumbling randomly filling the room. But Roman ignored that and instead listened to Will's heavy breathing as he kissed him.

"You've been teasing me all morning," Roman smiled between kisses, "Bedroom, now." He demanded as he pulled Will off the piano. They slammed each other against the wall as their fingers reached the hem of each other's shirts and pulled them off. They almost tripped as they kissed, spending a little too much time indulging each other as they bumped into walls. Roman opened his bedroom door and smirked as he pulled Will in and shoved him on the bed. He shut the door with his foot and climbed the blond.

He cupped the blond's soft chest with his hand, letting his hands roam down the muscle and softness he felt. "You're so sexy," Roman mumbled while he stared down the blond's body, but Will nonetheless chuckled.

"Why, thank you. Now, hurry up and get my shorts off." Roman grabbed Will's waistband and pulled them down without any hesitation to feel how

hard Will was.

He smiled softly at the blond before connecting his lips to his abdomen, kissing between every dip on his body. The dip in his abs, the curved pathway to his crotch, the ridges of his thighs, simply everywhere, he splurged marks and kisses.

Roman's eyes lingered on the boys, enjoying being watched as his lips trailed down to the blond's hips and crotch. His tongue felt the warmth and need of Will, he didn't waste time to sink his mouth over the blond's length. They both groaned as Roman's mouth became fuller and fuller and Will's dick got deeper and deeper into his throat.

"Fucking Christ, Ro." He groaned as his lower back curved.

Roman grabbed the blond's waist while he forced the boy's dick out and into his mouth, using his tongue to keep the boy on edge to dig into his tip. "More, more." The blond moaned, intoxicating Roman with his voice. *How could he not listen to him?*

Will's hips shifted up, running after the heat in Roman's mouth. Roman connected his hand to the boy's dick, running his fingers against his length, leaving him squirming. Roman's lips went lower and lower, feeling the blond's balls quiver in his mouth as they permeated the room with noises of soft kisses and heavy breathing.

Roman looked up at the blond's exasperated expression, "Reminds you of last time, huh?" He teased.

"Just shut up." He glared, letting his head fall back when Roman finally gave him the pleasure he wanted. He pressed himself down into Roman's tongue, gratifying the pleasure of the dark-haired boy's tongue slipping into him.

He forgot how it felt. *God* . He forgot how good it felt the first time. And now he's here, voluntarily shoving his ass into Roman's face as he gripped his hair and begged for more. He's willingly looking so wrecked and used,

just from Roman's touch as he slid his calloused hands up his body sensually, gripping at his chest and gripping at his slutty waist.

"Roman." Will mewled lowly.

Roman swiftly brought his face to Will's, who gladly reciprocated the movement. It was a battle between their lips, pushing and pulling closer. Roman flipped them over so Will was right on his lap. His hands threaded down the blond's muscled back as they sucked each other's lips in.

When Will felt a lubed-up finger right at his ass, he pulled away from their heated kiss and looked at Roman's wandering eyes. Roman grinned softly with that stupid look while Will shook his head as he nuzzled his face into Roman's shoulder. Roman let his finger rim him every so softly before he pushed a finger in.

He didn't see him get the lube conveniently in his nightstand.

Will hissed as he bit into Roman's neck. Roman's fingers began fucking into Will, slowly at first. Maybe a little too slow for Will as he quickly got impatient for more. Will moved his face to Roman's, staring at the wandering eyes as he felt Roman stretch him more.

Roman indulged the view. Will on top of him as he shoved another finger into him and twisted them inside of him. Roman would've teased how Will was already struggling with just his fingers, but he was struggling too just watching. Will looked so masculine like this. His hard pecs, his clenched jaw, his cock twitching against his abdomen, the way his lips pursed, how good he was taking his fingers. *How could Roman not want to fuck him?*

Will was tight around his fingers- he still couldn't believe Will was letting this happen. But he wasn't complaining.

"Shit, Ro." Will groaned in his ear. He's liking this way more than he thought he would, especially with Roman's thick fingers grazing that spot inside of him. He wouldn't admit this to Roman, but he was getting fucking *tired* of his fingers.

Roman could feel the boy's breathing becoming heavier, "Where's the begging you were doing earlier?" Roman smirked.

"Fuck off." Will breathlessly panted. He lifted his hips up and then fell back on Roman's fingers, trying to pull them deeper, harder, faster. He was basically riding Roman's fingers, which would've been so embarrassing if it didn't feel this good. "Mhh-" He groaned gripping harder on Roman's shoulder, "Canyoujustfuckmealready?"

"What?" Roman asked, adding another finger that arched Will's back.

"Fuckme." He gritted out again into Roman's neck.

Roman stared wide-eyed as his movement stopped. Will slowly lifted his head, in an embarrassed manner and Roman's eyes instantly met Will's. He got red, so much that the blond began drowning in embarrassment, so he took matters into his own hands. He moved off Roman's fingers and pressed the dark-haired boy's chest down with his hands. He felt the boy's dick right beneath him. He looked back as he grabbed Roman's length, slipping it between his fingers loosely as Roman watched with lidded eyes and furrowed eyebrows.

Will grabbed the lube, adding a generous amount to his hands as he rubbed it against Roman's dick.

Will lifted himself with his knees as he held Roman's dick right at his ass. He teased it a bit, enjoying watching Roman's not-so-subtle shuffles of pleasure. When he gained the courage, he began sinking himself down on Roman's dick, his teeth digging into his lips.

Fuck it hurt.

But fuck it was already feeling good.

Roman's hands slid to Will's waist as he gently held him. Will slid down the boy's length slowly. Too god damn slow for them both. But Will endured it, he stared mouth wide at Roman, moaning and groaning softly until he was filled up.

Will shivered and shook as he continued his slow movements, ever so slightly lifting himself and then bringing himself done again. He levered himself on Roman's chest, trying to embrace the expression on his face but he couldn't. Will's eyes were permanently shut, stuck in pain and pleasure as he felt Roman. How hot, big, and sultry it felt.

"Holy fuck." Will groaned, his hands squeezing Roman's chest.

It felt so weird, he's never done *this* with anyone. He's never done this with Roman. Roman Fortes. The Roman Fortes was fucking him.

The dark-haired boy's teeth dug into his lip, his hips beginning to throb with Will's sharp movements. They found their momentum, rushing for pleasure before calming down to catch their breath.

Will shook in pain, he felt every twitch, every vein, every push. But he felt all that pleasure, the hot pleasure in his stomach, the hands traveling around his body, the drool accumulating at the edge of his lips.

"T-That... feels so good." Roman slowly muttered, looking up at Will who locked eyes with him.

"Does it?" Will softly grinned, his hips starting to quicken.

"Mhm... Agh, fuck Will." He threw his head back while Will started rocking him into oblivion. It was quick-paced, Will was basically slamming himself against Roman.

Will felt his body had a mind of its own, the way his hips moved in swift motions that seemed too fast for Roman, the way his body chased for any pleasure, how he squeezed himself tight around Roman's cock. His body bounced on Roman as he ushered the words, "Are you liking this?"

Roman tried to talk, but they came out in grunts and mumbles of incoherent words as he made red marks on Will's thighs.

"Can't even speak, hm? I bet you're loving this... Is my ass good?" Will rambled on again.

"Fuck... Y-yes." He moaned.

Roman brought Will down by the nape of his neck, pushing their chest against each other as his hips were thrusting unapologetically into Will. They both were consumed, moaning together into each other's mouths, leaving open-mouth kisses, thrusting their bodies toward each other.

Will's hips were getting tired, his thighs stinging in pain every time he brought himself up. He slowed down as he tried to calm himself down, but Roman wasn't having that. He gripped both his hands on the blond's hips and flipped him over, pushing the pretty blond harshly against the bed sheets.

Shit.

Will instantly got choked up, his words fumbling into moans and whining as his face was stuffed into the sheets by Roman. He had a tight grip on his neck as he started slamming into Will.

"How long were you waiting to do that?" Will managed to spit out as he leaned behind him to see the dark-haired boy, whose chest and abs were slick with sweat, and his curly hair bouncing with every movement.

"Too long." Roman chuckled.

"Kinky motherfucke-" Will finally said before a moan ripped between him and he was gripping the sheets.

Roman stared generously at Will. He couldn't stop even if he wanted to with his back muscles contracting and stretching across the bed sheets. Every drag his hips made had him chasing more and it had Will backing his ass up on Roman as he arched his back.

Roman fucked him literally into the sheets, grinding his ass back and out of Will as he did to him many times before. "This feels so good. You're being so good for me." Roman rambled on.

Will only managed to moan louder after that and grind with Roman's movements. "You're such a natural at this, hm? Just like that, I knew you'd be good at this." Will whimpered at each pass of syllable, simpering in his words. They went on like this, Roman praising how good Will was doing, which only got him closer and closer to the edge. The room filled with sounds of their bodies grinding together and this intoxicating sex smell- this hot and sweaty smell.

"I-Im gonna cum." Roman gritted out, the look of Will's ass reverberating back on his dick pushing him off the edge. He moaned as he shot string by string inside of Will, cumming hard that he saw white and his eyes rung.

When he came down his high, he saw Will's body desperately rocking back and forth on the sheets as his hand jerked his dick. "Fuck. I wanna cum." Will choked out.

Roman wrapped around Will's waist to hold him and let his other hand wrap around the blond's dick as he began jerking it. Will's back was arched as his ass grinded back on Roman's dick. The blond's head fell back on Roman's shoulder, his mouth wide as he let out puffs of moan and groans.

"You were being so good, now c'mon cum."

"Fuckme." Will whimpered, "Shit."

Then he was spilling over the sheets and his abdomen, coating himself in white. Roman jerked him off until he was done before letting him fall back into the bed and watch his chest fall and rise.

"Can I fuck you?" Roman shook the memories that question held. He adjusted his pants, ready to go shower himself before he heard rustling in the bed.

He looked over at the bed where the blond was moving, his hair shuffling before he heard a hiss and Will's head slowly lifting.

"Hey." Will's sleepy voice said, the voice cracked and deep as he sat up.

Roman watched him look around his eyebrows furrowed and a confused frown. "Hi... Well hey!" Roman awkwardly smiled, "Um wha- er... How's it going?" He was being weird.

Will just looked around and simply muttered, "My ass hurts."

"Oh yeah." Roman perked up and walked out of the room, leaving Will to just stare wide-mouthed at the door. Roman returned with a jar of some ointment and threw it at Will.

Will caught it, "What's this?" Will looked done as the jar and laughed.

"It helps with the burning... and the pain."

Will nodded before he let a laugh slip out. "Remember the morning after we- well fucked, I made fun of you so much when you were limping."

He scowled as he stared at the boy, "Oh, yeah I remember clearly."

"I'm sorry, you just looked so much like a grandma," He grinned, "I should've bought you a cane."

Roman stared silently, "Would've been nicer than laughing at me."

He laughed and leaned up to get closer to the dark-haired boy, "Ro, I'm sorry for making fun of you. Forgive me?"

"I don't forgive you," Roman replied dramatically as he crossed his arms and looked away.

Will gave a crooked smile. "What do you want me to say? You were right and I was wrong? I should've listened to you? You know and are the best?"

"All of the above, please, and thank you." He grinned as he slid himself beneath the covers, next to the pretty blond.

"Will do." He laughed. The boys stared at each other, both shirtless and memory-filled of the events that happened on the same bed they were on.

Roman looked over the blond's naked body. "Are you okay?" He asked as his finger trailed down his collarbone.

Will looked at Roman's finger, "Uh, yeah... Just a little sore."

"Make sure to put the ointment. A bath helps too."

He grinned, "Is Roman Fortes being caring right now?"

"Shut up." He smiled as he shoved Will's shoulder away. The blond of course came back right away to shove Roman's shoulder as well.

Roman looked good, of course, he did, he always did without a shirt. But his wavy hair was in this messy state that still looked good and his smile lines were present on his face with that goofy grin he always had. He looked so natural, so raw, and pure.

Will leaned in slowly, his soft lips attaching to the Brazilians smoothly. It wasn't quick or messy, it was sweet as he slowly smacked their soft lips together and swiped his tongue on the boy's lower lip. Roman scrunched the blond's hair in his hand as they took in big inhales.

Will left the kiss, his lips red and swollen as he looked at Roman's expression. He looked down, "Thank you for this." He held up the jar, "I... uh- Liked last night."

Roman grinned devilishly, "Me too. We should do that again."

Will scoffed with a smirk, "We'll have to see how well you behave."

"Really? I've been good, yeah? You were good last night, gripping me so well and moa-." He teased.

Will lunged at Roman, covering his mouth with his hands as he laughed. "Don't."

Will didn't let go of Roman's mouth until he raised his hands with apologetic eyebrows, "Yes, your Highness." He replied.

They both stared at each other, drowning in the sun's rays as they grinned. Their smiles were bright, full of white teeth and smile lines and dimples.

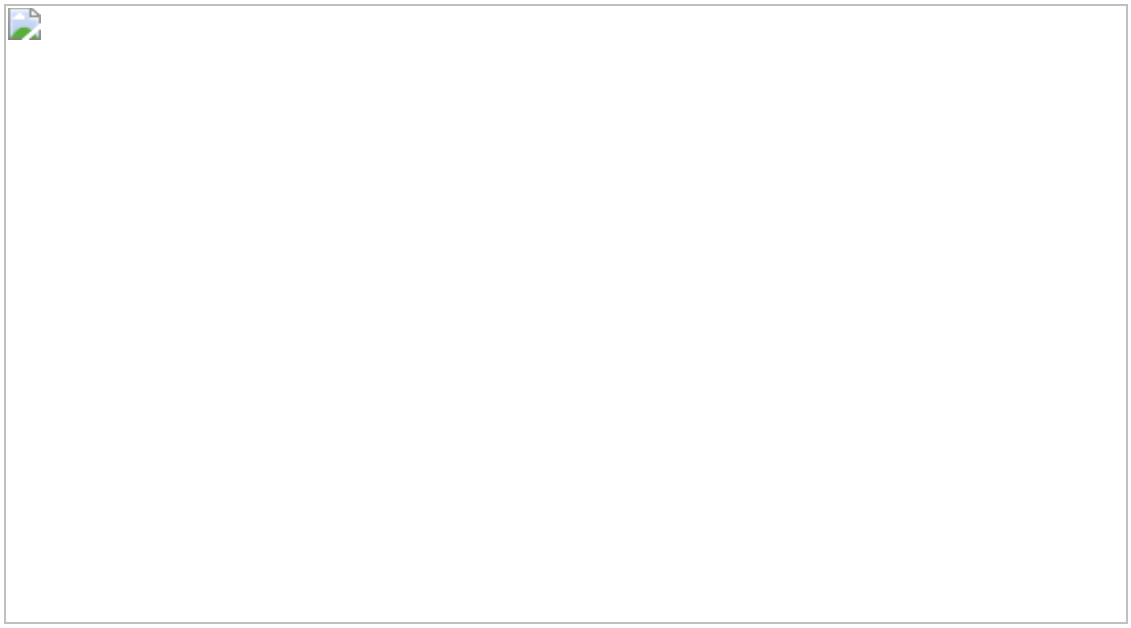
Will couldn't imagine... Imagine how he hated this face right now smiling at him. How he could punch such a pretty face? Sure, he's a loudmouth, a tad dramatic, and has some anger issues but he didn't want anyone else. And that feeling scared Will. Realizing that his enemy is definitely not his enemy anymore and he might be more than a friend.

Way more than a friend.

***

Uh so yeah um hope you enjoyed. I'm kinda bored so tell me about ur pets :)

4 days



Share your future plans. Whether you're going to college, what you want out of life, and what your goals.

Will handed the box to Roman without a glance. He was lying on the floor, his limbs splayed across the floor as he stared up at the ceiling. The window was wide open, allowing the ocean to yell its crashing waves into the room and the trees to mumble their shaken leaves.

Then Roman scoffed, "Do they really expect us to know what we want to do with our lives?"

Will could map out his life to a point- but even he didn't know what he would do tomorrow. "Wouldn't we be more ambitious now than later?"

Will could feel Roman's eyes roll back, he didn't need to look, "Whatever, you're set for a stripper pole."

Will scrunched his nose and let an airy chuckle out toward Roman, "How'd you come up with that?"

"Dyed blond hair. Skimpy clothes. Daddy issues." He smirked at the blond, acting all innocent as his hands slid to the blond's knees and up his thighs.

Will kicked his hand away from him, "You're a real asshole."

"I keep you sharp," Roman stated, "Now come on, tell me your hopes and dreams."

Will snarled as he sat up, leaning his back against the couch. He took a sigh to look at Roman. "Well, actually I have no idea what I'm going to do." His parents had this whole life set out for him, high school, college, graduate school, be a doctor or lawyer- something to make them proud- and settle down right in their very house now. He fantasized and prayed for it, but now he's not so sure. "I've always wanted to go to college, I really do, but I can't see myself spending another four years at school..." He sighed.

Roman nodded softly as he listened to Will softly speak. His hands reached out toward the boy which Will happily accepted as his hands rubbed his knee. Roman took comfort in those moments when they would simply touch each other. It didn't have to be sexual, though it mostly led to that- it was the small rubs on his knees or thighs or the fingers running through his hair or the legs getting tangled with his. The simple touches that had him on edge.

Will leaned into the touch as he extended his leg to Roman so his hand could slide up his thigh. Roman instantly smirked as he tipped his head to his side at Will. "What does William Adler want out of life though?" He teased.

Will played with his fingers. Roman was right. *How is he expected to know what he wants to do with the rest of his life?* "I don't know, some peace and quiet."

Roman snorted, pinching Will's thigh, "Stop getting so deep with me."

Will smirked, "Oh, I could get deep if I wanted to, babe."

Roman scrunched his nose at Will. "Call me babe again and you won't be seeing anything in your future."

"You won't be seeing it anyway." He retorted which only enticed Roman to pinch the blond's thigh again. Will instantly smacked his hand away with a glare while Roman laughed. The boy wasn't one to learn his lesson, so he instantly tracted back to Will and laid his head on the blond's legs. He looked up at the smiling boy and reached up to squeeze Will's chin.

"How about you, hm?" Will softly asked as his hands combed through the dark-haired boy's locks.

"Oh, um." Roman choked out as he looked away. "I think- Er I mean you know my swimming scholarship. It's in San Francisco, so I'll live at home and just major in communications or something. Wouldn't mind just fucking around."

Roman remembered how happy and proud his aunt was of his scholarship, she even threw a party. Granted it was full of middle aged women, wine, and old movies- but she was so proud of him. He was proud of himself too, he just felt dreaded going to school for another four years. He remembered his aunts face when he got called into the principles office that last day of school, the struggle and frustration she must felt that Roman would lose his scholarship and she would probably have to pay out of pocket for his college.

That's the main reason he even came to this house, he didn't want his aunt to worry about him.

"Wow, now that's ambition right there." Will teased.

Roman turned his head to the blond, "Shut up. I'm just really winging it, maybe travel a bit too." He wouldn't mind taking a year gap year, maybe turn it into five years and just traveling around.

Will looked away.

With him not even knowing what he's doing the next month and Roman just winging it... He didn't know what to think. So what if they were going to complete opposite points in life? So what? It wasn't like Will wished... maybe he would see Roman somewhere. They wouldn't have any connections any more. Once they leave this beach house they have their swimming tournament. But after that... Nothing. They wouldn't have an excuse to see each other.

Will wouldn't pretend to walk into the wrong class to see Roman. Will wouldn't go the long way to class to catch a glimpse at Roman. Will wouldn't be cooking breakfast for Roman anymore. Will wouldn't be picking a fight with Roman. Will just wouldn't be doing any of that anymore.

"Whatever," Will said with furrowed eyebrows as he lightly shoved Roman's head off his lap.

Well fuck.

He quickly got up and brushed past Roman, who looked at him curiously, but he couldn't bear a glance and approached the computer.

Just fuck.

He really had no excuse to be mad at Roman, he just couldn't...understand what he was feeling. He typed a response to Coach and stared at the wall as he waited. He could hear Roman shuffling behind him.

Fuck.

His chest ached. He couldn't understand it. The tips of his fingers were numb and tingled. His throat was dry. One way or another, Roman and him were gonna split paths. He might as well accept it now.

When he got the code, he made his way to the living room without a mere word.

Roman scrambled to get up, confusion still settled in his face but nonetheless, he grabbed the white cover book from the shelf and exited the room. He walked into the kitchen, approaching Will who was looking into the fridge. It quickly closed in his face and Will jolted.

"Jesus Christ." Will jumped as he looked at Roman's creepy little smile with a book held against his chest.

"I learned something." He smiled, tipping up and down on his toes as he expectedly looked at Will.

"Record of the day." He boredly commented.

"Haha." Roman sarcastically said as he tilted the book around his arms down. It was a cooking book. Specifically, Mama Coco's at-home recipes. "I learned how to make pancakes."

Will looked oddly at the book. "Did you learn how to swim from just a book too?"

"Shut up." He frustratedly said, "I practiced a few times of course."

"You did now?" Will smirked, suddenly amused. He began looking around the kitchen, "Well, where are these Mama Coco's homemade pancakes then?"

Roman smiled. "Well- It's called practice for a reason, but I'm going to make them good today." He proudly said. Will scoffed, before realizing the serious look in Roman's eyes before he busted out laughing. Roman instantly took offense, "You asshole, stop laughing." He pushed Will back as he tried to contain his laughter.

"You're gonna make them? You?! The only reason this house is still here is because I didn't let you in the kitchen."

"Oh, what's the worst I can do." He mocked as he sat the book down on the counter and began washing his hands.

"Um, well first the obvious, burn the house down. You can accidentally cut yourself. You can give me good poisoning. You ca-"

"Are you serious?" Roman pouted as he held his pan up defensively. "I'm supposed to be the moody one."

"I'm not being moody I'm being realistic." Will glared as he tried to grab the pan from Roman, but the dark-haired boy wasn't having it.

The dark-haired boy pouted, "Give it back, I'm making pancakes."

Will put his hands up, "Fine, go ahead."

Roman nodded, "Go have a seat."

"I'll need to supervise." Will teased.

"You're so annoying," Roman grumbled as he grabbed Will by the wrist and dragged him to the dining table where he forced him to sit down. "Stay."

"Yes, sir." Will mockingly said as he sat back in his chair.

Sitting was the easy part. Watching was the hardest. He watched Roman put on an apron that said, "Kiss the cook" of course. Then he watched him... well he watched him fuck up everything. While he made his batter he watched him spill the flour and milk and eggs all over the counter, not much of it getting into the bowl. But he cleaned it up and fixed it.

Now he's seen people put way too little seasoning, but Roman wasn't that case. He watched a whole McCormick cinnamon seasoning bottle empty into the bowl. When it came to the electric mixer, that didn't end well for Roman. He practically spent 2 minutes trying to turn it on, and when he did the batter just went everywhere.

He was doubting whether or not the dark-haired boy really practiced.

Then came the time to cook the batter. He melted butter on the stove and Will's hope for a good breakfast was increasing.

Roman poured the batter and waited for it to cook. He took the time to boasting about his cooking and make fun of Will, as per usual. Maybe he took a little too much time because when it came to flipping the pancake... Well, you know how they're supposed to be fluffy and a golden brown color with a dark crust around it.

Yeah, Roman's wasn't like that.

It was still mushy but it was almost completely black. Roman yelped when he saw it and threw it away. Then made another. Fucked that one up too. So he threw that one away too. The next wasn't bad but he dropped it so the trash is where it went. With the little batter he had left, he watched the skillet like a hawk and made his last pancake.

When he flipped it, it wasn't bad at all. "Tada!" Roman jumped as he looked at his pancake. He looked over at Will who glared with a tired look. "What are you tired about, I'm the one cooking?"

"Exactly," Will said. Roman ignored him and grabbed a plate to place the pancake on.

He grabbed a glass of orange juice, put some portly cut strawberries on the pancake, and served it with a fork. He cautiously walked over to Will with a stupid grin.

He placed it in front of the blond and sat down with an anticipated smirk as he waited for Will to devour his dish.

"Um," Will said. It didn't look half bad. "So, chef, what's this?" He playfully said, hoping to spare some time to prepare and apologize to his tastebuds.

"Well, we have a perfectly cooked and shaped pancake topped with some syrup and fresh strawberries. It's also served with some orange juice but the main show is my pancakes."

Will grabbed the fork and hesitantly cut the pancake. He stabbed a piece and shoved it into his mouth. Roman stared at him during all of this. And all

he could see was his hopeful wide eyes and smile.

He would've loved to make him pissed, but...

"Oh wow." Will said as he chewed, "This so actually good."

"Ah, told you." Roman yelled, "Oh wait I forgot about the sauce I made for it. It's way better than syrup, trust me." He shrieked as he hopped out of his chair.

Will nodded and right when Roman's back was turned to him, he spit the food into the napkin. He shoved the napkin underneath his thigh and watched Roman come back.

"Excited?" He grinned, holding up the sauce.

"Yay." Will softly said, pure disgust hidden from his face.

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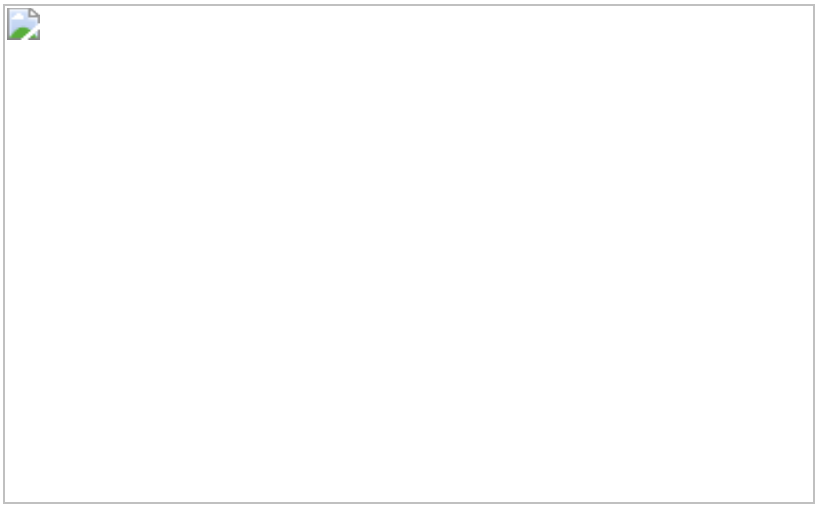
it's rough out here

3 days [M]



more of a filler chapter

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There wouldn't be moments like these. Relaxing on the beach with not one care in the world except what they would do tomorrow. No days filled with lazing around and messing around with each other. No days cooking with each other like an old married couple. They both knew it was coming, an end to their well 4-year fighting career. An end to this beach house they cussed and the bonding exercises they attempted to hate. An end to the repetitive yet most exciting days.

So they had to make the best of what little time they had.

"Ow, my lip."

"I think that's the least of your problems." Will gritted as he shoved Roman against the wall.

Roman was going to retort something smart- surely, but Will cut him off by pressing his lips right on the dark-haired boy's lips. His body leaned into the

touch and clutched the blond's body closer while Will took hold of him by the jaw and hip, forcing his every movement.

Roman didn't like that. He pulled apart their kiss to grab Will by the chest and shove him against the table, "Is that an offer or threat?"

Will grazed the back of the Brazilian's neck, bringing their lips awfully close but not just yet connecting. "Maybe both?" He tentatively said, looking from the boy's lips to his eyes with a smirk.

"You might need to offer more," Roman sounded out, splitting the boy's leg apart and putting himself between them.

"I'm not enough?" Will chuckled against Roman's lips, wrapping his legs around his waist. *You are,* Roman instantly replied to himself, but a lump got caught in his throat and all he could really do was thrust his lips against the blond again.

They each tried to control their kiss, grabbing each other's jaws and slipping their tongues into each other's mouths. They needed to be closer. Roman felt Will's legs lock behind him as he grabbed the blond's hips. The raven-head boy smirked against the pair of sweet lips on him, sucking Will's tongue in and getting friskier and frisker as he tried pushing Will further down the table and basically trying to saddle him.

Roman moaned down Will's neck, adventuring down the blond's smooth and fair skin, sucking, drooling, making hickeys on him, all while Will groaned. The blond seemed to have a sensitive spot when Roman reached his collarbone because every time his tongue swiped that spot, Will's hips bucked up and grinded against Roman's abdomen.

Roman held his hips down, making Will whine, "So desperate." He smiled against Wills's skin as he grabbed the hem of the blond's shirt and threw it off to connect his tongue to the blond's chest. He was desperate too.

"More, more, more..." Will groaned, trying to grind his hips up, but Roman held them down tight.

"You're hot when you're begging," Roman chuckled, leaving a trail of saliva as he licked and sucked red marks down his core and stomach.

Roman reached for the blond's clothed pants and started unbuckling his pants, zipping them down slowly as he held eye contact with the blond. He pulled his pants down to his ankles as Will watched intently, his breathing uneven and his eyes gaping shamelessly.

"C'mon." Will breathlessly whispered. Roman smirked as he slipped a hand inside Will's loose boxers and grasped his throbbing dick.

This made Will's breath skip a beat. He lightly shut his eyes as he felt Roman's calloused and long hands wrap around him. Will suddenly recognized the feeling. It was like when Roman would get a good punch in his stomach, the way his body freezes and all the air was knocked out of his lungs. Yet now Roman was barely touching him and he was so out of breath

He tried not to show the bubbling feeling in his stomach, the growing sensation near his groin, and the narrowing thoughts in his head. He failed when he breathed heavily and let out small moans to Roman. He got louder when Roman spit in his hand, jerking his hand faster on Will. He felt so compliant to Roman, especially by how he was smirking and looking at him with those devious eyes. He suddenly shoved Roman off, who looked confused at him with furrowed eyes. But as he stood and flipped Roman's back against the table, he seemed to catch on.

Roman was now on the table, as Will dropped down to his knees and put his head between Roman's crotch. He pulled his pants and underwear down hastily. Roman's dick was hard and twitching. Will smirked, "Did jerking me off get you this hard, perv?"

"Shut up." He narrowly whispered.

And Will would shut up as he didn't waste a second and plunged his mouth onto Roman's throbbing dick. He looked up with hooded eyes at Roman who stared with furrowed eyebrows and a thin grint. He decided to test the dark-haired boy as he moved his hands to his sides, digging his nails into

his skin. Roman breathing got uneven and jerked his hips into Will's warm mouth.

Up.

Down.

"You feel so good." Roman praised, continuing his thrusting movements that Will reciprocated.

Up.

"I know." He mumbled on Roman's proud dick.

Down.

Up.

Down.

They were both clouded with craving and desire. Roman's moans filled the room, charming Will even more than he was. Will felt Roman's dick get stiffer as he felt Roman come closer and closer to release. "Fuck me," Roman unexpectedly moaned and he covered his mouth in embarrassment.

Will ripped the boy's hands off his mouth and held their hands together on Roman's thighs. Roman became more vocal with more "fucks" and "you're amazing" and "this feels so good." Will could truthfully cum from just that.

Will quickened his pace, "Just like that." Roman groaned. Well fuck. Will couldn't stop himself, even if he wanted to. He needed the boy to cum and see him gasp for air and beg.

He sensually eased his hand up Roman's chest to fill the dark-haired boy's mouth with his fingers. The boy sucked on them with that obedient look in his eyes. He needed to fuck him badly.

He snapped his fingers out of Roman's mouth with a 'pop' and trailed them down to Roman's ass. With his mouth working on Roman's dick he started

fingering the boy.

"Shit." He heard Roman's head lightly hit the wall while his leg slightly shook.

Will groaned against the boy's dick, adding another finger that had Roman's hitching his voice. Then another that had Roman gripping hard on the blond boy's hair and moaning in his deep and hoarse voice.

Will left his dick and smiled, almost too nicely for what he did next. He aggressively grabbed Roman's hips towards his and gave a devilish glint as he rubbed Roman's thighs. The blond looked down after admiring Roman for a little too long and grabbed his dick to position it right at Roman's ass.

Roman might've fucked him, but that didn't mean shit. Roman looked just too good with something up his ass.

Will looked up at the stoic expression of Roman, consumed with the pleasurable feelings. Then he felt Roman's lips being pushed into his. They grabbed each other's necks, their other hand grabbing each other's bodies.

He laid back on the table, grabbing Roman's waist and pulling him on top of his straining dick. He stared up at the naked boy who had such a desperate look on his face.

Will was feeling desperate for release as well, his straining dick evident of that. Roman listened to the boy's deep and breathless voice, "Tell me what you want."

"What?" Roman's dick twitched.

"C'mom, you're a big boy, what do you want me to do." He smirked. He felt his dick right between the man's ass, his oblivious grinding not completely helping his situation.

"Can't you ju... Just, you know." He felt way too exposed.

"Where's all that big talk?" He tried to target Roman's ego. "I know you're not all talk and no game." He smirked as Roman furrowed his eyebrows at

him and that confident look on his face consumed him.

"That's right. "

"So why are you so scared?" Roman let a huff out.

The boy brought Will down to his face with his hand and whispered, "I want you to fuck me hard... please."

"Hm." Will mumbled as his fingers softly ran through Roman's hair, "Good."

The blond not so slowly thrusted into the boy. They both held clenched teeth as Will's hips slid into the boy, the tightness and warmth having him shiver. They stayed motionless at the abrupt pleasure, taking a second to breathe. "Jesus..." Will muttered, "You're gonna... break my dick." He chuckled, grabbing Roman's straining erecting and jerking it off slowly.

Roman was hanging off the edge of the table, only being held up with Will's arms. Will never found him so sexy, those hooded and narrowed eyes watching his contorting face of pleasure, his mouth slightly ajar that widened when he let a moan out, his attractive skin and muscles glistening with every push as he fucked him. Fuck he's definitely turning into a minute man just by being near Roman.

He tried to control himself, but Roman couldn't as the blond began going faster and faster, his voice breaking as he repeatedly whispered "harder" and gripped Roman's arm.

"You like that?" He smirked, grabbing Roman's thick thighs, "Huh? You like being a slut?" This activated something in Roman deep deep down as he grabbed Will by the jaw and started kissing him deeply.

His legs wrapped around Will as his stomach churched and he was cussing a whole village before he came right onto his abdomen, rip by rip and string by string. His ass clenched onto Will's dick as he shivered through his orgasm.

Will followed pursuit and instantly cummed as well, the two drowning their noises with their intense kissing they continued until they felt completely drained. Roman's head lay on Will, right between his arms. They breathed heavily, their visions still recovering.

"Shit." Roman cussed. He looked at the mess they made. He got off of Will with a hiss as that full feeling in his gut disappeared. He stumbled to his pants and pulled them up before leaning on the couch. He found Will's shirt and wiped his abs off. He watched Will take his condom off and throw it away.

He looked up to see Will taking off his condom and throwing it off. "I should call you slut more, it turns you on much," Will laughed as he recovered his boxers and slipped them one.

"And I should never let you touch me again." Roman just needed some food and he'll be good for the day. His back was already starting to hurt. Stupid Will.

"Please, you'd be begging for it," Will replied as he approached the boy and pulled him by the edge of his pants towards him.

"I don't need your filthy dick." He glared as he slapped Will's fingers away from his pants. He felt all sticky and sweaty. "I need a shower." He commented

"Want me to join you?" Will asked.

Roman crossed his arms, "Hell no."

"C'mon a little shower sex is fun." Will smugly continued.

"Who's the slut now." Roman laughed as he grabbed his shirt and started walking about the room.

"Wait, how about the exercise?" Will looked up at the boy's hips snapping as he left.

"We just did it." He yelled through the walls before slamming the bathroom door shut.

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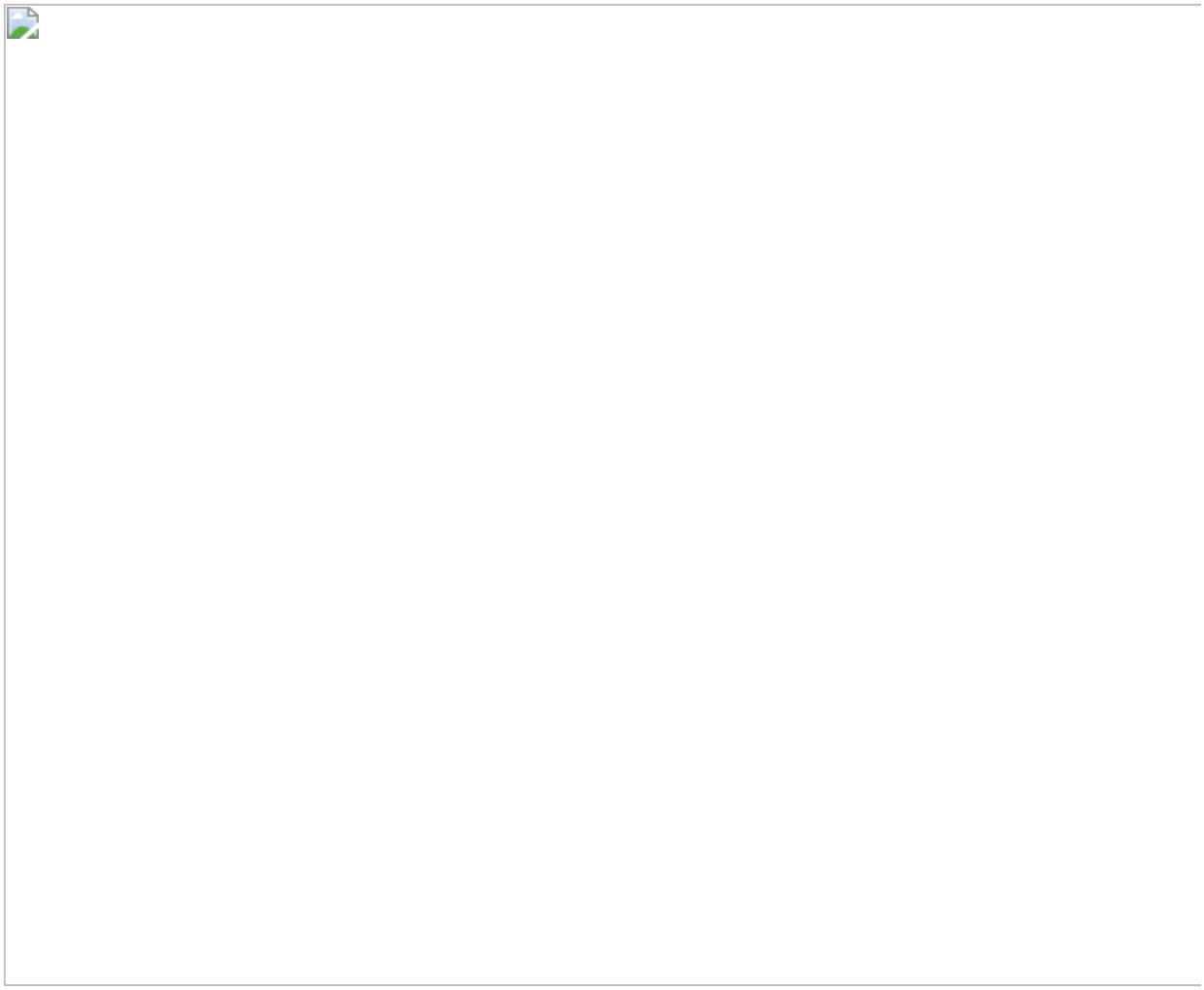
I'm rethinking life so for funsies what job do you want in the future?

1 day



They tried not to talk about the idea of leaving. They didn't mention what would happen when they left this house. They didn't do that nostalgic crap. They refused to even say anything remotely about "missing" what they did at the beach house. It was a little awkward.

But kissing didn't have anything to do with talking.

Roman's hand slid under Will's shirt, past his abs and his nipples as he grabbed onto the soft skin. Will's lips were attached to his neck, making sure to go below his shirtline, just in case. But it felt good.

"You've gotten really good at that," Roman mumbled as he let out breathless groans.

"Oh yeah?" Will teased.

"Yeah, you used to just bite my skin. I hope you..." He cut himself off at that sentence. 'I hope you're even better once we leave' it was right on his tongue. He knew Will felt it too, by the way his tongue stopped and he got silent.

Awkward.

"I hope you're finished with my neck." Roman attempted to say as a cover up.

Will laughed, almost in a relieved way as he opened up Roman's button-up shirt. "I'm just starting." He grinned as he dipped his finger down to Roman's waist and brought his tongue to the dark-haired boy's nipple.

"Oh, shit." He looked down at Will sitting on his lap, his back arching to lean down and take his chest in his mouth. His teeth playfully bit and sucked, so much that Roman had to take a deep breath in.

Will's tongue trailed down, making sure to suck on his sides and abs. And god this view was perfect. Roman had a blond, arched down to please him with that little smirk and his unraveling blond hair. He looked perfect.

He wouldn't say this. But he wanted to see Will after they left, he didn't want to go back to how they were. Because the latter is so much better.

"I need to go bathroom." Roman suddenly exclaimed, forcing Will to look up with that confused puppy look.

"Oh." Will narrowed his eyebrows as he sat away from Roman. "Don't take too long then." He grinned, tipping his head back in that sexy way where he could see his exposed neck and adam's apple. Roman almost just didn't go.

But he needed to.

Will slipped off his lap as the dark haired boy got up and whispered he'd be back soon. He turned to Will dramatically playing dead on the couch, and with a chuckle he shimmied away. He walked into the bonding room and was quick to grab the phone. He remembered using it the first night here, he snuck into the room late at night and cussed it out for a good twenty minutes trying to figure his aunts number. But soon he managed and he begged her to bring him back. Obviously, that didn't work.

He dialed her number and waited until she answered after a few rings.

"Hey, meu amor." He heard his aunt's playful voice chime and he instantly smiled.

"Hey bonita, how are you?" His smile instantly grew.

"Ah, well you how my weeknights go." He could hear the TV playing in the back. Her nights after work consisted of her drinking a little too much wine, cooking, and watching her shows.

"Yeah, I can tell you're having fun."

"Well, you're kinda disturbing that time so what's up." She wasn't much for small talking.

"Um..." *How does he even start this conversation?* "I just miss you."

"Dumbass," He could hear her laughing. "I'm going to see you tomorrow. Where were my calls when you were missing me so much before?"

"I knew you would be too drunk to answer anyway."

"Ouch." He heard her say and he chuckled, "Well, you haven't answered my question."

"What?"

She was already so done with the boy. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Meu amor, tell me what's wrong."

How would he even bring this up? "Um." He knew his aunt would be fine with it- maybe more happy now that there's a lesser chance he'll get someone pregnant. Not that he wouldn't stop trying with Will- and holy fuck that really just came out of my mouth. "You know how I'm stuck in this beach house with Will."

He could feel the glare she was doing, "Is that really where you were this whole time?" He groaned. "Okay sorry," She softly said, "C'mon what's going on?" That caring tone in her voice made Roman want to just tell her everything.

He took a breath and sat on the floor with the phone pressed against his ear, "I like- Well, you know how I like girls." It was silent for a moment, "Well I know you know, all those times you caught me and kicked out those girls." He laughed but she was still silent, he could feel her impatience running out, "Anyway, I think I'm not just into... you know, girls."

"You think?" He heard a little humor in her voice

He smiled dumbly, "I know I'm not." His fingers started to twirl the phone cable, like a schoolgirl talking about her crush. He kinda felt like that. He quickly fixed his position and crossed his arms.

"Ay," She suddenly yelled, he could imagine her hitting him on the shoulder lightly, "You had me scared that you did something stupid. Amor, I love you no matter what, you know that."

He laughed. The amount of times he told her something, either something dumb he did or a bad grade, she was always there with a comforting voice. He knew she was going to take it well.

She continued, "You're still the same boy I raised and yelled at, alright?"

"I love you." He smiled as he held onto his jacket. He really missed her. Everything from her voice to her smile and caring smell. She was everything to Roman.

"I love you, more." She returned.

"Fuck, I miss you." He laughed. He missed playing piano for her, and sure Will was good company but he talked way too much while he played. He missed messing up her kitchen with his cooking, and sure Will enjoys his food more than her but she always still ate it. He missed giving her hugs and listening to her. "It's so boring here without you complaining."

"Oh, if complaining is what you miss I could start right now. First of all-"

Alright, as much as Roman missed it, he didn't miss it that much.

He interrupted, "Wait, I need to ask you something."

"Like some asvice?" He heard a pause again, "You're worrying me again you never ask for my advice."

He grinned stupidly, "Can't I say I'm a changed man."

"I'm starting to think that." She softly said with a little disbelief in her voice, "What do you need to tell me?"

"Okay, fuck I'm just going to say it. So I came to this beach house and Will and I were fighting like always. It was pow pow pow pow, like at school-" He heard her sigh, a sigh that definitely meant she was done with his bullshit. "But uh that's over, okay?! But then he started being nice and I started being nice, but not too much. Then one thing led to another and then-" Yeah he's not going to say what happened after that.

After a little too long of a silence on Roman's part she suddenly yelled, "Ay, Roman!"

"No! We- w-we uh held hands, yes. We held hands but we still fought... But now? Now I can't fucking think without him being in my head."

He heard her give an exasperated sigh, "You always manage to give me gray hairs."

"Oh, come on don't blame me," Roman whined.

He heard another sign on the side of the phone. "So you want me to tell you what to do?"

"Yes." He urgently said.

He could hear her think by the sound of some wine glass setting on the table. "Well. Do you like him?"

"I think so."

"Do you think he likes you?"

Shit, he didn't even know. Oh god, what if Roman's just feeling all these things while Will is dilly-dallying around feeling nothing?

"I-" What *if he doesn't? Did he not like that idea?* Of course, he didn't. But- Shit, feelings were fucking confusing. "I don't know."

"Does he... I can't believe I'm having this conversation with you. Does he hold hands with you nicely and talk to you better than before?"

"Yes." He softly replied.

"And... Do you feel happy?"

"... Yes." He didn't feel miserable like he thought he would.

After a long silence her voice chimed in, "So tell him."

"What?"

"Tell him what you said to me. Tell him your feelings." She continued, "If you're still unsure, hearing him will only prove what your feelings are. Trust me, it's better to confess now than regretting or wasting your time debating if he likes you or likes you not."

Okay. Shit, he was doing this. "Okay."

"Okay?" She questioned.

"Okay, I got to go." He was going to confess. *Right?*

"Oh! Now? Okay well good luck, meu amor." She laughed, her contagious laugh making him smile as well.

"I love you and I'll see you soon." He replied before hearing her repeat the words multiple times to him before she hanged up. He awkwardly walked out of the room, tugging at his shirt.

He liked Will.

That sounded weird.

That sounded really weird.

He walked into the living room, but he didn't find Will on the couch where he left him. Instead, he found him bent over in the closet. Roman would've normally cat-called him or wondered what the hell he was doing. But he felt weird. He felt all nervous and shy.

What the hell has Will done to him?

He approached Will carefully, watching him rumbling through the closet. Then suddenly he shot up with two bottles in his hands.

"Look what I found." He grinned, alcohol in his arms.

Well, Roman would need the liquid courage.

"Fuck yeah," Roman said as he didn't waste a second to grab a bottle from Will.

Will laughed incredulously at the eager dark haired boy. When he watched Roman rip the cap open and bring the whole bottle to his lips he spoke, "Woah, calm it down."

Roman brought the drink back down with a glare, "You took this out, it's like dangling sex right in my face" Roman smirked, grabbing Will by the shoulder as they walked to the couch.

"Alcoholic." Will sang under his breath which had Roman snapping his head to Will.

"Oh, shut up."

"Heh." Will laughed as he plopped down the couch, "It's okay, everyone's addicted to something." He grinned while his leg played with the hem of his shorts and slowly rid up his leg. "If anything, I think I'm a little addicted to a little something in your pants." He grinned as he leaned down to Roman, looking at him with a grin as narrowed lips.

"Little something." Roman scoffed.

Will leaned back down, "Ah, whatever just pace yourself."

"I can handle my alcohol, excuse you." Roman scoffed as he took another swing.

Next thing he knows he's shirtless and doing karaoke for Will while cackling. Will watched with amusement as he was curled up on the couch, not nearly as wasted as Roman was.

" *I'm never gonna dance again* ." He pointed at Will who gave him a full laugh and joined Roman as he hooked his arm around the dark-haired boy's shoulder and moved side to side with him.

"What do my guilty feet not have?" Roman asked Will as he tilted his fake microphone, which was just a bottle of ketchup, to Will.

" *Guilty feet have got no rhythm* ." Will deadpanned.

Roman deemed it good enough and continued swaying with Will. " *I know you're not a fool* ."

" *We could have been so good together. We could have lived this dance forever* ." Roman sang right into Will's face who turned red at the sediment. He took a moment to give Will a twirl, who heavily protested until Roman managed to while stifling his laugh.

" *The way I danced with youuuuu* ." Roman scatted the rest of the song until the end, too drunk to even read or remember the words of the song.

"And scene." Roman gave a little bow while Will stared just stunned.

"Handling your liquor alright?" He laughed while Roman's hands were wrapped around his waist.

"I'm not even drunk, cutie." Roman smiled, looking right at the brown-eyed boy, whose eyes were wide at the sincere look in Roman's eyes.

He ripped their eye contact away and softly laughed, "Sure."

"Let's go." Roman blurted out.

Will snorted, "Starting your traveling already?"

"C'mon." Roman grinned, interlocking his hand with the blonds and that had him convinced enough.

Roman dragged him out of the warmth of the house and out onto the sand and beach, but he mindlessly followed him questioning what the fuck they were doing. When they reached the beach the drunk boy wobbled and struggled to take his shorts.

"Do you really think you should swim in this state?" Will asked with his arms crossed and rubbing against his shoulders.

Roman smirked as he looked up at Will, "Where's your sense of adventure."

"It's locked far far away from situations like these." He grabbed Roman's waist, "Let's go inside, it's cold and I would like to spend my last day of freedom warm." He tried to smile to convince Roman.

But that didn't work.

"Too bad." Roman grinned as he pulled off Will's shirt and started dragging him into the freezing cold shore.

It ripped at his pale skin and he could barely see a foot away from him. But with Roman's hand interlocked with his as they walked on the shore. It wasn't that bad.

But he was a bit of a complainer, "Why'd you drag me here." He gritted as his teeth felt close to just falling off.

"Because it's fun."

"Sure, luring people to the pitch dark ocean sounds fun." He complained. It kinda was, watching Roman's muscles flex and seeing his loose smile every time he turned around.

"What's the worst I can do?" He smirked as he stopped, the water just at their ankles as he grabbed Will's hips towards him.

Will laughed, "You're right."

Roman glared before leaning down and splashing Will lightly- and this would've been fine if it wasn't fucking 60 degrees out and he was bare-chested.

"God, you fucking asshole," Will yelled as he gripped onto his chest and backed up.

"C'mon, what'd god do to you." Roman grinned as Will kicked him, trying to push him but that obviously didn't work.

"He made you and fucked up my life," Will snarled, maybe sounding a little too mean when Roman suddenly stopped and looked at Will.

"Fucked it up?" He held his hand to his pec, his mouth falling open as his eyebrows narrowed down.

"Oh man," He chuckled, "I'm just playing," He used his leg to splash water softly on Roman with a warily smile, "See we're playing."

"So you wanna play a game?" Roman inquired.

"Um." Will stood there awkwardly, not knowing what to do. "Yes?"

Will was instantly grabbed by the boy from the waist, getting pulled down to the freezing water that already had his toes numb.

"Wait no! I don't wanna play your stupid games!" He tried to reason as he fought against Roman but when he hooked his left leg he came tumbling into the water.

They fell on the cold and wet sand, the tide receding but coming back. His whole body shivered as he looked at the dark-haired boy smiling on his chest before the tide came back and instantly splashed them.

"Holy fuck." Will laughed as he held onto Roman's chest to protect himself, which actually kinda worked.

"What am I? A human shield for you?" Roman laughed as the water receded back. He felt the boy's hands grasp his upper chest as he tried to switch their spots but Will wasn't having it.

There was a moment when they stopped, their eyes narrowed and looked at each others pink lips.

"I don't know what you're thinking, but don't do it," Will mumbled, his arm still hooked around the dark-haired boy's neck.

Roman grinned, stupidly he might add, "Do what?" Before he pressed his lips against Will.

The blond's lips were soft, maybe a little wet and cold, but they felt so good. It made his body heat up and the hairs on his arms string up. He never had this feeling. This much arousal yet caringness for someone. His hands reached to the blond hair while the boy reciprocated the kiss with the same amount of vigor. The ocean splashed against their lower halves again and Will left the kiss, breathing heavily as he stared at Roman. His brown eyes were narrowed and his eyebrows tilted a little down.

It was the moment. Them laying on the sand with the ocean hitting them and the stars shinning above them. The moment that felt so perfect, almost like

Roman didn't want it to end. He's never had this with someone. Sure, he was young and free, but he didn't want to feel thing with anybody else and he didn't want to experience it with anybody else. The boy beneath him was so pretty. So, so, so pretty.

"Let's be together," Roman said.

"...What?" The blond half laughed. He strayed his hands down Roman's face and grabbed onto his shoulder.

"Let's." The alcohol was still warm in him, "Let's be together. I don't... I don't like not knowing what we are."

"Roman." Will started but Roman hushed him with his finger.

"I hate being someone you hate, and we both know we haven't for a long time. I'm asking to be together, not that sappy boyfriend crap because that's actually gross..." He tried regaining his thoughts, "I just need to know that you're... That you're mine."

"Um." Will pushed Roman off of him as his brain racked and racked.

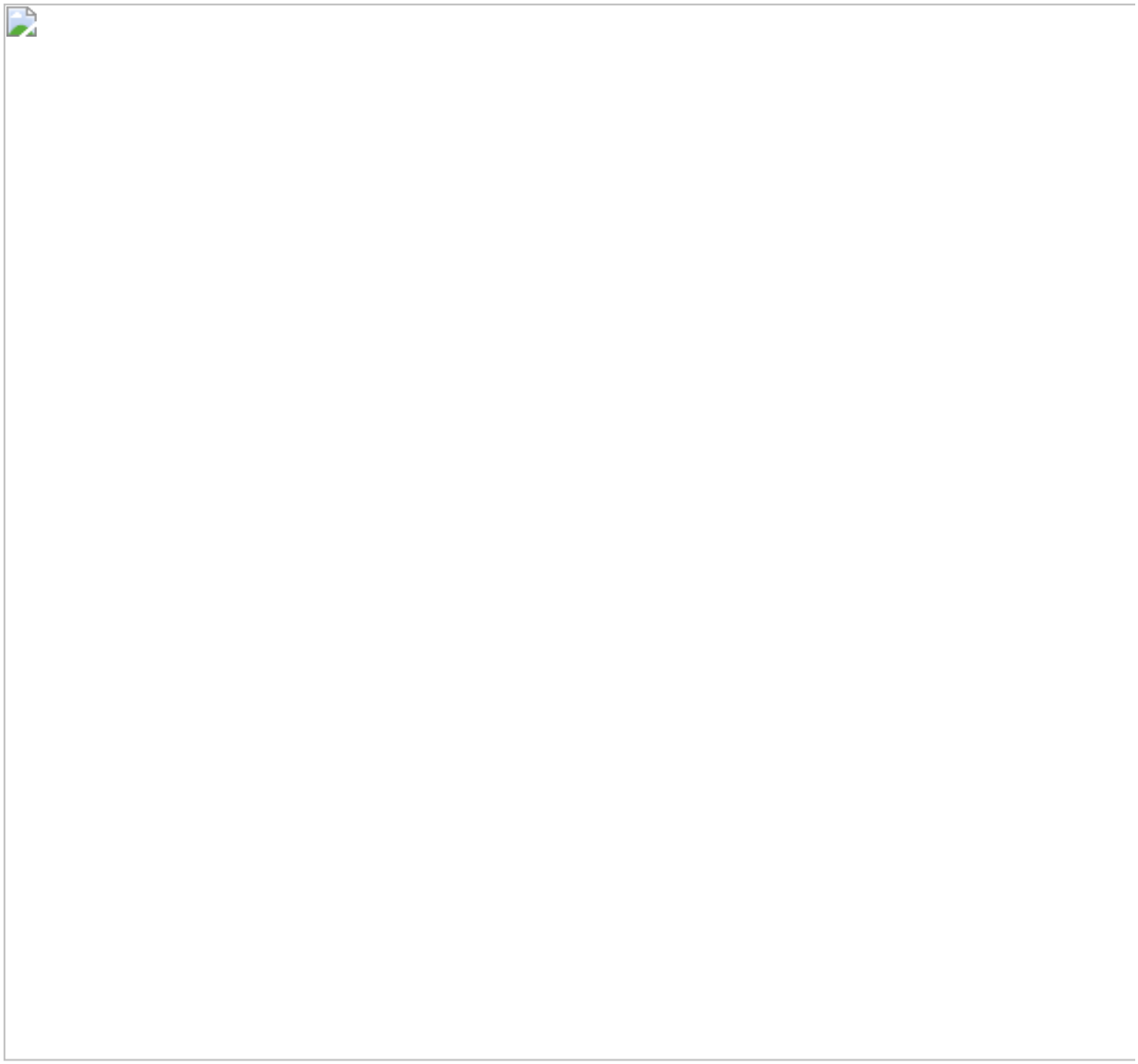
"I know I'm..." Roman felt embarrassed, "I know I'm not supposed to feel like this but can you blame me? You know what, we need to be together now, forget me saying that sappy boyfriend crap, I want you to be my boyfriend right now. Right now." Okay saying he was not drunk would be the biggest fucking lie in the world.

"Ro, I..."

***

this is the last chapter we still have the epilogue but thank you so much ❀ Vote if you enjoyed

Epilogue



2 weeks later

Breath.

Just breath.

Roman could hear the roaring of voices, echoing against the beats of the pool. He felt the excitement and jitters reeking off his teammates. He felt the cold air on his arms as he waited for the bell to ring. He felt his legs tremble with a quiet thrum of nerves.

He was hanging off the edge of the pool, his grip and gaze tight on the cement- trying to focus on the clutching water surrounding him. The shimmer of the water would sometimes reflect in his cornea by the warped reflection of the sun beaming into the arena.

It was their swimming tournament. The one. It was simple, one 12 hour tournament of groups of 10 with 3 different events all packed into the same day: 100m freestyle, 200m butterfly, and 400 relay.

He's done this before, so he knew what he was doing. Just go from there to here. One length, one touch, just one more minute of his life. Simple. Then his concentration broke when a name was calling out his name.

"Ro."

The name cut slick against the heavy noise, the sound soft and warm but it beat hard against his eardrums.

His head snapped up, his 2 other teammates in the relay smiling at him expectably with grinning thumbs up.

But one of them.

God.

Will.

He had let his blond hair fade into something softer and duskier, leaving him a warm brown color that framed his face. His freckles had darkened by the sun and dusted heavily on his collarbones like some constellation. He looked leaner, tanner, sharper- still holding that damn smile curling at its edges like he knew what he was doing.

Will stood there in his cap and skimpy shorts, his thumbs raised and teeth shining right at Roman. Roman tried to suppress his smile but failed as he grinned and locked eyes with the hazel-eyed boy.

The bell rang and he was flying into the water and starting his strokes down the 200-yard line.

He cut through the water, stroke after breath after stroke, one thing kept him going. He needed to make it count on Coach for putting up with his ass, to his aunt that always seemed to support him, for *him* .

Because he changed everything.

"Ro, I... I don't know." Will responded in a hushed whisper.

"You don't know what?" He slurred, wide, and terrified eyes at the blond.

"I don't know if I can." His voice was low, unsure of what he was even saying. It was better than rejection.

Roman persisted, "I know this is weird. But it'll feel weirder if I don't say anything at all and we never talk again."

"Ha." Will chuckled softly, looking down at his numbed fingers, "There's no way in this world where you can't stop talking." He paused to look out at the house, "God this beach house... It's changed everything."

His life wouldn't be the same. Ever since he stepped foot in that goddamn beach house- not even that when he first stepped into that stupid class- right when he saw the head of blond curls his life's been changed.

Stupid Will. He hated him for it, and for everything else after it. But he couldn't stop the tugging feeling in the back of his mind, telling him the exact opposite of what he knew.

"For the better? Right?" Romans's voice was raw, full of uncertainty and unsteadiness.

"Yeah," Will whispered, his eyelashes framing his eyes adoringly as he stared at Roman. Then he suddenly looked away, "Fuck, okay we're drunk and I'm not becoming your boyfriend or whatever you said." He laughed as he stood straight to stare at the dark-haired boy, "But I'll make you a deal."

"Hm?" Roman replied, his eyes desperate and indulging.

"We can, um, go on a date." The blond smiled, his eyes locked and heavy on Roman's eyes with a hushing blush littered on his cheeks.

He could only imagine how they looked. Two guys standing in the pitch dark at the beach, both nervously swaying their legs, looking down and twisting their fingers as they blushed together.

"Okay then." Roman smiled dumbly as he grabbed Will's waistband and brought him closer with a small smile.

"Okay?"

He ducked his head, a permanent smile stuck on his lips. Stupid Will. Roman continued, "I mean, a bouquet of flowers and chocolates would've been a way better way of asking but this works."

Will grabbed the back of Romans neck and leaned into the nape of the boys neck, chuckling softly. After a moment he asked, "Were you really demanding we become boyfriends?" Will laughed as they started venturing down the shore of the water spending the rest of the night kissing under the moon and splashing water on each other.

It felt so surreal.

But so did reaching the end of the pool and swimming back. All he heard was the water splashing in his ear as he alternated before left and right and left and right while he took a breath then submerged then another breath then submerged. His breathing was heavy, he didn't even know if he was ahead or not, just that he needed to go faster.

When he reached the end of the pool where his teammates stood with anticipation, he heard the splashing of Sanders go into the water after him.

He got out of the pool, dripping and breathless but he didn't miss a beat to watch Sanders rip through the water.

He did good. In almost 48.7 seconds. They were still in it. He looked into the crowds at his aunt who had been jumping up and down, cheering and clapping as she looked at Roman. He smiled, giving his aunt and her friend a little wave.

He felt a towel wrap around his shoulders and he turned to his side to find Will there, all wet skin and golden grin, stepping into position.

He cheered on for Sanders. He looked at the clock to see the time already a minute and thirty in. Then right when the tips of Sander's fingers touched the end of the pool, Jackson dived right in. Roman looked at the other teams. 3 others were at the same pace and as he watched Jackson slowly fall behind by a breath, a muscle twitch, a heartbeat. But it was okay because Will was going next.

And in the two months, he was stuck with Will in that beach house and the four years beforehand, Roman knew Will fucking had it.

So, when Jackson finally made it he didn't blink when Will flew into the rippling water. Roman pat Jackson's shoulder as he stood with him to watch. He watched *his* boy fly through the water, his muscles ripping through the water as he tied up with the other teams.

His eyes filtered from Will to the clock then back to Will. Roars of cheers got louder as the teams reached closer to the finishing end. It was the last event, they were the last team with two others and whoever won this won the whole thing.

Roman's ears deadened as the anticipating seconds rolled by, mumbling under his breath as he cheered Will on and urged him to go faster and faster. He could fucking feel what Will was feeling, so close to the end.

Then the *buzzer.*

When the buzzer rang through the arena, Roman's eyes instantly flew to the scoreboard.

First place, by only 0.9 seconds. They got first place.

He didn't move. He felt and heard the yells of his teammates and his body being pushed and grabbed with nimp fingers. Even those in the stands were cheering, but he stilled frozen. It all felt so slow until they noticed the brunet in the pool.

The noise all seemed to come back to him, his body tensing with the beat of everyone. Roman leaned down to the edge and pulled Will up by his arm, pushing him flush against his chest.

"You did fucking amazing," Roman said, his voice shaking and his body just urging him to do something.

Will grinned crazily at Roman too, his trembling hands grabbing Roman's cheek. "Fuck, Ro. All those late practices really worked out." Their eyes smiled at each other, their nimp fingers pulling at their wet skin as they drowned out the loud voices around them.

They both felt it. That need. And neither of them could care as Will leaned himself into the Brazilian and kissed him. Everything was pure adrenaline as it all rushed back to them- the beach house, the bonding exercises, the pain, and the happiness was all worth it. Nothing was better than celebrating with each other, pressed up close.

Roman ripped Will's cap off to grip his hair as he pulled his wet lips closer to his, flicking his tongue into Will. It was heated, like every kiss it felt good as they deepened it, feeling as if there was no one but them.

And yeah it was a cliche. But their whole fucking situation was a cliche, getting stuck together in a beach house for two months with their enemy, who the fuck comes up with that?

Roman grabbed Will by the waist, pulling him closer into the kind of kiss he wouldn't come back from. It was the heat, the water, the four years of fighting coming down to a simple kiss, he didn't even care about the taste of chlorine on Wills lips.

Will pulled back first, breath ragged, eyes glassy, and grin pulled up.

"You look ridiculous." Roman first pointed out softly, "But the brown hair looks really good." His features weren't as striking or bold, he had a softer look on his face, still handsome as hell but more sweeter.

Will smiled at the compliment but nonetheless, glared down, "It's not a bonding game, calm down."

"Oh but," Roman laughed, "I think you have a *really nice* body." He smirked.

"Fucking idiot." Will shook his head, flicking the middle of Roman's forehead.

They heard a cough, a loud forced one that disconnected themselves from each other. They turned to their teammates and their Coach who each had a adamant look on them with gaping mouths.

"Um." Coach Brown coughed out again. Roman instantly caught his eyes, ready for that disappointment or wave of disbelief in his eyes but he simply smiled. "Good job, boys." He grinned, bringing Roman and Will close with a hug.

Everyone else huddled in. They had just won. They won state, and sure it wasn't the Olympics, but it was there's. And they won.

Roman remembered. How the bristling heat and anger fueled his hatred for everything. How badly annoyed he was that they were threatening to take his scholarship away. How irritated he was stuck with the most annoying blond he knew. They shoved him into a locked room and locked Will with him.

And yet, somehow between the sunburnt skin, the nights stretching the coastline, the meals shared, the fueling arguments, something cracked. Not all at once, it was slow with the subtle glances and the heating touches.

They won.

Not just the relay or the gold hanging from their necks, but Roman won an arrogant, brute, and annoying boy who seemed to just pull him in with every golden smile.

Will felt the same. Pure happiness, he felt drunk on it like that shimmering kind of pleasure you almost don't trust- because it feels so unreal.

But it was. He could care less about his missing parents in the stands. Less about his stupid grades that shouldn't determine his life. Even more so about the people saying dumb shit to him. He felt like a mess, but it was freeing and better than anything he knew.

It felt so much better with his hand intertwined with Roman's as he stared into his eyes to see that wide smile.

***

RAHHHHHHHHH TYSMMM

Make sure to read the extra chapters!!

Authors note

Um so.

I normally skip these when I read books but hopefully you'll read i'll be short

I just wanna thank everyone who looked at my book and decided to give it a try- let alone finish it to the end THANK YOUUUU

1k is so fucking much, let alone 180k, I never expected to get that much reads and all the comments and votes im so shocked. It's been a crazy time this past year, and reading all the comments and writing made it so much easier, so thank you. If you enjoyed the book, you're a real one Sorry for those from the beginning enduring my bad posting and my shitty ah writing sometimes. Hopefully for my next books i'll do better

Just so you know it took everything in me not to make a bad ending. I'm so sad finishing this story but it's been fun. I'm always open for ideas to fix the story up or make it better

If you want yk, just for fun and giggles you could maybe and possibly go add my spotify and listen to the playlist I made for Enemies too Close.

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/04qgDZF8yCPEjQkLIF17mh?si=13XZf7VvR3C3zoq46mbdtA&pi=VjwuPHRBSvGJr Thank you so much

- Jamesucks

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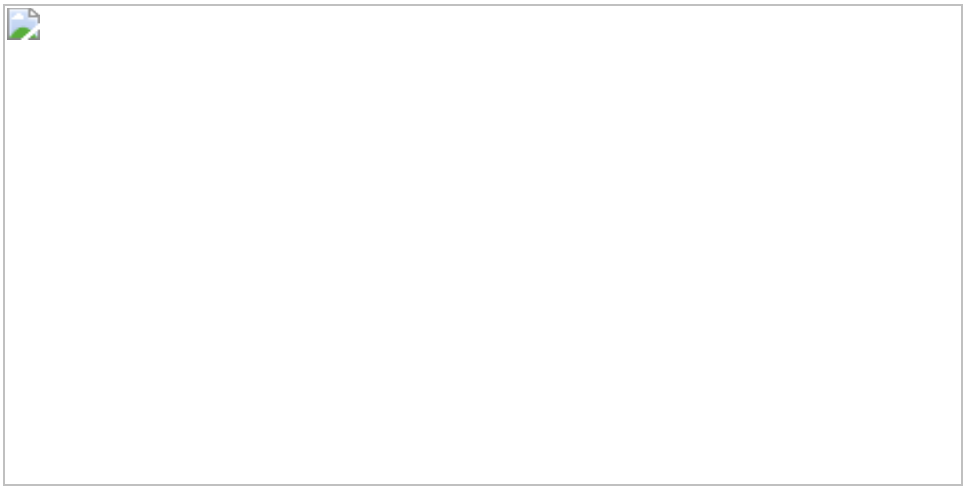

Roman didn't know what to do.

He hated this feeling. His sweaty palms digging into his tattered jeans. The thumps of his heart banging into his eardrums. This lightheaded feeling quivering down his body. The pure anxiousness threadingdigging at the back of his throat.

Sure, Roman's had Will's dick up his ass multiple times, but this was a whole different nervousness.

This was a- *What the hell do I even do?* type of moment. Those moments where you're unsure of what to do, but don't worry, even if you could do something it wouldn't change anything as it's one of those things where you just have to do it to find o-"

Yeah, he really was losing it.

He was standing right in front of his mirror, running his fingers through his tousled hair and trying any imaginable piece of clothing he could find in his closet. He had even shaved, which felt odd to feel his smooth skin, but the day before Will had told him he looked good shaved. So he does what he must.

Everything just seemed too unnatural on him though.

He settled on a sheer blue button-up and some baggy pants. Maybe Will would appreciate the effortless look he put much thought into. He continued studying himself in the mirror, every brush of his hair moving every time.

Why did he even care this much? It's just one night, who cares how his hair looks? He's been caring too much about what Will thought of it lately. But he really did care about him, the way Roman got red when Will complimented his smile or his hair, the way he grabbed his hand, the way he smiles at him.

Still, it was really fucking annoying.

And yet he's going on a date with the man, so what else could he do?

He shrugged on his dark coat and grabbed his shoes but then a shrilling voice yelled right outside his door, "Are you ready?"

Roman glared at the door and hopped into his shoes before he grabbed the door handle and swung it open. His aunt stood there with her phone her hand, the camera directly aimed at him.

"What are you doing?" He grunted m trying to swat the camera pushing toward his face away.

"I want to commemorate this moment." His aunt smiled and before he knew it, a flash was directed right toward his eyes. He flinched hard, only to feel a hand fixing his collar. "Can't believe my baby is going on his first date."

"I've been on a date before." Roman glared with a pointed look.

"Those don't count, this one does." She took a few more photos while Roman posed awkwardly with a scowl. She eventually got him to smile with a few threats.

"Are you done?" Roman finally deadpanned.

She pushed the phone done and sarcastically smiled with a head tilt, "Yes, expect them to be hanging on the wall when you come back."

"How nice of you." The dark-haired boy mocked as he pushed through the door and walked toward the living room.

She followed and continued her pressing, "What are you boys planning to do?"

"I don't remember." Will had told him absolutely nothing about this date, being all secretive and such. He didn't mind, honestly he would've been fine to just do it in Will's car.

Before she could interrogate him any further, there was a knock on the door. Roman froze and looked over at his aunt who also froze. *What if Will doesn't like him after this? What if he has nothing to say? What if he spills all his water on himself? What if he embarrasses himself so badly that Will leaves him and never talks to him ag-*

"Hey sweetie, come on in." He heard his aunt's voice echo through the apartment as Roman finally blinked and realized his aunt had opened the door for Will, who stood there and... wow.

He looked all polished and handsome, his brown hair combed back, his face cleanly shaved, and a soft smile adorning his face. He looked really nice, with nice dark slacks and a dark button-up with a tan trench coat over his broad shoulders. He looked really good, especially with the single flower in his hand.

"Hey." He heard Will curtly smile toward his aunt before his eyes wavered to Roman, who very awkwardly stared and stood like an idiot.

"Hi," Roman mumbled awkwardly, looking away as he slowly shuffled his way behind his aunt.

Will had walked inside by that time and made conversation with his aunt. But this was all blurred by Roman who just couldn't take his eyes off the brunette. *How can he look so good? How can he go on a date with him?*

He really is in over his head.

Fuck he should've never asked for this. He should've just told Will to fuck off and never see him again... *He really didn't want that though.*

Suddenly hands were grabbing at his shoulders, only turning around to see his aunt basically pushing him out of the house, along with Will. She ushered the boys out as she repeated, "You boys have a nice time, don't do anything bad." Before they knew it, the two boys were outside and the door slammed right in their faces, the single porch lamp the only source of light they had.

Roman stared at the red shut door before he hesitantly turned to the brunette and awkwardly laughed, "I think I just got kicked out of my own house."

Will was instant to turn with a smile, "Good thing we have plans." He grinned before glancing at the flower between his fingers and pushing it toward Roman.

"What's this?" He lowly laughed.

"It felt weird not bringing anything." He admitted.

Roman grabbed it with a sheepish smile, "Thanks." He mumbled as he looked at the white rose between his fingers, letting the petals fold as he ran his fingers through them.

Will laughed and wrapped his arm around the dark-haired boy's shoulder. "You're adorable." He simply uttered into the quiet sky, walking them toward his car.

The car ride was anything but quiet as Will played music and pulled the windows down as he ranted about something Roman didn't pay enough attention to. Roman was silent, bundled up into nerves into his seat as he occasionally replied to Will and looked out the window as he wondered where the hell they were going.

They drove for a while, past lit houses and town shops, then passing trees and small barns with cows stretching across the fields. He had no idea where they were going, but he liked the way the wind blew through his face and hair as he snuggled into his warm jacket.

This wasn't so bad so far.

After a while, the car came to a hull and Will was already unbuckling his seatbelt. "We're here." Will sang and Roman sat up to see them in a turnout, leading into a lit but scary-looking forest.

"Um," Roman slowly mumbled as he looked around at the few strayed cars, "Will, I like you and all, but why are we in the pitch-black forest?"

Will simply replied with a teasing grin and said, "Be adventurous, Fortes."

Roman's eye twitched, more about Will's mysterious ominous grin but the fact that Will only calls him that to annoy him. Either way, he tentatively looked out to the forest, biting his lip as he brought a hand to run through his hair. He's run from the cops before, surely this would be nothing.

"Come on, princess." The brunette smiled again, unexpectedly bringing Roman close and giving him a quick kiss that would've lasted for a second if Roman hadn't grabbed Will close by his shirt.

It lasted for a moment, one moment that had Roman getting riled up and shifting in his seat. He hadn't kissed the boy all day so he gladly grabbed the brown hair and let it thread through his fingers as he sucked at his lips.

He needed this. Maybe he needed a little something more to get rid of all these nerves in his body. But unfortunately, Will disconnected their lips quickly, still holding the dark-haired one by the jaw as he smiled fondly.

"C'mon." He whispered again, and Roman, who was simply staring at those hazel eyes, with his long eyelashes, and hooded eyes- he couldn't say no.

"How can I go now that I'm horny?" Roman pointed out as he titled his head.

"Deal with it." Will shrugged and Roman couldn't figure out how he could complain to that face. He received a sudden whisper to stay put as Will suddenly jumped out of the car, running over to Roman's door and opening it for him.

Roman would've complained that he wasn't some damsel needing to open his door, and he was perfectly capable of opening it. He would've, but he gritted a smile and got out. Will grabbed his arm around his and led him.

"Let's go."

They walked through this dark and winding path, it was lit though with yellow lanterns and he could hear distant chatter. It still all felt ominous. Like the time he was blindfolded and being dragged outside into the cold by Will- now that was fucking ominous.

Then he could see it, it was bustling, a lot of people circling around with food and drinks stands, tables around, and kids running, but in the right slab in the middle was almost an obstacle course.

"What the fuck..." Roman attempted to say as he looked around.

"It's a pig race." Will grinned, looking over at Roman who looked confusingly at everything.

"A pig race?" The dark-haired asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Okay, okay," Will awkwardly smiled as he tried to explain, "It might seem a little weird but I freaked and I didn't know where else to take you." The brunette gave a sheepish smile, "The movies seemed boring, going to a fancy diner seemed too serious, a picnic sounded too cliche, and I saw this flyer at the store and thought- maybe." He stopped himself as he looked over Romans expression, who just gawked in front of him.

"What do you think?" Will asked again, the dark-haired boy responding by slowly forming a smile and looking at the brunette's eyes.

"Do I get to bet?" His lips twitched as he asked.

"Hell yeah." Will grinned, more in relief, as they walked hand in hand.

The ominous date began to not be so ominous as they found a taco place, Roman tried to haggle the price but failed. They stuffed their face with tacos on a bench, making fun of the pigs they could see in their cages. When they finished they found a booth and placed their bets, a whole ten dollars split on Sparkles and Alan the pig. They hung by the fence, leaning against it as they smiled at each other.

"My pig is gonna win." Roman grinned as he stared at his ticket.

"Hell no, Alan's gonna win." Will laughed in response.

"Who the fuck names a pig Alan."

"A person with a vision." Will pointed out.

"Please, Sparkles is going to wipe her ass on all the other pigs," He pointed out, very determined and confident in Sparkles before he added to seal the deal, "This whole date determines on Sparkles winning."

"Does it really now?" Will inquired an eyebrow as he laughed.

They stared at each other, big grins entombed on their faces. Roman didn't find the moment particularly romantic, especially talking about asses and pigs, but anything revolving around the brunette was romantic.

Roman leaned a subtle bit closer to the brunette, pressing his eyes. Will responded just the same way and pressed his chest against Roman's, grabbing the blushing boys neck and leaned in. Roman responded quickly and with just as much enthusiasm. Then he felt the brunette smile against their kiss as he whispered, "That's too much pressure to put on a pig."

"She's tough," Roman whispered back and Will grinned even further.

"So," Will drawled out, leaning over the dark haired boy's shoulder, "How's the date so far? Am I getting lucky later?"

Roman couldn't help the grin that forced its way on his lips, staring at the soft expression of the boy. "I guess we'll have to wait and see." Roman grinned stupidly.

He really didn't have anything to worry about.

He didn't know why he was so worried. The sweaty palms, the suicidal threats, the anxious nail biting- all of it was for nothing. Because how could anything with Will be anything but bliss?

Even in the middle of a freezing forest with the smell of pigs and their loud screeching, he felt completely content wrapped in Will's arms.

The announcer spoke over the shitty intercom, inviting everyone to the course where barriers were and he could hear the squeals of the pigs waiting in these cage-like things waiting to be opened.

The area buzzed with loud hollers and yelling as fee gathered around the course. Roman and Will stared intensely at the gate ready to release the pigs onto the course.

As if forgetting everything else, Roman yelled, "You've got this, Sparkles. The whole mortgage on the house is on you," And pointed at his pig with the pink bandana.

"Don't scare the poor pig." Will snorted.

"I got big expectations." Roman shrugged before he added, "Where's Alan." Will pointed and Roman raised an eyebrow, "What? That slow, chunky one with the green bandana?" He scoffed.

Will gaped at him, "Don't listen to him, Alan. He's jealous." He glared at Roman, poking his side to which he squirmed away from.

Then the announcer's voice began talking, how it was the 16th or something annual pig race and he was happy the big crowd had showed up. He wished he would just hurry up so he could see... Well, Sparkles beat everyone else's ass.

Then suddenly the announcer's voice rang out, "Ready, set- GO!"

The five pigs behind the white line all short forward. Sparkles, of course, was first out with her small feet pumping forward. Roman couldn't help his cheering, "See! I fucking told you!"

Will grimaced as he hooked an arm around Roman's shoulder and spoke into his ear, "Alan's just pacing himself, just wait."

"Right, right, pacing himself to last place." Roman teased as he continued his cheering for the race.

Roman watched Sparkels, her pink snout proud in the air as she quite literally left all the other pigs in her dust.

But just at the same moment, a corner came and all the other pigs began catching up while Spakrles lagged up. "What the fuck?" He yelled, looking at Sparkles basically giving up on him.

"You fucking go Alan!" Will cheered.

The course wasn't long, not even 70 feet. Eventually the pigs neared the finish line, Alan and another pig surging forward for that white golden line. The crowd was on their feet, cheering and cussing in and out of Roman's ear every second.

Then at the very last second, his fucking Sparkles somehow managed to drag her fat ass to the finish line and cross before any other pig, following another before Alan came and the last three.

Roman's grin instantly brightened as he jumped to grab Will, "You fucking go, Sparkles! I knew it!"

Roman grinned and yelled over at the pigs with cupped hands over his mouth, "I love you, Sparkles. Best ten dollars spent." He laughed grabbing the brunette and shook his shoulders in excitement. "You see that? My pigs a legend." He grinned with a bright smile.

Will shook his head with a low laugh, "I genuinely had not trust in her." He scratched the back of his head, leaning over the fence as he looked at his overly excited boy go crazy over a pig.

"I knew it." He said again as he leaned over the fence to see Sparkles receiving some metal over her fat neck.

Wills grin softened as he watched Roman, looking at the softness in his eyes. Even something as simple as him cheering a pig race, he looked so genuine and raw like this he couldn't help but admire him.

Just then, Wills hands found Roman's waist. The touch was light but enough to force Roman's eyes to Will who smiled at him. Roman grinned, looking at the jolt in her eyes with that familiar smirk. That damn smirk.

Roman swallowed, suddenly aware of Wills hands on him and the nervousness began creeping back to him. Will leaned in, nudging the dark haired boy slightly. "Come on, let's get out of here." His voice playful and lingering.

Roman leaned in close too, his fingers going to Wills waist as well as he whispered, "What about my bet money?"

"Please, i'll give you twenty bucks. Let's just go." Roman grinned against the brunettes neck before they were pulling each other away.

They ran back to the car, laughing as the wind pulled at their hair and the chatter of the trees swayed past them. When they neared the car, Will fumbled with his keys in his hand before unlocking it and the two were pushing each other into the backseat. Their hands instantly found each other as their eyes glinted at each other, knowing and full of emotion.

Their bodies pushed and pulled against each other, their hands wandering as they grabbed at each other's coats and trying to shove them off.

"You look really good." Roman moaned between their kisses. "Like really-really good." He pulled off the brunettes coat and pulled his hands beneath his shirt.

"Likewise." Will smiled in the middle of their kiss.

Roman disconnected their lips as he whispered, "You smell so good too." His lips and tongue swayed down the brunettes neck, savoring the sweet taste. "Really sweet." He commented.

"Hey, I'll sleep with you. You don't need to compliment me." He grinned, pulling his head back to let the dark haired boy to continue pleasing him.

Then suddenly he stopped and Will turned his head back up to see the confused and narrowed expression on Roman's face, "We're not sleeping together on our first date. That's so tacky." He pointed out.

Will narrowed his eyebrows, "Shut the fuck up." He pulled Roman down and brought his thighs around the dark haired boys legs.

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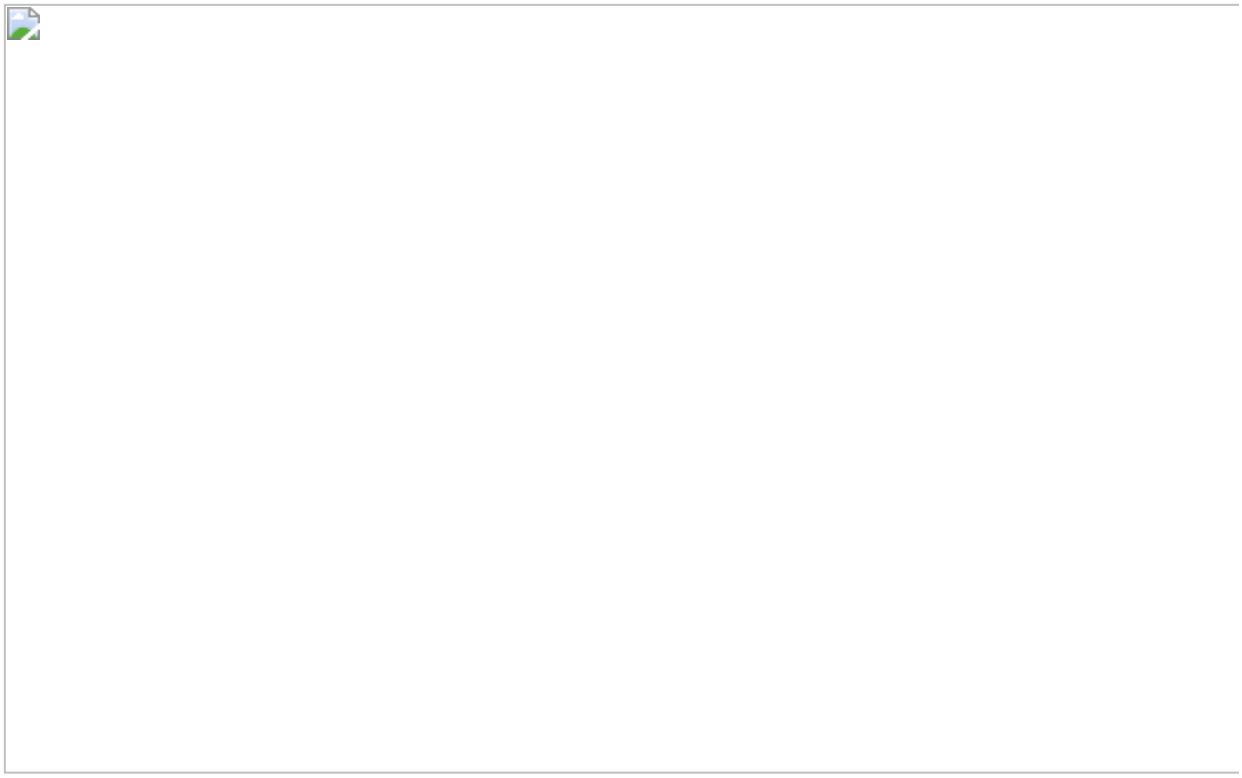
hi i've been gone for a long time anyway hope you enjoyed :)

[Bloody Mary]



The ocean murmured lowly just beyond the windows, its soft crashes barely reaching the beach house's living room where Roman lay across the couch, legs tangled in a thick warm blanket. The remote had long since slipped from his hand, somewhere under a pillow or between the cushions, forgotten in the moment of whatever horror movie played on the screen. The flickering glow of the television painted his face in blue and white flashes.

"Jesus!" Roman jerked as a sudden screech pierced the speakers, nearly spilling the half-eaten popcorn in his lap. He blinked hard, turning to the blond, "What the fuck was that?"

Will snorted beside him.

The blond was also draped over the corner of the couch with one leg hooked over the edge and the other nudging Roman's knee with teasing kicks. His

arm was casually resting along the back of the sofa behind Roman's neck, fingers barely grazing the edge of his shoulder blade.

"You knew that was coming," Will said with a grin. "They showed the guy behind the curtain like, ten seconds ago."

Roman glared, his jaw set tight. "I was looking at the lady running away not behind the fucking couch."

"You mean you were looking at the blanket you keep covering your face with?" Will corrected with a teasing glint, poking his finger into Roman's shoulder.

"I wasn't hiding." The dark-haired boy glared.

Will grinned with a sarcastic nod, his voice soft and lazy, "Right,"

Another jump scare crackled through the speakers and just as expected, Roman flinched hard once again.

Will snorted with laughter, throwing his head back. "Oh my god. That one wasn't even scary!"

Roman yanked the blanket up to his chin like it could shield his dignity. "Why are we watching this again?"

"Because you said," Will mimicked in a mocking tone, "'Let's put on something actually interesting'" The blond had this mocking tone.

"I didn't say it like that." The dark-haired boy glared.

"You said it exactly like that." Will leaned forward, the heat and his body edging so closely to Roman's body.

They ended up snuggled between the couch cushions after hours spent dazing in the sun's heat. Roman had convinced Will to watch something with him, not expecting to be watching horror movies. He hated horror movies, and worst of all, Will is here making fun of him. Either way, the screams dulled the soft movements of the boys, Will's arm loose and slightly curved

around Roman. The dark-haired boy's head rested on the blond's shoulder for a quick moment before he jumped in fear, only to return back.

It was all simple and too familiar, the idea of Roman's fingers brushing Will's hand or thigh seeming far from 'repulsing' and more *normal.*

Still, even if it all felt normal, Will couldn't focus on the movie with Roman so closely. The warmth and smell of the dark-haired boys. The pressure of his thigh brushing Will's. The feel of his pattering breath. Will liked it all too much, and just for a moment, he allowed himself to indulge and idly run his fingers through Roman's curls.

The blond tilted his head back, the flicker of the television reflecting in Roman's ocean-blue eyes. The curves of his jaw and cheekbones deepened with the glow of the amber light. He watched Roman's eyes widen, a soft pursed look on his lips, and a small crease in his brow. Then Roman subtly glanced at Will, who was already staring at him.

"You bored already?" Roman asked, voice low and gravelly.

Will's lips curled. "Yeah, it's pretty uninteresting."

Roman immediately pulled back with a scowl. "Are you serious? You make me watch this bullshit, and you're not even enjoying it, I mean-"

Will shushed him, leaning down subtly to brush his hand against his jaw. "I was kidding. Relax."

Roman narrowed his eyes, suspicious, before slowly and reluctantly settling back against him. "That's what I thought."

"So dramatic" Will muttered slowly, one hand smoothing through the thick dark curls.

Roman grunted but neither of them felt the mood was ripped up. They stayed, in the quiet soft glow of the room. The movie continued quickly, the murderer killing everyone, yada yada, then everyone trying to kill the murderer, yada yada.

When Will felt the movie beginning to end he tightened his grip on the dark-haired boy's thigh, "Was it really that scary?"

"You know I hate scary movies," Roman muttered lowly.

Will tilted his head with a lousy grin, "Wanna see something scarier?"

Roman raised an eyebrow.

Ten minutes later, he regretted everything.

The bathroom was darker than it needed to be. The hallway light was still on, but Will insisted on turning off all the lights in the bathroom. It had to do with something about "authenticity" and "not being a coward."

Roman stood frozen in the doorway, arms crossed, the blanket still wrapped around his shoulders like it would give him some protection.

"C'mon, you big baby," Will said, grinning as he grabbed Roman's wrist. He had to tug hard to get him over the threshold of the doorway.

Roman dug his heels into the floor, "No." He stubbornly spoke.

"Please?" Will grinned.

"No."

"It'll be quick."

"Why are you obsessed with scaring me?" Roman snapped. "You have some kink, freak?"

Will blinked at him, some sly smirk developing on his lips as he shrugged. "Maybe I do."

Roman glared, a lump forming hard in surprise behind his throat. "Get the hell away from me." He began, trying to step back but Will caught his wrist again.

"Just get in."

Roman groaned but finally stepped inside, dragging the blanket with him like a little kid dragging his favorite blanket around. Will closed the door behind them with a slow creak, and the room swallowed in the darkness, except for a blade of light cutting under the door. The mirror made the room feel eerie, with a slick and pale look in it and two figures staring at it.

Roman squinted at it, confused. "Okay, what exactly are we doing? I thought you said this wasn't dumb."

Will turned to him, a smug and amused grin drawn on his lips. "It's a classic. Bloody Mary."

Roman raised an eyebrow. "What the hell is that?"

Will grinned, already enjoying the moment. He took a slow and calculated step toward Roman, lowering his voice into something hushed and dramatic, like he was about to tell a ghost story at a campfire. "If you stand in front of a mirror, in the dark, and say Bloody Mary's name three times, she'll appear behind you." His breath brushed Roman's neck.

Roman blinked, his body tensing from Will's closeness. "You're kidding." He laughed.

"I'm not kidding." Will spoke, "She'll put one hand on your shoulder and pull you into the mirror." He said it in this voice that desperately tried to sound 'scary'.

Roman stared at him, unimpressed. "Where the hell do you hear this stuff?"

Will only smiled, turning his back to Roman and facing the mirror. "Just watch." He lowered his voice again, this time slow and exaggerated, like an old radio horror host. "Bloody Mary... Bloody Mary... Bloody Mary..."

The room held its breath along with Roman.

Nothing happened.

Roman let out a scoff. "See? That was dumb. Waste of fucking-"

Then suddenly Will spun around and lunged toward the dark-haired boy, with a loud yell.

Roman practically jumped out of his skin, yelping in this guttural yell as he clutched the blanket tighter and staggered back into the door. "You-! What the fuck asshole!" His voice cracked.

Will burst out laughing, bent over, nearly choking on his own air.

Roman shoved him. "That wasn't even funny!" It was just the heat of the moment, plus they just finished watching a scary movie, of course he'll still be on edge.

Will was already laughing, doubled over himself with his hands covering his face. "You should've seen your face!"

"I hate you," Roman hissed, cheeks flushed in the dark as he scrambled to turn the light on. "You're obsessed with trying to give me a heart attack." He dramatically spat out.

Will straightened, wiping his eyes and still chuckling. "You're cute when you're scared."

Roman glared, but it lacked real heat, especially as he backed further into the corner, arms still wrapped in the blanket. "Whatever. You're an idiot." He looked in the mirror before looking back at Will.

"You're shaking." Will mocked, pursing his lips as he took a stride toward Roman.

"I'm not-" But he was, just barely.

Will's expression softened. "C'mere."

Roman didn't move.

Will stepped forward, just enough that their shoulders nearly brushed in the now-lit bathroom. "Do you see her in the mirror?"

"Shut up." Roman glared, trying to push the blond away to get out of the haunted room.

"C'mon." Will grinned an eyebrow easing. "You want me to hold your hand?"

Roman rolled his eyes, but the blanket shifted as if he considered it. "You're insufferable."

"You're still standing here." Will offered.

"Shut up." Roman glared.

Will reached forward and fixed Roman's curls, brushing one from his forehead. His fingers lingered. Roman didn't flinch or revolt from the touch and didn't find any strength in his voice to tell Will to stop.

Their eyes met. And in the thick silence of the bathroom, something softened.

Will's voice quieted. "You okay?"

Roman looked at him, he meant he really looked. The tension didn't disappear into thin air, it just seemed to bend into something quieter and warmer. "Yeah," he muttered, quieter. "I wasn't even scared." He laughed off, offering a grin toward the blond.

Will didn't say anything, just slowly nodded, fingers still loosely curled at Roman's temple. Then he laughed softly this time, gently. "I can hold you in your sleep?" Will asked, offering a grinning slick on his lips. "You know. For... protection."

Roman paused and shook his head, a playful smile, "You're so annoying."

"Is that a no?"

A long silence prolonged the quiet room. "Lead the way," Roman muttered lowly.

Later that night, they lay on the same bed, close and huddled together like campers. The bathroom long forgotten. The lights off. The window cracked open, letting in the sea breeze and the distant hiss of the tide. Everything else was quiet.

Roman though, was straight fucking awake. Every creak of the old beach house set his heart racing a little. Every gust of wind or movement of the curtain made him believe Mary was standing there. The sound of the fridge clicking in the kitchen was a murderer coming in to kill him.

He hated scary movies. He hated them. He stood facing the ceiling, the warmth of his room being adorned with Will peacefully snoring beside him. It didn't calm him down though, he felt like any depth of dark or passing shadow was going to consume him.

He felt a hand sliding over his stomach and he snapped his head toward the blond.

"Go to bed." He heard him mumble, the blond's face consumed with sleep.

"No."

Another pause. "Still scared?"

"No."

"Hm, sure." Will softly squeezed his side.

After a long drawn out and vulnerable moment, Roman spoke, "It's weird, right?"

Will groaned in his sleep, "What is?"

"Here. Alone. In a beach house. Anyone can come in and kill us." He softly whispered.

Will chuckled in his half-dazed state, "I'll protect you."

Roman stilled, "I'm being serious."

Will was quiet for a moment. "Bloody Mary will protect us" The blond felt a hand push his shoulder and he attempted a laugh in his drowsy state. "Fine, don't worry, I've locked the doors."

Roman shifted, blanket rustling. Their hands brushed between them, it seemed too comforting to Roman. "Are you sure?"

He felt Will lean in, and he let his head fall between the blond's warm shoulder. A leg slid between his own as they fell into a comfortable position. Roman would've felt tense in the moment, but he felt completely content in the warmth of the blond.

"Don't be scared," Will mumbled again, but Roman didn't know if he meant the movie or the moment.

I'm not.

And in the quiet moment between two boys still pretending they weren't falling for each other, the waves whispered like a secret against the sand outside. The kind of secret you keep until it breaks out of you and eventually like a scream, or a kiss, or a name said one too many times in the dark, it would always come out.

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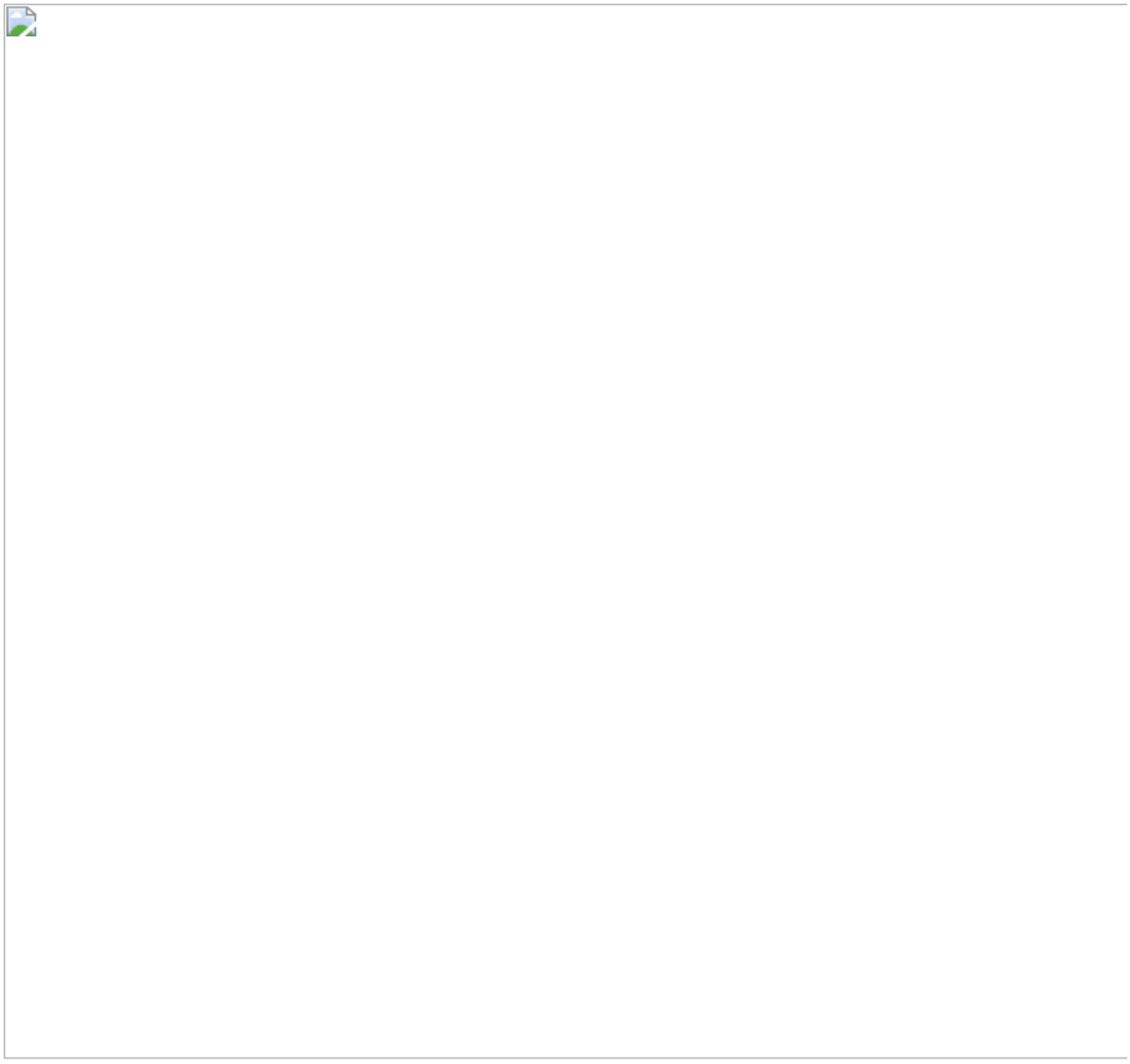
You said I robbed you of it so here we go (Chapter: 11 Days)

Thank you

[Apartment Hunting]



Roman hushed another brute cough, wiping the sweat dripping down his forehead. "Why the fuck is it so hot here?"

"It's not hot," Will barked without looking over at the complaining boy, fingers tight on the steering wheel.

"Yes, it is," Roman muttered. He reached for the dial, attempting to twist it down to get some air in the car.

Will's hand caught his before it turned. "Don't touch the AC. It might break down the car."

"Perfect. I'll just die of a heat stroke." Roman glared, sitting back in his seat to pout.

"I kind of like the heat." Will shrugged.

"Of course you do." Roman rolled his eyes.

Will pressed his lips tight, looking over to the road then back at Roman. After a long drawn-out silence, Will slowly rolled the window down. It didn't help much, considering it was just as hot outside. He flatly said, "Stop being dramatic."

Roman instantly snapped his head. "Oh, you love it."

The brunet pressed a playful smile, "You're right, I love it, babe."

Roman immediately froze up and mumbled, "Don't call me that."

Will laughed, reached out with his free hand, and gripped Roman's hand carefully. Roman looked down at their connected hands, consoling in the warmth instead of complaining about it.

It was stupid, he thought, how something so small could make his chest feel cracked open. Roman liked the small things with Will, their inside quips, their teasing jokes, the subtle touches, the sharing grins. Even now, he pretended that holding his hand irritated him. But he secretly hid his smile from Will, gripping onto the brunet's hand harder as he looked out at the passing trees.

The last weeks had seemed to be a blur of spending too much time kissing and lounging in the hot sun as they fell into this domestic flow.

Somewhere in all that, maybe two weeks ago, they seemed to stop being 'friends' or 'fuck buddies'. It wasn't as good a dramatic drunk confession in the ocean that Roman had experienced, it was more simple.

Neither of them could remember the exact date or moment, but all they recalled was a stupid argument over a grocery clerk.

"Oh please, she was all over you," Roman complained, placing all the grocery bags on the table.

"So what? It's not like anything happened." Will glared, throwing the keys on the table.

"So what? I have to bat away all these people trying to get a piece of you." Roman gaped, aggressively taking out the evidence of their grocery shopping.

"She wasn't trying to get a piece of me." Will continued with a tired look.

"I guess this is what I get for dating someone so hot." Roman threw out, clicking his tongue as he walked away.

Roman didn't even correct himself and Will never batted an eye at it. They both seemed fine with the statement, never mentioning it but knowing. They both knew.

Whatever the case, the two of them had been dating for a while.

They were driving down to Santa Cruz, the same place where they shared memories of swimming far into the harsh waters and messing around on the hot sand. Though they weren't going back to the beach house, Roman was going to help Will apartment hunt.

In a perfect world, Roman would've loved for Will to stay at his aunt's house, which he had been doing since they came back from the beach house. He remembered the night coming back, staring at his ceiling, wondering how he was going to fall asleep without Will by his side.

Then there he was, at his door with nothing except a bag and a grinning desperate smile. Then a month rolled by, and the looming thought of college and their futures dawned heavily against them.

So apartment hunting. Roman could do that, he could critique and negotiate. It would be okay, Will would only be an hour away. It'll all be okay.

The car rattled to a stop in front of the first apartment. Roman peered up at the beige building with its mismatched windows and potted plants half-dead on the railings.

"This is depressing," Roman snorted, unbuckling his seatbelt.

"We haven't even gone inside," Will glared.

"Oh sorry, yeah it seems so charming." He ratted off quickly as Will quietly shook his head.

They both stepped out of the car, and sure maybe the place looked like a brick with a few windows, but it could be Will's future home.

The landlord greeted them with a smile that seemed too tight and forced. "You're here for the one-bedroom? Great, great. Follow me."

Roman leaned close to Will as they climbed the narrow stairwell. "This place feels haunted."

Will kept his voice low. "Stop. He can hear you."

"He should hear me. Maybe it'll guilt him into giving *you* cheaper rent." Roman commented.

The apartment door swung open, and Roman's comments seemed completely justified.

The carpet was a dull gray, patchy with suspicious stains. The kitchen cabinets sagged on their hinges and the fridge buzzed so loudly it felt like a constant construction site.

"Wow," Roman said, stepping in with his hands shoved in his pockets.

The landlord chuckled weakly. "It has lots of character."

Roman turned to Will with a confused look. "Is that what we call it now?"

Will shot him a look that begged him to shut up. Roman smiled innocently, wandering to the window. He tugged the blinds and prodded at the peeling paint on the walls.

Will pinched the bridge of his nose.

***

Back in the car, Roman sprawled in the passenger seat, distressed for Will.

"That was a disaster." Roman croaked.

Will sighed into his seat, "Yeah, I know. The next one will be better though."

Roman turned his head, watching the brunet turn the engine on. "You're so optimistic. It's cute."

Will glanced over, a slight glare in his eyes. "You mean delusional?"

"Exactly." Roman grinned, leaning close to Will. "My little delusional little optimist." He gave a small peck to his lips and smiled fondly at him.

Will didn't react other than a forced smile and sitting back into his seat, setting his eyes forward with a locked jaw. He sat in silence as he drove off the parking lot and onto the road.

Roman's smirk faltered slightly. He drummed his fingers on his knee. "Hey. Are you okay?"

Will shrugged. "I just... I need this to work, you know?"

Will needed this. The freedom. The sunny days. The long mornings. The calmness. He needed to be away from the chaos of the big city and the

constant reminders of his parents.

Will hadn't seen them since he left that night from the beach house. When coach dropped him off after dropping off Roman, he stood quietly outside, looking at the front yard.

Maybe he would've had memories of climbing the big oak tree, or memories of playing soccer with his dad on the glowing grass, or maybe having a nice picnic with his mother. Maybe in another life, he would've had those memories, not the lonely afternoons waiting, the endless extracurriculars, the number of times he was waved off.

He couldn't feel anything except complete indifference. He had known nothing but loneliness, quietness, arguments, fear, and pain. That's all he knew here. But that beach house, those two months, he felt warm for once in years of growing up in this blizzard of a house.

Roman. He had felt nothing but pain and annoyance with him once, but now all he felt was happiness and a hint of something that felt too pure and good for the world. Something he never felt. This heavy warmth. He liked being warm, after years of being completely cold he got used to it, but after even a drip of warmth, it was all he needed.

Roman tilted his head and grabbed the blonds hand. "It will work out. I'm right here, and no matter what, we will find the place."

The blond smiled softly as he turned to look at him, "Thank you."

"Of course. Even if we don't find something today, I'm sure you'd look sexy as hell behind a dumpster."

Will laughed softly as he looked at the road, "You're the worst."

"And yet." Roman began, holding his gaze with Will as the blond turned, "You're still here."

For a quick moment, neither of them looked away until Roman muttered, "Eyes on the road, babe."

The blond turned his eyes away, both of them trying to hide the tint of pink spreading on their cheeks.

The second apartment was technically an upgrade, if only the water pipes worked. The landlord here was younger, trying too hard with his sales pitch.

"Brand new appliances!" She chirped.

Roman opened the fridge, looking at the hints of staining and the smell of old onions. "Brand new lies," He muttered toward Will.

Will pretended to cough to cover it, shooting him a warning look.

They walked through the bedroom, the landlord handling another couple. Roman pointed toward the hole in the wall, not even attempted to be covered up. "Please don't take this apartment"

"Rent's not that bad though," Will shrugged.

Roman sat up on his elbows. "Not that bad? Fourteen hundred a month? For this shoebox?!"

"I mean you can see the ocean."

Roman turned up right behind Will, looking at the window. Although it was all tall buildings with the same dull look, in a tiny corner, you could see the faint lines of the horizon.

Roman glared as he placed his chin on the brunet's shoulder. "I don't think this is the ocean view you want every morning."

"Why not?" Will laughed.

Roman sighed, "You come from humble ways, we need to find you something extravagant."

Will rolled his eyes as he shook his head, "I know all about these big houses and perfect views. I just want something small and functional."

Roman clicked his tongue as he shook his head, wrapping his arms subtly over Will's hips. "I'm manifesting for you."

Will raised an eyebrow, "Oh yeah? For what?"

"A sugar daddy."

Will barked out a laugh, startled by the dark-haired boy. "Yeah, good luck with that."

"You need one."

"What? Are you volunteering?" Will grinned, turning his head to look at Roman.

"I mean..." Roman drawled on.

Will choked, turning toward the window in a blush. "Let's just go."

By the fourth and last showing, the day had stretched completely thin. Roman's energy was still sharp but dissolving, sarcasm skimming the edge of his tiredness as he tried to lift Will's spirits. Will stayed quiet with his focus locked in, trying desperately not to feel discouraged.

The third showing was just as worse as the ones before. But Will still had hope for the fading light in the sky. They stepped into a small first-floor apartment, warm sunlight spilling across the floor in patterns. The bedroom was modest, barely bigger than a closet, but the light made it feel open, and at least the living room was huge.

Roman immediately began his inspection. "Okay," he said, tapping a finger on the tall cabinets in the kitchen. "Look at the hinges, they're so close to falling off. You like bending cabinets?"

Will rolled his eyes. "You're going to find a reason it's bad even if it's perfect."

"That's my job." Roman crouched by the oven, rapped it with a knuckle. "You like cooking, huh? Won't be doing much here."

Will wandered to the window, letting the hum of the quietness drift in. "It's fine," He mumbled quietly.

Roman opened a closet, squinting at the space. "Barely room for a wardrobe. You sure you want to live cramped?"

"I can live with it," Will muttered again, his hand grabbing Roman's arm to calm him down before he ventured toward the landlord.

Roman noticed their smiling exchanges, Will writing his information down on the landlord's clipboard. He tried not to notice, instead focusing on inspecting the blinds.

He felt this sour feeling creeping in his gut. He wanted Will to find the perfect place, he wanted to help him. He knew Will wanted to move away. He supported him. He did. Right?

The tour ended quickly, with Roman pointing out every flaw he could Will had already pictured where his bed would go, where he could hang his spices, and where his candles would go. By the time they walked out, he had the landlord's number safely in his pocket, a small thrill of hope buzzing throughout his chest.

They drove to the coast, the air salty and sharp. Greasy takeout sat between them, fries and burgers piling on the hood of the car. Roman shoved down his burger while Will stared out at the waves, the sunset already fading away into the horizon as he took small bits of his fries.

"So," Roman called out, mouth half-full, "How are you going to pay rent for this place?"

Will shrugged, chewing slowly as he continued to look out. "I'll figure it out. Maybe I'll work at a coffee shop, or something."

"You're going to live on a barista's salary?" Roman pointed out.

"I'll manage." Will shrugged.

Roman kept a thin mouthed frown, his eyes lingering on Will's expression.

"You could always stay at my aunt's place," He mentioned before pausing to casually say, "You know she loves you. She already hung up a picture of you." He grinned.

Will fondly smiled, "I know. I can't freeload there anymore, you can't expect me to sleep on her couch forever."

"You sneak into my bed every night." Roman pointed out.

"Same difference." Will grinned, waving Roman off. "I need to leave that city. I want something small and sunny, it doesn't have to be perfect."

Roman leaned back, watching Will over the rim of his cup. "Yeah. I get that."

In the midst of it all, he understood Will. He knew Will couldn't just stay at his aunt's cramped apartment, it was only temporary. And with Will letting go of his scholarship, he was free to do anything. Still, he didn't want Will to leave. He didn't want to be stuck at college without Will. He didn't want to go every night without seeing him. He wouldn't do it. He didn't think he could.

Maybe he was being stupid, stuck in this schoolgirl obsession. But he didn't feel stupid, if he knew what he wanted, he was going to get it.

"How about finding a place in San Francisco?" Roman reasoned again.

"I can barely afford it here, you think I'll make it with the San Francisco rent?" Will snorted, lying on one of his elbows on the hood of the car.

Roman huffed, chewing on his fry as he continued thinking. Maybe he could make a reason for him to stay. He wasn't pregnant, so that wouldn't work. He wasn't dying anytime soon, and he wasn't in danger. Maybe he could find a loophole in the rent, the relentless schedules, and life itself. Maybe it would be okay to visit Will on the weekends. But the constantly spinning world and responsibilities and duties kept slamming against his teeth, trying to force its way out at the same time.

Roman played with the greasy tin foil of his burger. He paused before he spat out a fragment of his thoughts, "Why don't you just... Let me move in?"

Will froze mid-bite, turning his head toward the careless look on Roman's eyes, "What?"

Roman waved his hand, his eyebrows twitching, "We're, you know.. Dating. Like boyfriends and everything, right? Aren't we supposed to live together... For dating purposes?"

Roman couldn't understand what he was truly saying.

Will set his food down and turned to look at the anxious look on the dark-haired man, "Roman, what about college? Your scholarship, hell, your life up there-?"

Roman snorted, "What about you? I don't care about school..." His voice paused as he took the moment to look at the waiting look on Will's eyes, "I care about you. I want to be with you."

Will tried to speak, "B-"

"I need you around." His hands frayed around as he spoke. "I can't do the college shit without you."

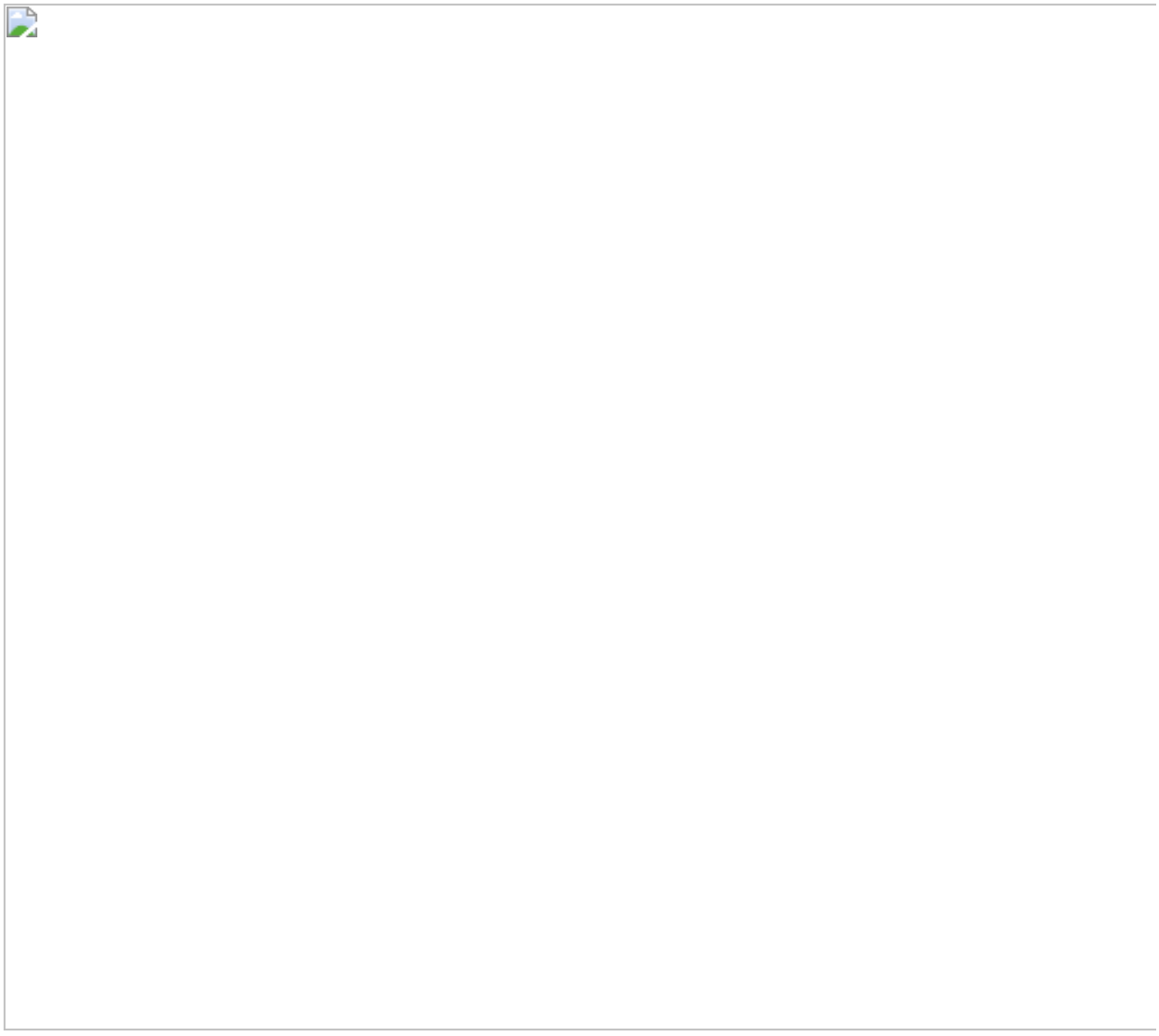
Will's shoulders relaxed, a small smile tugging at his lips. He grinned at Roman's expression, looking at the dark water before shaking his head, "You're impossible."

Roman grinned, and a weak smile formed. "And you're still here... I'm just offering. Well, sort of begging. Yeah, mostly begging.

The ocean stretched out in front of them, endless and constant. For a moment, they just sat, the hum of the waves beneath the low roar of the car, both of them letting the weight of what was said settle.

Will finally smiled, small and real, and turned back toward the dark-haired man. Roman reached over and nudged his shoulder lightly, not needing words to understand each other.

[Morning Shift] [M]



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Roman hated waking up to an empty bed.

Don't get him wrong he loved living with Will. His clothes would always magically become clean and folded in a drawer and dishes would always disappear after he placed them in the sink.

He also loved watching Will walk around the apartment in nothing but shorts.

What he didn't like was waking up, a warm comforter wrapped around his feet, and white wispy curtains allowing the morning sun to seep in. It was perfect, except a brunet was always gone in the mornings.

The brunet stayed true to his word, finding some minimum wage job that forced him to wake up at four a.m. and spend the next six hours there slaving away making Americanos and lattes.

Roman hated waking up by himself.

He thought the domestic life would mean warm smiles in the morning wrapped around together and breakfast shared on the crappy dinner table. They didn't have to worry about bills or jobs or classes, they would just lounge at home all day kissing.

He thought it would be exactly like the beach house. Where they didn't have to worry about anything, except for each other. It would just be lazy mornings, golden grins, sunny beaches, and hickeys splashed over each other.

Obviously, they had bills, utilities, grocery shopping, jobs, and arguments over nothing. Still Roman missed him every morning.

So, just like every other morning, Roman woke up to a comforter wrapped around him instead of Will.

He took twenty minutes, lazing away on his phone and staring at the ceiling before he reluctantly got up. He took a hot shower, remembering the times Will would yell at him for taking too long before Roman dragged him into the shower with him.

He roamed the empty wooden floors to the kitchen in the morning but a towel, remembering the times Will always lay on the floor in the weirdest positions to read his books.

He went to the kitchen and cooked a sad meal, remembering how Will would cook for him when he could and make the most delicious things he's ever tasted (sorry auntie).

Then he sat at the table alone, staring at nothing. He really missed Will.

Roman never really thought much about anything after High School. He knew he liked swimming, he liked messing with Will... and that was about it. He had a scholarship to a university he wasn't excited about. He had a promise to play in a D1 swimming school, but it didn't feel like he could compete without Will.

He never had any thought about what he wanted to study, no prospects or dreams for a potential job. Absolutely nothing rattling in the back of his mind.

Roman just went with whatever he was given on a plate.

But now he had Will. Classes he hated at a community college. Teammates he sort of liked on a club swimming team. A part-time job on the weekends renting our surfboards for some cash.

Other than that, he just waits for Will to come home.

Not to sound so melodramatic and sad- which he knew Will would immediately tease him for- but these mornings felt unfinished without the brunet's grin.

He shrugged himself out of the house, remembering to shut and lock the door, especially since the last time he left it open some raccoon decided to sneak in. That was an unpleasant surprise.

He walked to his morning classes, almost falling asleep in the most boring lecture he's ever been to. He walked around a little bit and got lunch with one of his new teammates.

And then... waited for Will at home again.

He lay on the couch, scrolling through movie titles while checking the time ever so often. He shut it off after a while.

He decided to play his guitar on the couch, sitting in the mess he's made of clothes and knick-knacks. That eventually got boring as well.

Then he tried to do some homework, but starting an essay seemed a bit too boring right now. He ate another sad meal again.

Time went by so much more slowly these days. But then...

Finally.

The door rippled open.

Roman instantly perked up from the floor, his body sprawled out from the process of making some beaded bracelets.

The brunet had a cap on and a bag wrapped over his shoulders, loose long sleeve and bright jeans. He looked tired as hell.

Roman jumped up from the floor toward the brunet. "Hey, stranger."

Will gave him a weak grin and dropped himself into Roman's big arms. "Hi, Guppy."

Roman slouched into the hug. "You know, I was going to say how much I missed you. I hate that nickname."

Will cooed, stepping away to place a hand on the Brazilians waist. "Aw, Guppy. Don't be like that." He pressed a quick kiss on Roman, something out of habit for them to just do now.

Roman had complained he was so lonely while Will was working all day. Then Will decided to get him a fish.

They went to the pet store and everything, bought a nice glass container and some gravel, and plants to put in it. Within a day, little guppy had died.

"You know it's a sensitive topic." Roman grimaced.

"Don't be a baby." Will waved off, ripping himself away from Roman and moving to the bedroom.

Roman followed him like a dog.

"How was your shift?"

Will scoffed as he removed his shirt and grabbed a towel to shower. "Busy as hell. I was supposed to leave two hours ago."

"I noticed," Roman replied, blocking the doorway.

Will would typically leave around six a.m. and come back around noon. It was almost three p.m. and Roman found this to be a frequent occurrence.

"Well, it was fine. I made a bunch of tips, so maybe Guppy 2.0?"

Roman smiled at the doorway. "Let's try a plant this time."

Will laughed, "Well, I'm going to shower and then probably take a nap."

The Brazilian clicked his tongue softly, and offered, "Or maybe..? "

Will shoveled his eyes straight at Roman's. "Maybe what?"

Will was too tired to do this *maybe* with Roman. He's been up way too early, talked to too many people, and was covered in coffee grounds and spilled milk. Nothing sounded appetizing except a shower and a nap.

Roman leaned closer, his hands reaching Will's chin. "I could show you how grateful I am that you're working so hard."

Will scoffed at his coaxing words that was only half working. "Then how about you pick up more shifts so I don't have to work so much."

"Hm." Roman hummed, placing a tentative kiss on Will's neck. "I think I can give you something better than that."

"Ro," Will whined, trying to push the Brazilian off but he only gripped harder on his waist.

Will was drowsy, tired, and felt out of control of his limbs. Roman always did this. Will could not understand the sex drive of this idiot. Every day, after a tiring shift Roman would kiss him down his neck and beg him to fuck him, or even after a three-hour swimming practice Roman still had the energy of a rabbit to grind against Will.

Will didn't know he could say this, but the constant sex was tiring him out.

"You just look too good in your little uniform though." Roman smiled, falling to his knees in front of Will and pressing kisses over his abdomen.

Will groaned. He looked like an idiot with that apron.

"You look so sexy right now." Roman complimented as he pressed his palm over Will's pants. The brunet groaned softly, shutting his eyes from the pressure he wanted to push into and explore.

He was still really tired.

"Roman... I'm serious, let me shower." He decided to try again.

"We could do it together?" The harsh fabric against him was starting to hurt.

"Fuck off." Will laughed, trying to push him off again but Roman had already pulled his pants down, now palming him from his boxers. He was almost centrally hard, and it was only slightly embarrassing.

Roman grinned and cast a glance at the brunet. He kept his palm over Will's boxers, pressing forward to push a pulsing red mark over the iliac curve on his body, his teeth dragging down the patch of skin near his pelvis.

All Will could do was breathe and stare, his breath becoming uneven and quick. He pursed his lips and pulled the curling strands of the Brazilian softly, igniting a sly grin from him.

"You're really persuasive. I don't know where you learned that." Will whispered.

Roman slid his fingers over the hem of the brunet boxers, not pulling them down and edging them. "You could always say no?"

"What the- I have been you motherf- Fuck." Will tried to argue but Roman had pulled his boxers down to his knees and grabbed his erection. "Hmm, fuck."

Will instinctively grabbed the side of Roman's face. What he didn't expect was the Brazilian to grab his wrist with his free hand and suck his lips right at his radial.

"Seriously... I'm dirty I need to shower." Will panted.

"You taste so good though." Roman grinned, pressing another sucking kiss at the edge of his wrist.

"You're disgusting." Will half laughed half groaned when Roman spat into his hand and gripped him harder.

"What if you like it?" Roman teased before he grabbed a handful of Will's waist and held his tongue out to swallow Will in one go.

Will instantly crumbled after that. He held onto Roman's hair, watching himself go between and out of the Brazilian's pink lips.

He didn't stop, he was harsh and fast, and Will was really liking it.

The brunet really had no reason to complain, he had a sex craved man waiting for him every day after work that just looked so sexy on his knees.

"Roman." He whined, a slight tremble in his voice.

Roman took that as a cue as he pushed forward and lumped Will onto the bed, his body soon completely covered by Roman. He straddled onto his hips and ripped his shirt off. He then leaned down and placed his hands over Will's face.

"Want to fuck me or...?"

Will tried to tell him to fuck off and let him take a relaxing shower and a warm nap, but he was already too deep in. "Fuck me." He nodded, adjusting himself toward the headboard.

"Yes, sir."

Will wanted to tell him to fuck off, but then again he was his boyfriend. Instead, he grabbed Roman softly by the chin and pressed his lips against him, guiding him into the kiss. Roman began to fumble with his jeans, trailing his lips down the trail of skin below the brunet's ear.

Will felt Roman trying to remove his pants, almost falling face forward into him before he caught himself. When he finally did remove them, he had already leaned over to the side drawer and pulled out a pack of condoms and lube.

Roman didn't waste time, slowly taking off Will's boxers and pouring the cold liquid over his pelvis. He leaned forward, pushing his head between the thick ropes of Will's thighs. He looked so focused as he trailed his finger around the brunet's pulsing cock and letting his fingers travel lower.

Within a few minutes of teasing touches that weren't enough to satisfy Will, Roman pushed a drenched and warm finger inside of him.

The brunet let out a voiceless gasp as it happened, gripping the sides of Roman's face as his thighs tried to wrap around him. When Roman's muscular hand finally gripped his cock, he felt so much relief and pleasure just to feel this man's hands around his hard erection.

It went slowly with Roman's fingers jerking in and out of him, giving Will just not enough of what he really wanted. As much as he wanted to take a fat nap before, now he only wanted to beg Roman to fuck him, give him what he wanted, and feel him pulsing inside of him.

He wanted to beg, but he was too tired to even say it, only able to grip onto him and moan.

Roman continued to jerk his fingers into Will, quickly leaning down to take a lick and gulp of Will's dick into his mouth. He licked and sucked at Will's tip harshly, it almost hurt so much that Will grabbed Roman's head of curly mess and groaned lowly to him, "Don't be an asshole."

He felt Roman grin. "And to think you were going to take a nap."

"Why do you always have to be such an assho- Oh." Will tried to say but Roman was swallowing him completely again.

"Roman," He groaned, grabbing him by the sides of his face to bring him close, "Just fuck me now." Roman stared wide-eyed, a dazed expression on his face as Will took him into a hasty kiss, tasting himself as he wrapped his tongue with Roman's.

Will felt Roman's fingers leave him as he pulled himself closer, pulling Will flush against him by pulling his thighs. The dark-haired man ended their kiss abruptly as he looked down between them.

He watched the Brazilian roll on a condom and lather himself with more lube. The view was mesmerizing, something that he could only see, and he was proud of that.

Roman sucked a breath in as he grabbed Will's waist to bring him closer. "Oh fuck." Will groaned, his neck stretching back as Roman pressed himself into him.

"I missed you so much." Roman groaned lowly, only having Will whine in his arms almost urging him to move, to grind his hips, to fuck him.

"Just fuck me, Ro." He muttered, tired of the dark-haired man's unnecessary talking. He eventually listened as fingers dug into the sides of Will's waist and harshly thrusted in and out of him.

Will let himself go.

Roman's movements were quick and inconsistent, compared to Will's drowsy and limbless state where he could barely hold onto the dark-haired

man. His movements were harsh, Will questioned what the fuck he did all day to still be this strong.

Will whined, groaned, and cussed into the air, gripping at whatever he could. His body flexed with every push Roman gave, his chest bouncing with every movement and glistening with a splash of sweat.

It was feeling so good to Will, something a nap couldn't give him, but then the dark-haired man began to slow down and stop.

"Ro," Will whined, still feeling the pulsing vibrations of Roman inside of him, still motionless. "Ro, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me." He began to beg.

When he revived no sign of life, he slightly opened his eyes and tilted his chin to see what the fuck he was up to now. Roman still had his hands on Will's waist, except his neck was flexed upward looking at the ceiling. His eyes were shut and furrowed, his lips pursed.

"Are you okay over there?" Will questioned.

"Hmm." Roman hummed, nodding his head before he tilted his head down to Will. "Sorry, I was so close to coming." He laughed, his hands now rubbing over Will's abdomen.

Will shifted in uncomfortableness, this high he was chasing was beginning to dissolve. "Roman." He whined, urging him to fuck him again.

He's never felt so needy, so compliant, so horny for Roman than he did in this moment.

"Give me a second." He groaned.

Will took matters into his own hands, grabbing his own erection and beginning to jerk himself off.

"Fuck, don't do that." Roman moaned as Will began to whimper into the air.

"Just... wanna come." He felt his eyes furrow shut in frustration, biting his lip hard as he pushed his hand harder on himself, flicking his wrist back and

forth.

His hips began to involuntarily move, moving in uncoordinated and sloppy ways, pushing and pulling into whatever felt good.

He heard Roman's heavy breathing in his ear, it was pushing and urging him to go faster. He gripped onto the Brazilian's bicep, arching his back on the sheets to push Roman deeper inside of him.

"Shit, shit, shit." Will groaned, his hands and Roman's dick pressing in all the right places.

That's when Roman pulled in closer and pushed himself fully into Will, inciting a loud moan to play on Will's lips.

Roman quietly slipped his hand over the brunet's mouth, trying to suppress his uncontrollable moaning.

He felt really bad for the neighbors.

It didn't take long for Will to arch forward with a mumbled moan, splatters of come shooting across his chest, and for Roman to follow in pursuit and spill into the condom inside of Will.

Will's chest heaved up and down and his breathing from his nose began to slow down, his waist still spasming forward.

Roman quietly slipped out of the brunet, his lower half still throbbing as he stood up from the body. His mind felt drunk as he stumbled toward the bathroom, slipping off his condom and throwing it in the trash before he found a pair of boxers and slipped them on.

He walked out of the bathroom, with a small wet cloth, to see Will still sprawled across the mattress, white streaks of liquid slowly dripping down his chest. His eyes were shut, an arm across his face.

Roman leaned next to him, pressing the cloth over his chest and cleaning off the substance. "I was waiting for that all day," Roman whispered, his body still trying to catch up to a normal breathing pattern.

Will pushed his arms down and leaned up with his elbows. He glared at Roman. "You're sex crazed. We need to get you some therapy or something."

"You really want me to talk to a therapist about how much you turn me on."

Will pursed his lips. "I guess not."

"Mhm." Roman hummed again, cleaning off the rest of the sweat on Will's arms and neck.

Will stared at the ceiling the whole time. Supposedly deep in thought. Roman thought maybe he was mad at him. Roman may have been a little too clingy and too horny at times, maybe he should let it up a little. Let Will be and let him do his own thing. He didn't want Roman to resent him, after all he basically begged Will to let him move in with hi-

"We need to go grocery shopping again." Will hummed after a while.

He probably should be thinking about how tired he is and how annoyed he was at Roman, but he could never be mad at him when he makes him feel so good. But no, all that's in his mind is what he's going to make for dinner tonight. There was basically nothing left in the fridge.

"I feel like we just went a few days ago."

"That's because we did." Will grinned, rubbing a hand over the Brazilians damp curls.

"Fine. But we have to get some ice cream."

"Deal." Will grinned, his fingers falling to Roman's chin and pressing him close to settle his lips on his roommate... who is probably the love of his life.

***

Haha anyway go read my new book 😆